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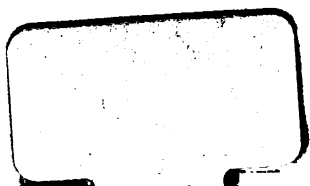
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QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

ART. I.—*Des Classes dangereuses de la Population dans les Grandes Villes, et des Moyens de les rendre meilleures.* Ouvrage récompensé en 1838, par l'Institut de France (Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques). Par H. A. Frégier, Chef de Bureau à la Préfecture de la Seine. Paris. 1840. 2 vols. 8vo., pp. 985.

THE modern French press has sent forth few works more interesting than this, or better calculated to do good service, not to France alone, but to the countries around her. To none does it offer more useful instruction than to England, similarly situated as she is in the progress of civilization and in many of the leading features of national character. Despite the difficulties and annoyances, nay the dangers, which surrounded the subject he had to investigate, M. Frégier appears to have made himself accurately master of it in many of its ramifications. To mere literary merit his volumes have little claim: occasionally we meet with passages extremely well expressed; but in general the style is somewhat complicated and redundant; and it is deformed by the perpetual introduction of '*termes de Palais*,' in places where the subject in no degree requires their use. We should say, too, that the pages are tinged with some vulgarisms, were it not that, in the rapid strides which modern French is taking to emancipate itself from the shackles of the Dictionary of the Academy, and the way in which year by year, nay almost day by day, it is separating itself from the language of Pascal, Molière, and Massillon, we may very probably be mistaking elegancies for barbarisms. A more important fault is, that our author, carried away by his great anxiety to conquer all objections to his favourite system of solitary confinement, has been led to falsify all the proportions of his book, by devoting a very undue number of pages to this one branch of his subject.

We cannot but suspect also that M. Frégier's essay in 400 pages, which obtained the prize, may have been a more perfect treatise with reference to its proper and specific theme than the present expanded work. Seventy-fours, cut asunder and lengthened

ened into nineties, seldom retain their firmness and solidity of structure; and books, when from one trim, compact volume, drawn out into two, have always their weak points; the joinings never hold well together—the materials have no unison and easy play among themselves; and the whole structure is very apt to give way when exposed to the rough sea of criticism. In the present instance the original treatise, in accordance with the terms of the submitted question,* was confined entirely to the dangerous classes among the lower orders of society. In the published work the author has extended his subject, and introduced another class, perfectly distinct in its position and in its nature—the ‘literary dangerous class.’ However interesting this division of society may be, however great the danger to be apprehended from it, and the necessity therefore of studying it with care, still its connection with the real and direct object of the prescribed work was not such as to have rendered its introduction either necessary or expedient; and it is evident that the propounders of the question were of this opinion. It is less ably treated than the other divisions of the subject; less philosophically and profoundly understood by the author; and—the natural consequence of this—less fully and clearly brought out to the reader. We think also that some of the other parts of the book where interpolations have taken place—all of which are carefully noted by the author—are, comparatively at least, deficient in interest and importance.

The one great principle, to the illustration of which M. Frégier has addressed himself, is this: that in society, and amongst its lower classes more especially, vice leads to crime, and crime to danger. This subject he treats under a fourfold division. 1st. The statistics of the vicious and dangerous classes. 2nd. Their manners, habits, and modes of life. 3rd. The preservatives against the ‘invasions of vice.’ 4th. The remedies to be employed to lessen and control it.

The author fixes his point of view at Paris.

‘The causes of crime and its effects are,’ he says, ‘everywhere the same; the mode of committing it and the characters of those who commit it vary with every country and every place: but if its nature and effects, as developed in full perfection in Paris, be carefully and fully analyzed, the information thence resulting will, by easy induction, be rendered applicable to the other great towns in France; and also, in a considerable degree, to all the principal cities of other nations.’

* The thesis proposed was as follows:—

‘Rechercher d’après des observations positives, quels sont les élémens dont se compose à Paris, ou dans toute autre grande ville, cette partie de la population qui forme une classe dangereuse par ses vices, son ignorance, et sa misère; indiquer les moyens, que l’administration, les hommes riches ou aisés, les ouvriers intelligens et laborieux pourraient employer pour améliorer cette classe dangereuse et dépravée.’

M. Frégier

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M. Frégier having assumed, as an admitted fact, that it is from the poor and vicious of the *operative classes* that the criminal portion of the community is chiefly recruited, it was necessary for him, in the first place, to ascertain the total numerical strength of those classes. Notwithstanding the numerous and well-organized police of Paris, and its elaborate system of civil administration, the functions of which are far more searching and extensive than with us, there appears to be great difficulty in exactly ascertaining the numerical value of the different classes of society; and indeed, after all his exertions to accomplish this object, M. Frégier was compelled to content himself with a somewhat vague approximation to the truth. The system of *livrets*, books analogous to the pocket-ledgers of our soldiers, afforded him little or no assistance: the possession of such books is not compulsory upon the working classes; and of the men who come to Paris from the Departments, bringing their books with them, a large proportion merely have them examined by the Prefecture of Police, and cannot be induced to exchange them for Paris books. The returns, therefore, of the number of *livrets* issued afford no data by which to ascertain the actual number of operatives resident in the capital. The approximation at which M. Frégier arrives is as follows:—

There exists in Paris of male operatives a number varying from 75,000 to 105,000. Of these 50,000 are married, or live with female companions. Of female operatives the number is about 60,000: of these 40,000 are the wives or domesticated companions of workmen. Of apprentices the number is about 100,000, being assumed at the rate of two to each of the 50,000 workmen who live as family men. The number of *chiffonniers* is about 4000, one half of whom are men, the other half women and children. The above numbers give a total, varying according to the season of the year, the activity of work, especially of building, and other causes, of from 239,000 to 269,000 persons; and on this number M. Frégier bases his calculations.

We cannot but demur as to the validity of this mode-of procedure. Almost every page of his volumes proves the close resemblance between the vices and crimes of London and Paris; and certainly we should consider as radically defective any calculations regarding our metropolitan population which were limited to its *operatives* only, even taking that appellation in its most extended sense. In all great cities there are numerous sections of the lower population, whose employments do not come under that category. To instance a few only: persons employed about public vehicles of all descriptions, or with horses; boatmen; soldiers; the ranks of the police; the extremely numerous classes of servants, male and female, and more especially

male servants out of place—a division of society which, we conceive, furnishes a contingent to crime larger in proportion to its numbers than any other. All these, and many others, should have been included; and the fallaciousness of not doing so will at once be apparent, when we consider that the total population of Paris exceeds 900,000 persons; and that consequently the classes to which M. Frégier restricts himself are considerably less than one-third of the whole.

Of these classes of society, thus arbitrarily selected, M. Frégier supposes that the portion habitually devoted to the two kindred vices of idleness and intemperance is about one-third; viz. 35,000 men and 20,000 women—he takes no account of the apprentices—and that of these numbers, again, one-half of the men and two-thirds of the women are thoroughly vicious; as are also one-half—2000—of the chiffonniers, men, women, and children; making altogether a total of about 33,000 persons, who constitute the very dregs of the population. Omitting any enumeration of the contingent of vice afforded by the remainder of the lower classes, those which, as he expresses it, 'are strangers to the industrious arts,' he next proceeds to state that the criminal part of the middle and upper ranks—'*les classes aisées*'—may be taken as about equal to one-tenth of the above, that is 3300 persons. At this number he arrives by a different process. The annual average of criminal prosecutions in Paris is 3500, and about one-half of these end in convictions. The average annual number of convictions in the middle and upper classes is ascertained to be 157, which is very nearly one-eleventh of the whole: he therefore assumes that the total numbers of the thoroughly vicious in the lower and upper classes bear to each other the same proportion of ten to one; and consequently that, as the former amount to 33,000, the latter may be taken at 3300. All this appears to us to be very vague and arbitrary; and the more so from the palpable error which we have pointed out in the first element upon which it is based.

Such, however, being assumed as the numerical strength of the vicious class, the author next proceeds to estimate the component parts of the dangerous class. These are the gamblers, the prostitutes, the men whom they attach to themselves either as lovers or bullies—*souteneurs*—or in the double capacity; the mistresses of the houses of ill-fame; the vagabonds, smugglers, sharpers, pickpockets, robbers of both sexes; and the receivers of stolen goods, of both sexes also. The predominant vices of all these are idleness and debauchery—the power which puts them in motion is greediness of gain. Some of these persons follow useful occupations, and many of them with especial ability; but they labour

labour only to obtain the means of indulging their vices.—‘*La fainéantise et l’activité vicieuse,*’ says M. Frégier, ‘quoique extrêmes par leur nature, se touchent dans leurs effets : elles aboutissent toutes deux au crime.’

Many of the individuals of the dangerous class belong to several of its divisions : the same man is often gambler, bully, smuggler, sharper, pickpocket, and robber—the receiver of stolen goods is frequently a professed sharper ; and many loose women are also robbers and receivers of stolen goods. It is this multiplicity of functions which has baffled every attempt to ascertain the numerical strength of the several departments of vice. One thing only is certain, that the gamblers, including not merely those who are such by profession, but the other bad characters who addict themselves to this vice, are the most numerous division of the whole. The contingent which the middle and higher classes furnish to the division of sharpers and gamblers is estimated at 100.

The number of registered prostitutes is 3800—of unregistered, or free, about 4000. One in twenty of these women is a foreigner. Paris and its environs give one-fourth ; the rest are from the provinces : and the proportions which they furnish decrease as they are more remote, except in the case of some of the northern manufacturing districts, and certain garrison towns, the supply from which is disproportionally large.

‘On ne désigne pas des localités qui alimentent le libertinage plus particulièrement que d’autres, comme cela existe à Londres, où la malheureuse Irlande, décimée par la misère, au profit de la débauche, envoie un si grand nombre de prostituées qu’il est hors de toute proportion avec les contingens fournis par les autres parties de la Grande Bretagne.’

We are sorry to see the universal prejudice of the French against England peeping out in the statistics of such a book as this. Every magistrate in London well knows that what is here said as to Ireland is not only untrue, but flagrantly and diametrically opposed to the truth.

The number of the mistresses of houses of ill-fame is about 372, one-half only of whom have licensed houses. Each prostitute having, as an invariable rule, her lover or *souteneur*, these men—and they are the vilest of the vile—amount to 7800. Nearly all of them belong to one or more of the other categories of vice, being sharpers, thieves, or pickpockets, and gamblers also, as a matter of course.

From a similar blending of professions, it is impossible to ascertain the number of vagabonds who come within the dangerous class. Adults and children, they may be taken—limiting the title to its strictest sense—at about 1500.

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The receivers of stolen goods are about 600. Adding to these specific divisions the Protean mass of gamblers, smugglers, sharpers, pickpockets, and robbers, the author fixes the total amount of the dangerous class at 30,072; making, with the 33,000 previously ascertained as being the thoroughly depraved portion of the working-class, a total of 63,072 persons of both sexes and all ages, composing the entire mass of Parisian crime and vice. But in this statement he omits to include the vicious of the middle and upper classes, which he has previously fixed as amounting to 3300. If these be added, the total number of persons either criminal or utterly vicious, and therefore dangerous or tending to danger, is 66,372; being somewhat more than one-fourteenth of the entire population of Paris.—Such are the numerical results to which our author's calculations lead us. We must again remark, that they appear to proceed on a very partial basis. The total population of Paris in 1836—the period to which these volumes refer—was 909,126: the only classes of which he treats are the operatives, 265,000, the dangerous class, 30,072, and a portion of the middle classes, say 33,000, in all 328,072. If we estimate that the middle and upper classes amount altogether to 200,000—a number probably far above the truth—there will remain no less than 381,054 persons in the lower walks of life totally excluded from our author's calculations.

The second division of the work commences with a general view of the operative classes; for it is of the operatives only that he still continues to speak:—

‘Those,’ he says—we shall abridge rather than translate his pages—‘those who study them minutely and without prejudice will find among their ranks many examples of virtue. They are goodnatured, anxious to serve their comrades, devoted to the interest of their employers; and charitable, narrow as their means are, not only to their fellow-workmen when out of employment or sick, but to all who are near them, to all especially who lodge in the same house. They labour to reclaim their vicious comrade: they visit and console him in prison. When a manufacturer or a master artisan has the skill and good judgment to obtain the love of those whom he employs, there is no exertion they will not make to serve him. The warmth of heart of the operative renders him always eager to give his aid and to expose himself to danger, when accidents occur in the street, or casual tumults arise. There are no bounds to the sacrifices which they make to procure comforts for their wives and children when sick. The proportion of cases is very large in which a long period of cohabitation takes place before marriage. If a young couple find that they live happily together, sooner or later their union is rendered legal, and no distinction whatever is made between the children born before and after marriage; all alike are sent to school until the age of twelve, and then are bound apprentices. The operatives in Paris are

are generally paid once a fortnight ; the more orderly give over at once to their wives the whole of their wages, with the exception of a trifling sum for their own personal expenses ; some give them the half ; whilst others retain to themselves the control of the whole of their earnings, and allow their wives to dispose as they please of their own wages. The exhausting nature of the work to which many are exposed demands a liberal diet, and still more a sufficient but moderate portion of wholesome wine, which to a French artificer is one of the chief necessities of life : it not only repairs his strength, but it renders him cheerful—it chases away his cares.'

This is the bright, but, alas ! the smaller division of the picture. The proportion of the entire class which adopts and maintains this regular and orderly course of life is sadly limited. The attraction of the public-house is one of the most fatal to the labouring classes, and more than anything else decides their lot.

'The operative,' says M. Frégier, 'rises before the day ; he goes to his workshop ; on his route he meets an old companion, whom he has not seen for some time ; an affectionate greeting takes place ; and "Let us have a glass together" are among the first words which they both utter, for the idea is always uppermost in their minds. They talk of work—of their masters—the conversation goes on, glass in hand—again their masters are criticised—their several and peculiar bad qualities—how little they know how to conduct their trade—their stinginess—their irregularity in paying their workmen—their severity, which is declared to be beyond all bounds. As a matter of course each of the orators deems it a point of honour to "stand his turn." The philippics continue—from the masters they descend to the overseers and foremen ; and from them to their fellow-workmen. The hour of labour arrives ; one of the two friends fears the reproaches of his master if he enters the workshop too late, and prefers losing a third of his day ; he seeks to entice his companion to tarry with him, and proposes a third round of glasses ; the prudence of the other by degrees gives way ; they settle themselves at table ; they breakfast ; they become heated with wine ; and not the third part, but the whole of the day is lost ; and they may deem themselves fortunate if they are in a state to work on the morrow.'

We have given this scene, not because it is painted in a lively manner, and is characteristic of the gay, talkative disposition of the French mechanic, but because it is one of never-ceasing recurrence. From such casual beginnings of indulgence and idleness, the author traces up the career of the operative, who gives way to intemperance, until he becomes an habitual drunkard, regardless of his wife and children, lost to all self-respect, selling everything he possesses, even his garments, to supply the means of gratifying his passion for wine ; and frequently labouring for days together, half-clothed, with no other aim or intention than, when he obtains payment for his work, again to abandon himself
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to unrestrained debauchery. These are the men—and many of them are eminently skilful workmen—who gradually become entangled in the meshes of crime. ‘Drunkenness leads to all other vices ; and in the end conquers and absorbs them all.’

The most efficient checks to this course of ruin are to be found in the good sense and good management of the masters and their foremen. The kindness and paternal admonitions of the one, the good example and strict discipline of the other, can control and keep down the passions and habits of those under their charge, to an extent which could scarcely be believed, were it not proved by the wide difference which exists in the characters of the workmen—not one, but all, or nearly all—belonging to ill or well-conducted establishments.

If a strong sense of the moral duties attached to his situation is important in the master who has men under him, it becomes still more so in him on whose prudence and paternal solicitude the virtue, the respectability, and the happiness of the female artisan depend. Far more than with men does the well-being of women in the lower walks of life depend on their strict regularity of morals. In many families among the working-classes order and economy form the rule of action. The daughters learn to place all their moderate hopes of happiness in a life of unintermitting but tranquil labour ; as much as possible they perform their work at home, and under the eye of their parents : if it be necessary that they should labour in a crowded workshop, they carry with them their good habits ; they are constant in their attendance, and exact in the performance of their daily task. The young girls, whose characters have been formed by such domestic training, seldom on festival-days leave their homes except under the protection of their parents. Following the example of their mother, they hoard up by dint of assiduous exertion a little marriage-portion, which is to aid them in obtaining a husband, the first wish of every girl’s heart in the lower ranks of life ; and the good conduct which accompanies this effort often secures its success. The fate, however, even of these young women depends greatly upon the *continued* guardianship of their parents. If left to themselves, they must possess a rare degree of good sense and prudence to resist the temptations and ill examples by which they are surrounded. The influence of such examples may also be powerfully checked by the character of the master and those in authority under him. If they do their duty, there is external decorum, at least, within the establishment ; and in this case the greatest danger which the young workwoman incurs is in her out-of-doors connections with her fellow-labourers. But if the master is occupied solely by the
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ardour of gain, and either does not regard or does not understand the important moral situation which he fills, the case is far otherwise: the unfortunate girl will find herself at once, and without any power of retreat, in an atmosphere of avowed guilt—amid companions who make it a task and a pride to render each newcomer as depraved as themselves. At first she is shocked and depressed by this; but too frequently, as it becomes familiar to her, it undermines her principles. It is at this crisis, this dangerous entrance into life, that the vigilance of her parents is most necessary; they should study the slightest indication of melancholy and alarm; they should labour to confirm her virtuous intentions, and at any sacrifice to themselves they should remove her from a region of guilt to one of decency and good morals. If they neglect to do this, she is lost.

The avarice of parents is a frequent source of ruin to their children. Many of them appropriate to the payment of the domestic expenses the whole of the daughter's wages, and leave her without the means of clothing herself as well as others of her class. Smartness of dress is, amongst the female working-class, as amongst all other classes of women, one of the first necessities of life. If unduly curtailed in this, the young person gets dissatisfied with her condition: she feels humiliated, and takes an aversion to her home. Whilst her mind is in this state she falls an easy prey to the addresses of the first young man—her fellow-labourer—who appears to compassionate her situation—accepts his proposal to live with him; and at once, and without a single word of intimation, quits her parents' house. These separations of parents and children are of very frequent occurrence; and it is the harshness and injustice of the parents which lead to the greater portion of them.

There are two marked divisions in the female operatives at Paris—those who belong to shops and workrooms, and those who are employed in manufactories. The latter class are far inferior in education, manners, and language to the former.

The wages of the young women employed in shops and workrooms seldom exceed twenty-five or thirty sous a-day. Those who reside with their parents, and are properly treated by them, are comfortably off; and it is they who form the virtuous portion of the class. But those who are harshly used at home, and those who, having no parents, must look to their own slender resources alone for lodging, food, and clothes, are sadly pinched by poverty. It is this deficiency of means, this actual want, which wrecks the virtue of so many of them. A young and inexperienced girl, placed in this position, feels the necessity of assistance and support:

port: her heart expands towards any one who addresses her with kindness: if it be a young man of her own class, she readily attaches herself to him as to a friend and protector, and, as a matter of course, a lover: they swear eternal fidelity, and an illicit connection is formed, which very frequently lasts for many years, and not rarely ends in marriage. Immoral as are these unions, they are looked upon with indulgence and kindly interest, as having their origin in real affection on both sides; and this at least is certain, that in the great majority of instances a far worse course is pursued. Pressed by penury, a casual temptation or a few deceitful words are all that is required to turn many such girls from the path of virtue: again and again they are deluded and deserted; many of them become mothers; and, when abandoned by their lovers, are driven by the combined pressure of actual want and maternal tenderness to throw themselves into the abyss of degradation. It is well known also that many do this to procure the means of existence for their sick and aged parents.

It is of the better class of female operatives that M. Frégier has hitherto spoken: those who belong to manufactories are a far less fortunate class. A large proportion of workmen, including even those who are the most regular, when their families become numerous, have no other resource than to send their daughters, at the age of seven or eight, to the manufactory. Once admitted into these crowded establishments—in most of which both sexes work together—and at that age when the spirit of imitation is the strongest, a very few days suffice to fix the character of nearly all of them. Their older companions, totally uneducated, and unrestrained by any moral influence, make it their pastime, by laboured and exaggerated impurity of language, to corrupt the children who work by their side. It is seldom the master of the establishment and his deputies pay any attention to all this, engrossed as they are in their one great aim, the execution of a certain quantity of work in a certain space of time; and blind to the fact, self-evident as it is, that morality is the best foundation of order and discipline. In nearly all these establishments, ‘le vice,’ says M. Frégier, ‘siège à côté du travail.’

Among these girls ‘chastity is almost unknown;’ many of them become mothers at a very early age. Without shame or repugnance they enter the lying-in hospital; the maternal feelings are scarcely known to them—they separate themselves from their infant without a pang, and re-enter the manufactory with the full determination of resuming the same guilty course. Of those who have families, not more than one-third are married. It is only necessary to watch the exit of the gangs from the manufactories:

tories : boisterous, grossly indecent, insolent, ready to overwhelm with abuse any modest woman who may pass near them, disgust and compassion must fill the mind of every well-disposed person who observes them. Many are drunkards ; and it is in ardent spirits that they indulge more frequently than in wine. On Sunday and on idle-Monday, nothing is more common than to see young cotton-spinners, half-clothed and emaciated, coming out of the brandy-shop completely drunk ; often hanging on the arm of their half-intoxicated mothers. Whilst these densely-peopled nurseries remain as they are, the ranks of vice and crime will continue crowded to overflowing.

It is in Paris only that the *chiffonniers*, or *rubbish-hunters*, form a distinct and specific class :—

‘ The extension of industry during the last thirty years has added to the dignity of this profession, which is alike followed by men, women, and children. It requires no apprenticeship, no previous course of study, no expensive outfit : a large and compactly-shaped basket, a stick with a hook at the end of it, and a lantern, are the entire stock-in-trade of this singular species of labourers. The men gain, on an average, and according to the season of the year, from twenty-five to forty sous a-day ; but to do this they are obliged to make three rounds, two by day and one during the night ; their labour commencing at five in the morning and ending at midnight. Between their rounds they examine and sort the cargoes which they bring in, and which they term their *merchandize* ; and, having done so, go and sell the arranged treasures to the master or managing *chiffonnier* : for, like all other professions, this has its gradations of ranks, the higher of which are only reached after long periods of subordinate labour. Many of these chiefs keep furnished lodgings, which they let out exclusively to those ambulatory *chiffonniers* who have no fixed residence ; reserving to their own use the ground-floor, as a magazine for their wares. The important operation of sorting his booty, if the *chiffonnier* is one of the better class, and desirous of a healthy lodging, is performed either in a separate room, hired for the purpose, or, when the weather will permit, in the open air ; but the far greater number possess only a single room, and in this, surrounded and assisted by their children, they spread out, examine, and sort the filthy produce of each journey. The floor is covered with rags, fragments of animal substances, glass, paper, and a thousand other things, some whole, some broken, and all begrimed with dirt ; whilst the several selections fill all the corners of the room, and are heaped up under the bed. The stranger who enters is almost suffocated by the stench, which is rendered still more offensive by one, and sometimes two, large dogs, which form part of the domestic establishment of most *chiffonniers*, and which they take out with them in their nocturnal rounds. It is matter of astonishment that habit should enable these people to endure with impunity the putrid exhalations amidst which they live. The *hotte* of the *chiffonnier* is not merely the receptacle of his

his merchandize, it is also his market-basket : among all the filthy trash which he collects, he takes care not to neglect the luxuries of his table—vegetables for his soup, pieces of bread, half-rotten fruit, everything which he conceives to be eatable. It is not unamusing to watch the sorting of all this, and to listen to the professional talk which seasons the operation when the sorter is in good temper, as he generally is, if his basket has been well filled and you address him with civility. Squatting down before it, he will show you, with a smile of exultation, a large beef-bone—a perfect beauty—and other articles of equal worth ; and as he arranges his several heaps on the pavement, he will tell you “ that competition kills trade—that cooks have become dead to all sense of humanity, that they now make money of everything, bones and broken glass especially ! ” These ragamuffins have their moments of good fortune and joy—it is when, in breaking apart a mass of filth, they see glittering before their eyes a silver spoon or fork ; and, thanks to the carelessness of servants, these rich prizes are not of rare occurrence. The happy individual forthwith proceeds to the barrier with his friends, generally in a hackney-coach, to celebrate the event by a copious repast : the coachman, who anticipates the dirty state of his cushions, being the only dissatisfied individual of the party. The daily gain of the lady-chiffonniers amounts to, perhaps, fifteen or twenty sous ; that of the children, to about ten. Many children, who run away from their parents at a very early age, take to this trade as a means of subsistence. The life they lead is almost savage : they are remarkable for the audacity and harshness of their manners. Some become so perfectly estranged that they lose all recollection of their father’s abode, nay, even of his name.

‘ As with all other classes of operatives, the wine and spirit shop is the constant resort of these rubbish-hunters. To the aged chiffonniers, still more to the aged females of the class, brandy has an attraction which nothing else can equal. These women believe, and act upon the belief, that spirituous liquors afford the same nourishment as solid food : they conceive that the artificial tone which results from the use of them is genuine strength ; and the error is persisted in, until the constitution is destroyed. No wonder that the rate of mortality in this class is so high.

‘ All the lower ranks display a certain pride and ostentation in their expenditure at the cabaret, but the chiffonniers more than any other. The ordinary sort of wine will not suffice them ; hot wine is their usual luxury, and they are vastly indignant if the lemon and sugar be not abundant. The cabaret-keepers are greatly scandalized by these extravagancies—that is to say, when a difficulty occurs, as it frequently does, in making up the reckoning. The generous sentiments which animate the better class of operatives are totally wanting among these people : shunned and scorned by every one, they in return shun and hate all their fellow-creatures ; they affect a cynic tone and manner, and appear to pride themselves on proclaiming their degradation and their vice. A considerable proportion of the men have passed through the hands of justice ; and many of the women are prostitutes of the lowest order.’

In

In speaking of the vicious portions of the middle ranks, M. Frégier confines himself to the writers, or copying-clerks, the students, and the shopmen: all the other divisions of society have their tainted spots, but it is in the three which he has selected, more than in any other, that vice shows itself in a special, distinct, and extended form.

The number of persons who gain their bread by the use of the pen, in public offices, banking-houses, law-establishments, and elsewhere, amounts, in Paris, to many thousands: these, taken as a whole, are not more immoral than the rest of society; nor is it of these that our author speaks, but of the persons employed by the master-copyists, whose trade it is to prepare writings for attorneys, notaries, and the public generally:—

‘ There are about 150 such establishments in Paris, and the number of clerks employed in them exceeds 600. Most of the offices or stalls in which the business is carried on are slight and temporary erections in some of the busiest streets, and around and within the Palais de Justice. Among these clerks indolence and reckless and brutal vice are carried to a point to which it is difficult to conceive that human beings possessed of some degree of talent and education could descend. The master-copyists give to their writers two-thirds of the sums they receive. The set attached to each establishment is classed by numbers, so that the four or five highest on the list are sure of employment. Their weekly gains range from eight to fifteen francs; but the more skilful, and especially those who write a fine hand, can gain forty francs. Some of these men work in the stalls of their employers, others at their own abodes. The class, with some few melancholy exceptions of ingenious and well-educated young men and meritorious fathers of families, who have been driven into it by poverty, is a vile compound of expelled students, dismissed merchants’ clerks, bankrupt schoolmasters, cashiered officers, and liberated convicts. Their predominant vices are drunkenness, gluttony, gambling, and idleness; the whole accompanied and set off by a degree of filthiness and disregard of the decencies of life which almost surpasses belief. It was from this crowd that Lacenaire stepped forth, eminent alike for his crimes and his excesses. The favourite pursuits of this “felon wit” were gambling and gluttony; all that escaped the one was lavished on the other. Eight or ten francs for his breakfast or dinner were no uncommon expenditure with this man; and his consumption of coffee was unbounded. Fraud and robbery were his most usual modes of obtaining funds for these indulgences; and it was only at intervals that he would condescend to have recourse to his pen. Before he had entirely shaken off all social restraint, and had devoted himself, soul and body, to crimes of the deepest dye, he was much sought after by the master-copyists, in consequence of the beauty of his penmanship and his marvellous rapidity of execution. Sometimes, tempted by the high rate of payment offered him, he would undertake a long piece of writing, and labour at it, fixed at his desk, for twenty-four or even forty-eight hours, almost without intermission. His task

task was no sooner finished than the gambling-table, or a glorious champagne breakfast, again rendered him penniless. Lacénaire scorned to be called a copyist; he only condescended to use his pen in moments of pressing need, when no robbery offered him an easier mode of filling his purse.

'Many of these men are remarkable for the ragged and offensive dirtiness of their dress. The soiled rags of the beggar are displeasing to the "nicer sense;" but the humble and careworn appearance of him who wears them converts disgust into pity. It is far otherwise with the class of which I am speaking: their insolent and boisterous manner, their sensual look, and their brutal filthiness, combine to render them the most revolting objects that the eye can meet; and, strange as it may appear, some of the most skilful of the class are of this description. Others, again, carry the vice of idleness to a pitch scarcely to be believed. Men, who could with ease obtain twenty or thirty sous a day, prefer to yawn away their time, and just cover a sufficient number of pages to keep themselves from sheer starvation. Doing nothing is their supreme happiness; a dry crust and water for their breakfast, a dinner for four sous, and a night's lodging for still less, suffice them. The rags worn by these men are actually infectious; nor do they attempt to replace them by others until they will no longer hold together. They will then apply for work at some of the stalls where they are known, gain a few francs, refit themselves in a set of better rags, and sink back at once into their state of torpid slothfulness. The master-copyers, utterly as they despise these men, are careful not to offend them, as in the moments of pressure which frequently occur in their business they cannot do without them. This class, viewed collectively, is one of the most degraded in Paris.'

We appreciate the immense advantage of late given to heads of families resident in London, from the institution of superior seminaries, where their sons may be trained by able masters during certain hours of each day, returning to spend the evening under the paternal eye and roof; but we are sure that, except as to medical studies, which cannot now be adequately prosecuted in small places—where there are of course no great hospitals, and where eminent surgeons can seldom be expected to fix themselves—young men whose parents live in the country should never be exposed to the danger of education in a populous metropolis. Paris is the great focus of all education for the youth of France; and the consequences in respect of morality are most painful to contemplate. M. Frégier gives some pleasing sketches of the students from the provinces: their warmth of friendship, their close union among themselves as a distinct class, their kind offices to each other in the hour of need, and the energy with which, after having yielded to the seduction of pleasure, they again devote themselves to study. But a much darker picture follows. All the facilities to vice surround these young men. Women, gam-
bling,

bling, extravagance in all its shapes, tempt them at every hour ; and, new as they are to the world, separated perhaps for the first time from their parents, frequent are the instances, not merely of a temporary falling away from virtue, but of utter ruin. M. Frégier traces out their progress from extravagance to dishonesty. When they have no longer trinkets or clothes of their own to pawn, they borrow those of their companions ; they order others from the tradespeople, and all alike travel to the *Mont de Piété*. Again and again funds are asked to meet fictitious booksellers' and doctors' bills, until the parent's anxiety is aroused, and he resolves to ascertain the real state of things. All manner of frauds are then got up to establish the fact of sickness ; and a due number of books are hired for the probable duration of the parental visit : a regular train of deception and falsehood is put into action, and the bewildered senior returns to the country, half satisfied and half suspicious. These delinquencies lead on to darker. Among the students there never fail to be found individuals who affect to separate themselves from the rest of the world, and to disdain all moral restraints. These young men, frequently of high talent, are quarrelsome, enemies to all *fagging*, perpetual frequenters of the coffeehouses, and pride themselves on their cynicism, and the open boldness of their vices. Their number is small ; but, unhappily, one of their chief pleasures and pursuits is the propagation of their own vicious habits and opinions amongst the incautious youths around them. To complete the ruin of these striplings, and at the same time to prey upon them, is their aim and their boast. It is among these abandoned parasites and their victims that nearly all the cases occur of students who are brought before the tribunals of justice.

The shopmen form another distinct division of society. There is less of close fellowship among them than among the students, less *esprit de corps*. The ruling vices are the same ; but the order of their intensity is reversed. With the student it is gambling, women, dress : with the shopman dress is the supreme good, women and gambling are subordinate. The employment of these young men, especially of those who serve behind the counter, renders attention to their personal appearance a matter of importance, nay, of necessity. With many this grows into a passion, and leads them into expenses totally disproportioned to their narrow salaries. Petty abstractions from the goods under their care, especially articles of male attire, are then had recourse to ; and these in the larger houses very often escape detection. Impunity renders the culprit bolder ; the thefts become gradually more important, the appearance of the youth more splendid. He becomes the subject of conversation to his fellow-shopmen :

shopmen: the thoughtless laugh, the grave shake their heads; and the suspicion reaches the master of the establishment, by whom this species of domestic robbery is considered as one of the chief dangers of his trade, one which it is most important he should detect and punish. Little investigation takes place, little opportunity for defence is given. It is held to be the safest plan to dismiss the fine gentleman, and he is thrown upon the world without character and without resource—how rarely to escape from the gulf of crime which yawns to receive him!

An additional danger besets those young denizens of the counter who are cursed with the fatal gift of beauty. Kept mistresses, ladies'-maids, nursery-maids, and all the descending gradations of frailty which crowd the *entre-sol* and the kitchen, select these handsome shopmen as the objects of their especial tenderness: they are led to do so partly by inclination, partly from a calculating determination to obtain by their means the materials for their toilets, without the disagreeable necessity of paying for them. 'A tall, well-made, silkmercer's apprentice, with bright eyes, fresh complexion, white teeth, elaborately-parted hair, and redundant whiskers, stands on the verge of a precipice every yard of ribbon that he measures. If he ventures on mustachios, and cherishes a tip, his doom is fixed. In these cases two brilliant wardrobes are to be furnished instead of one; and the descent to crime and ruin is more than doubly rapid.' *

Our author, having indicated what he conceives to be the chief sources of aliment to crime, now enters upon the more direct and immediate subject of his investigation,—the dangerous class itself, its habits, and the causes of its depravity. He commences by an able sketch of the '*Moral Topography of Paris*.' Through this we have no space to follow him; nor is it necessary. The habits of a savage animal are of more importance than its locality. One of the chief haunts of the dangerous class is the quarter of 'the City': it may be taken as a specimen of the whole. Its dark, dirty, and narrow streets are formed of lofty and many-storied houses, the gloomy entries to which are seldom guarded by a porter. These are crammed with prostitutes, vagabonds, and the more hardened class of criminals. The lodging-houses in

* The English reader will be reminded of some vivid sketches of London shop-life in the remarkable novel of 'Ten Thousand a Year.' Those sketches are indeed excellent; but it is in the portraiture of the attorney class that Mr. Warren has displayed the full strength and variety of his talents and his observation. His work deserves far more than a passing note—it appears to us superior to any other novel of familiar life recently produced in this country; we even think he might have secured for it a permanent place among our classics of prose fiction, if he had, in revising it for separate publication, struck out a large half of his sentimental details, and the whole of his temporary politics.

which

which this vile population dwells, are intermixed with numerous eating-houses and brandy and smoking shops of the most obscene description.

‘The most striking characteristic of the lodging-houses is an excess of uncleanness, which renders them so many centres of infection. It is only the most select which have beds; the greater part contain merely truckle bedsteads, disgustingly dirty. The rooms open into passages which have neither light nor air; the leaden sinks and *latrines* on each floor exhale a suffocating stench; their leakage extends from the garret to the ground-floor, and renders the stairs, which are covered with a humid mud, almost impassable. The court-yard of these houses is only a few feet square; and the windows of the densely-crowded rooms look into this; but many of the smaller chambers have no other opening than the door which leads to the stairs. The windows are covered with oiled paper instead of glass; and in many houses the whole of the inmates sleep on heaps of rags, collected in the streets, and kept in one of the lower rooms, to be given out to the lodgers as they enter. I enlarge upon these details, because the very harshness of the picture will throw a strong light on the habits of the dangerous class.’

‘*Gamblers*’—for it is with this class of criminals that our author commences—are, from the very nature of their pursuits, subject to such sudden vicissitudes of fortune, and are driven on by such a reckless ardour, that they are not only looked upon by the police as dangerous persons, but become objects of dread to all the well-disposed. Of all our evil propensities, the love of play is the most tyrannical, devouring, and tenacious; and there are no excesses to which it does not lead. Among the professed gamblers there are many, especially of the lower and of the educated but necessitous classes, who are solely occupied by the craving appetite for play, the activity of which absorbs in them all other wants. They retrench as much as possible their food and clothing, to furnish the means of indulging this deadly passion. They frequent the lowest lodging-houses; and whilst they risk at the gaming-table every franc they possess, it is with regret that they part with two or three sous to pay for a bed of rotten straw, or of rags covered with mud. Such is their destiny, day after day; and it brings them to the level of the robbers and cut-throats who inhabit the same dens. It is this community of abode, this close approach to criminals of the worst description, which so powerfully seconds the pernicious influences of the passion that controls them. Deprived by the cast of the die of their last crown, and urged to desperation, they throw themselves into the career of crime in the train of the robbers with whom they dwell. This extremity of guilt is sooner or later the fate of almost every gamester. These same men, who, when neither fraud nor luck has befriended them, can submit to every privation, give way to the wildest extravagance when the chance of the cards or an unexpected plunder has put them in funds. Followed unceasingly by the dread of being discovered and arrested by the police, they hasten to the gaming-table

table to drown their fears in its violent excitement. Play is at once the business of their lives and their most cherished pleasure; debauchery and gluttony follow as subordinates. This cruel passion accompanies and domineers over them even in the prison, and leads to excesses which approach insanity. There are instances of prisoners, who, after having lost in one instant the produce of an entire week's labour, have not feared to glut their passion by staking in advance the bread which is to support them for the next month, or even for a longer period; nor are there wanting beings so remorseless as to lie in wait during the distribution of the food, and snatch from their debtors the bread which is necessary to their very existence.

'The medical attendants in the Central House of Mont Saint-Michel remarked a convict who played with so unconquerable an ardour, that when he was in the infirmary, and in the extremity of disease, he abandoned to the chance of the die the broth or wine absolutely necessary to restore his strength. This man, in the end, died of actual inanition.'

The 'medical attendants,' we presume, were placed there for some other purpose than 'merely to remark the ardour' of such a patient!

We believe there is no portion of their social system on which our Gallic neighbours more pride themselves than on their code of *erotic laws*; and it is with somewhat of a flourish of trumpets—a *paulo-majora-canamus* sort of tone—that M. Frégier enters upon the subject:—

'This vice,' he exclaims, 'begotten by one of the passions the most imperious in man, and to which the progress of civilization has in vain attempted to oppose any efficacious barrier, exercises more especially its influence in mighty cities. It reigns—such is the recital of travellers, such is the testimony of writers the most accredited—over the entire surface of the globe!'

In Paris prostitution exists under two distinct forms: it is public, and it is clandestine; the inscription of names in the register of the police being the line of separation. Convinced of the necessity of the evil, the municipal authorities have endeavoured to render it obedient to such laws as should restrain its excesses—to organize it, as far as its nature will permit. 'During the last five-and-twenty years, and more especially of late, the police have,' we are told, 'evinced great wisdom and firmness in the ameliorations they have introduced into this division of the community; and Paris has become distinguished among all the capitals of civilized nations, as the one in which public order, morals, and health are the best guaranteed against the influence of this vice.'

In England prostitution is *tolerated*, in France it is *sanctioned*:
advantages

advantages and disadvantages result probably from both systems; but neither the pages of our author, nor the voluminous treatise of his great authority M. Parent-Duchâtelet, have convinced us that the cause of virtue is promoted by legalizing vice. This at least is certain, that the proud supremacy of moral discipline, which these two political economists claim for Paris, exists only in part: clandestine prostitution has resisted every attempt to bring it under control; nor can it ever be so brought, without an undue and most dangerous infringement of the liberty of the subject. The obvious, the admitted result of this imperfect, this half submission to the law is that the clandestine and ex-legal division of the class is more depraved and more dangerous than where there is no such separation; and that this is the case the pages of our author abundantly prove.

The two classes are so distinct, that he has deemed it necessary to treat of each separately:—

‘ The inscription has for its object to prove the individuality of the woman who surrenders herself to an immoral life; and thus to give the inspectors of the police the means of arresting her if guilty of disorderly conduct or crime. The registered female, aware that she is thus subjected to a constant surveillance, abandons herself less willingly to those excesses which are almost inseparable from her vocation; and has no hope, if guilty of crime, of escaping from the pursuit of justice. The inscription declares the fact of prostitution; but it does not grant her the authority to prostitute herself, *as is commonly supposed to be the case.*

‘ If the girl who presents herself and demands her inscription, or who is brought by the police, is of age, and appears not utterly hardened in vice, the executive employs all its efforts to induce her to return into the bosom of her family. The interrogation which she undergoes as to her previous conduct enables them to judge whether anger or despair has driven her to take this step; nor is her name inscribed until, after a mature investigation, they are convinced that there is no hope of reconciling her to her family. Many of those who apply for inscription are from the provinces. Ensnared by a transitory attachment, they quit their native place; are brought to Paris by the seducer, speedily abandoned by him, and compelled by actual want to add their names to the registry of infamy: or, willing to hide a first fault, they separate themselves from their family and seek concealment in the capital, and to do this they are frequently led by the counsel of some early friend who is herself devoted to vice. In all these cases the police proceed with extreme caution. The cause of morality being the one object they have in view, it is by no means unusual for them to refuse the inscription, if they see any remains of good feeling, and the girl is not suffering under disease. They do more. To preserve her from the danger of clandestine prostitution, and to do away with any pretext for remaining at Paris, they give her a passport and funds to enable her to return home.

Even in those cases in which the police perceive that this course cannot be adopted, they do not, in the first instance, definitively inscribe the name: a communication is addressed to the mayor of the place in which the girl was born, requiring him to furnish, free of expense, a certificate of her birth; and although the object for which it is demanded is not expressed, the researches which the local authorities are obliged to make suffice to apprise the friends of the girl where she is, and the danger in which she is placed. It rests with them to negotiate her return either by the intervention of the mayor, or by a direct application to the police. It is only when this document is transmitted without any accompanying remark that the provisional inscription becomes final.

'A different line of conduct is adopted in the case of a minor. If from the country, the local magistrates are requested to ascertain the situation of her parents, and what steps they are willing to take to secure her return to them. During the period of this negotiation, she is put in separate confinement in the prison of St. Lazarus. If, which is very frequently the case, she is not claimed by her relations, the registration takes place. When the parents reside in Paris, the same solicitude is shown. They are brought before the prefect of police, and urged to pardon their child. Sometimes the efforts of the civil authorities are successful; but these reconciliations are seldom durable. The girl is again guilty, and again arrested: her relations break off all connection with her, and it becomes necessary to add her name to the list.

'Each girl, when she is registered, is required to sign, either with her name or her mark, a formal printed declaration, by which she engages to submit herself to the sanitary regulations, and to the prescribed system of surveillance connected with them. This is an important document: it constitutes a sort of legal right in the police to inflict, as they are perpetually compelled to do, the slighter kinds of punishment on these unfortunate women, without control and without appeal. It is found, also, to have a strong moral effect upon the girls themselves: they feel that by thus pledging themselves they have entered into a kind of contract with the police: this tends to render them obedient, and to restrain their conduct within some bounds of propriety.'

Every trade and every occupation affords its contingent to this class; and, as with us, the most productive of all are the manufactories and the workshops. Parent-Duchâtelet—the Newton of harlotry—in his elaborate work, '*De la Prostitution de la Ville de Paris*,'* enumerates the instances in which near relations have

* This is a work '*d'une grande célébrité*' in France. We marvel not that it should be so; for never was there a book more radically and essentially *French*. The subject well deserves the attention of the philanthropist and the statesman: it is the treatment of it—the blending together philosophic gravity and trivial minuteness—the needless abomination of detail—which makes the English reader fling it from him with wonder and disgust. The author had prepared himself for his revolting task by a long familiarity with kindred subjects: the death-spreading industry of Montfaucon—the obstructed sinks and sewers of Paris—had been the objects of his care, before he busied himself with these darker impurities. To them he devoted almost exclusively the last

have simultaneously presented themselves for registration. Out of 5183 registrations, 164 cases have occurred of two sisters presenting

last eight years of his life. His zeal and energy in the pursuit were unceasing; and among the mass of facts which he has collected and brought into system many are of high importance and utility. But from long dwelling upon one favourite and engrossing subject, his eye lost by degrees the faculty of correct perspective: things absolutely unimportant, things altogether base and trivial, became from proximity magnified into objects of philosophic grandeur. What moral or statistical advantage, for example, can result from ascertaining with mathematical accuracy and reducing into decimal fractions the proportionate ratios of the eyes, grey, brown, blue, red, and black, of every street-walker in Paris? What practical utility in mastering the still more difficult problem of the colour of their eyebrows? There may be some interest in knowing exactly the height of the Venus de Medicis, and of the Pucelle d'Orléans;—but to ascertain, within the fraction of an inch, the altitudes, in an ascending series, of TWELVE THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR Parisian prostitutes is a department of science, a species of philosophy, which we are convinced no human being but a Frenchman would ever have thought of cultivating.

As an author, Parent-Duchâtelet's merits are considerable. His language is correct, clear, and even eloquent; but the measureless attachment which he feels towards his subject betrays him sometimes into an energy of phrase singularly ludicrous. Subjects of loathsome disquisition, needless and frivolous impurities, are thus pompously ushered in: '*Je consacre un chapitre*,'—'*Cette opinion étant d'un poids immense*,'—'*J'ai puisé largement à cette source précieuse*,'—'*Cet inestimable document*;'—and on one occasion, when dilating on a subject supereminently revolting and disgraceful, filled with gratitude towards his co-explorers, he exclaims, '*Ils l'ont étudiée pour moi, et m'ont donné à ce sujet des précieux renseignements!!*'

In elaborate correctness of arrangement the work is a master-piece: each of its grander divisions is subdivided into numerous subordinate sections, every one of which has its duplex enunciation, the one concise, the other full and comprehensive. One of these grand divisions is consecrated to a philosophic analysis of the veteran rank of the profession. Here, in fourteen sections, we have given to us their nomenclature—the gradual purifications in the French language on this important subject during a long succession of ages—the exact year, 1796, in which their present decorous appellation was conceded to them—their domestic pursuits, studies, and amusements—their opinion of themselves, a nice point—their special and individual affairs of the heart—the discomfort to their establishments when these extend to more than two cherished objects at once—their '*tournure d'esprit*'—their maternal solicitude;—and, to complete the interesting picture, their calm secession from the toils of life—their provincial retirements—their gradually extending respectability—their charitable cares—their rural piety—their eager participation in the holiest ceremonials of the church:—the whole wound up with what should have been its commencement, had there not existed, as we are expressly told, '*insurmountable difficulties*' in so doing—the whole wound up with—

'DEFINITION d'une Dame de Maison.'

The accuracy of every statement contained in this volume is repeatedly insisted upon by M. Frégier, and the work carries within itself the strongest evidence of truth. There are, nevertheless, some very startling assertions in it. We scarcely know which of the three following is the most incredible:—

1st. That one of the physicians of Paris, observing the uniform increase of fat which courtezans acquire from the use of mercury, suggested the expediency of subjecting all animals intended for the food of man to a like course of treatment!! (Page 116 of the Brussels edition of 1836—we deem it expedient to be accurate in our references.)

2nd. That in one of the forty-eight quarters of Paris, that of l'Île Saint Louis, in a population of 7500, not one single prostitute is to be found!!! (Page 327.)

3rd. That one woman of a superior grade—but we will quote the original words, to prevent the possibility of error—'*assurait la santé de tous ses clients*. Pour cela elle ne recevait que des hommes mariés qui tous se connaissaient: on n'était admis chez elle que

sending themselves at the same time, 4 instances of three sisters, 3 instances of four; and the still more fearful spectacle of a mother and her daughter presenting themselves together has occurred no less than sixteen times!!

The aristocracy of the profession, the kept mistresses, have nearly all of them their favoured lovers, whom our author warns us by no means to confound with their ostensible protectors: many of these favourites occupy an elevated position in society—'general officers—men of letters—financiers—noblemen.' The next rank—the higher class of street-walkers—who live free from personal restraint, exercise their trade during the day, and devote their nights to the society of their lovers, whom by preference they choose from among the students of law and medicine, and the juvenile attorneys, 'the intelligence and wit of these young men rendering them especially attractive.' These women never exact any payment from their favourites; on the contrary, they lavish their money upon them; and the number of young men in Paris who degrade themselves by being thus supported is considerable. 'This total absence of mercenary views,' says our author, 'is universal through all the gradations of prostitution, even to the very lowest. Towards their lovers, the disinterestedness of these abandoned women is unmixed and perfect.' The next class in the descending scale are perhaps the least corrupted and vicious of the whole: these nearly all of them exercise some industrious trade, in addition to their regular profession: many are economists, and invest their money in the savings-banks: not a few of them in the capital thus accumulated find ultimately the means of emancipating themselves, and set up in some decent business. The lovers chiefly sought after by this class are shopmen, journeymen hair-dressers, and journeymen tailors, the latter especially. In this rank there are many women whose degradation has sprung from poverty, and not from any propensity to vice. The lowest class is that which most demands the strict attention of the police; for with them are constantly associated men of the vilest and most dangerous character, their lovers or their *souteneurs*, who are for the most part liberated convicts. The attachment of these women for their favourites knows no bounds: the vilest treat-

que sur la présentation de quelques habitués, et avec l'assentiment de tous les autres au nombre de quarante à cinquante'!!!! (Page 81.)

Parent-Duchâtelet was a skilful and valuable public servant. We believe, also, that he was a virtuous man; and the disgust with which we cast aside the book does not extend to its author. Nor would we be unjust to the work itself. As it exists, it would be unendurable in this country; but if divested of all its unnecessary grossness, all its trivial details, we should be glad to see, in an English dress, the solid information which it contains. We warn our readers against supposing that they will find what we speak of in a late trumpety publication of the Edinburgh press.

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ment at their hands, blows, even wounds, will not shake it. The duty of the *souteneur* is to warn his mistress of the approach of the police, when she is infringing the prescribed rules; and in the event of her being arrested, he is always prepared to do battle in her defence.

These are the four chief classes which constitute that division of the system in which the women continue to be free agents, and mistresses of their own actions; with the exception only of their constant subjection to the sanatory regulations, and, in the event of misconduct, to imprisonment. From the highest to the lowest, from the *femme galante* who lives surrounded by every luxury, to the half-clothed prowler through the streets, all are alike subjected to the dispensary, the hospital, and the prison. The visits to the dispensary are required to be made twice every month, and are recorded on a card, which they are bound to produce, when called upon to do so by the police. Nothing is a more marked characteristic of these women than the disdain which the higher ranks among them express for those of an inferior grade, the one grand criterion of their relative dignity being the price at which they accord their favours. Should any individual forget herself so far as to lower her terms, she is exposed to the anger and revilings of her fellows; it is an offence which in their opinion admits of no excuse. The contempt of the superior class naturally draws down upon it the vindictive hatred of the other; and when members of the two meet, as they perpetually do in the prison or the hospital, both reduced to the same hard fare and the same coarse dress, the inferior fails not to take a bitter revenge.

The mistresses of the houses of Tolerance have in their pay agents in the different hospitals, who form acquaintance with the handsomest of their fellow-patients; and, on their report, the Dame de Maison enters into a treaty with the girls thus selected, and makes them a present of clothes, and a weekly allowance of four or five francs during the remainder of their stay in the hospital; the agent herself receiving a much higher remuneration. These selections chiefly take place from among girls out of place, and work-women without employment; who, on leaving the hospital, have no alternative before them but famine or vice. The houses of the lower class are recruited from the prisons by similar agency. Many of the Dames de Maison obtain their recruits by the aid of correspondents in the country, especially in the manufacturing departments: they often employ regular travellers for the same purpose; and not a few are in league with the persons who keep offices for the hiring of servants, who, without remorse, when a girl more than usually handsome applies for a place, send her to the address of one of the most showy of the licensed Maisons.

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The train is so well laid, that it very generally succeeds—flattery, dress, luxuries of all sorts, conquer her repugnance, and she devotes herself to a life of shame, without even being aware that she has been the victim of a conspiracy. Especial care is taken to keep these unhappy creatures totally penniless, lest they should emancipate themselves from the thralldom they endure; and if they are suspected of economising, every art is used to lead them into extravagance. In the more splendid establishments, personal indulgences are granted to them in excess; yet, no sooner does disease attack them, than they are hurried off without sympathy or remorse from the very centre of luxury to the melancholy wards of a hospital. The vilest, the most revolting, and the most dangerous of all these licensed establishments are the dens in those parts of the city where the lower classes congregate; such as the Grand Barriers and the outward Boulevards. Day and night, one unceasing round of riot, debauchery, drunkenness, fighting, and theft takes place in these hot-beds of crime.

Clandestine prostitution has a range as wide as that which is regular and avowed. A large proportion of the total number of *femmes galantes*, or kept-mistresses—*femmes à partie*—the girls who habitually frequent the theatres—workwomen—maid-servants—and, last and most melancholy of all, *children*, form the catalogue of the 4000 females who constitute the mass of prostitution which does not submit itself to the law. The *femmes à partie* are a distinct race: they are women distinguished generally by their wit and their fascinating manners, who are, or have been, prostitutes. They keep a good table, and receive all visitors who are introduced to them by friends in whom they confide: they give dinners, balls, soirées; and collect around them as many beautiful faces as they can—divorced wives—actresses—opera-dancers, and *femmes galantes* of all kinds: they live by the spoils of the thoughtless young men of fortune. In disgraceful conduct the women who beset the theatres equal—they cannot exceed—their parallels in London. This stain upon our national manners has been far too patiently endured, and we hail with gratitude the recent effort of Mr. Macready to free our capital from so foul a reproach.

It has been painful to us to go into these details; but as of all the divisions of society this is the one in which the greatest difference exists between the two nations, we have deemed it right specially to direct the attention of our readers to it. That both in a moral and a religious point of view it is a subject of the deepest importance none can doubt; and it deserves, consequently, the calm attention of the political economist. English feelings and English prejudices may, perhaps, bias our judgment; our neighbours

bours consider us antiquated and unwise in our views on this branch of civil government; and we know that the French system of legalized prostitution is gradually spreading over other European nations. We do not wonder that it should do so; for, unquestionably, there are many advantages connected with it. These are upon the surface. The objections lie deeper. If legal *surveillance* could, without undue interference with the liberty of the subject, be made to extend over all those who are tainted with this vice, great good, great diminution of crime, disease, and misery would be the result; the benefit to the offenders would be important and permanent; they would become less immoral, and less dangerous subjects to the state. But experience has proved that this cannot be. The fact is notorious, that the law is not able to bring within its coercive powers one-half of the class. But this is not, we conceive, the chief objection to it. A portion of the class, having the sanction of the law, being under its care, legalized and protected, establishes at once a line of demarkation between it and the remaining part, which holds itself aloof from all restraint. The consequence is inevitable—the unrestricted portion become, from the mere circumstance of this distinction, this separation, more depraved, more audacious, and more dangerous than they would be, were there no such division. The slightest acquaintance with the nature of the human mind would convince us, *à priori*, that this must be so; but not only M. Frégier's volumes, but the more circumstantial work of Parent-Duchâtelet, prove, beyond a shadow of doubt, that such is the case. From the amount, therefore, of good, which the exertions of the law effect in one half of the mass, is to be deducted the amount of evil which results to the other. But the question which relates to society at large is one of far greater importance; and here there is no balancing of good and evil. The legalizing, the trafficking with vice, the protection and countenance given to it, cannot exist without baneful effects extending themselves directly or indirectly over all divisions of society. The national scale of morality is brought down; the distinctions of right and wrong are defaced. A licensed brothel and a licensed gambling-house are less dangerous places to those who frequent them than similar abodes of vice unsubjected to control; but to society at large the injury resulting from the union of crime and law is incalculably greater. France has already perceived this as regards the one vice, and sanctioned gambling-houses have ceased to exist.

It is proved, that among the prostitutes in Paris a considerable number economize their gains, are depositors in the savings-banks, and acquire the means of quitting their vicious course of life: it

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is proved, also, that a large proportion of these unhappy women do ultimately obtain re-admission into their original classes of society. Could we restrict our views to these individuals, the knowledge that such is the case would be consolatory: but we must look also at those by whom they are received: we then perceive that it is the absence of high moral feeling in society at large which renders it possible for beings who have so degraded themselves ever to recover the station they have lost. The lax and depraved tone of society, which leads them to hope that such an event is possible, leads also to their economy and their savings. Instances of similar re-admission into the ranks of honesty are comparatively rare in England. It is not with sorrow that we assert this to be so. It is the purer morality of the social system with us that renders the exclusion final and irremediable; and we hold that, where the loss to the unhappy class is as one, the gain to society is as a thousand.

The *vagabonds* are the next class described. They hold an intermediate place between the beggar and the robber.

‘ Ragged and idle, vegetating in a state of torpid carelessness, and solely occupied by the present moment, these degraded beings abound in all the great centres of population. A numerous division of the tribe hang about the market-places, to pick up a few pence, by executing commissions, and eke out their daily gains by petty thefts and begging. The younger division of the class is recruited from among the boys expelled from the schools or the manufactories for inveterate idleness and misconduct, and who pass their entire days loitering in the streets, in defiance of the remonstrances and corrections of their parents. These young reprobates, whose ages vary from seven to sixteen, are soon enticed by other boys, more advanced in vice, to band themselves together into gangs, sometimes to the number of eighteen; one especial article of their compact being mutually to assist one another in escaping from the search of their parents, or of the masters to whom they have been apprenticed. The most timid and the least depraved frequent the markets, and beg or execute commissions; the bolder and more accomplished rob. With all of them, without exception, gambling is the ruling passion; next to this the theatre; and, in order to collect money to pay for their admission, they will frequently fast for a couple of days. Wherever there is noise, tumult, or sedition, there these gangs are sure to be seen. Those who rob, lord it over the rest, as it is from their gains that the more timid and the new recruits are supported. They are ambitious to form the acquaintance and receive the instructions of grown-up robbers; but indeed the fathers of many of them are robbers. An instance is known of one of these boys who, when not quite three years old, was able to pick a lock; and when soon afterwards he commenced business in the streets, the childish naïveté with which he recited his little felonies is said to have “filled his father’s mind with delight and pride.” These thievish imps swarm on the Boulevards, and insinuate

insinuate themselves more especially into the groups which surround the ambulatory exhibitions and the print-shops. In short, every crowded place is the theatre of their activity. These are the voluntary members of the fraternity; but many join it unwillingly, being driven to do so by the neglect or the cruelty of their masters: many are orphans. The efforts made by the police to reclaim these juvenile offenders are unceasing; but severity and kindness are alike ineffectual. Again and again are they arrested, and punished or pardoned as the case requires; and again and again do they resume the same lawless course of life. A singular case is on record of one of these children, who was arrested no less than forty times: he was always alone; and, strange to say, in no one instance had he committed any punishable crime; his only proveable offence was that of being day and night a houseless wanderer.'

The points of resemblance between the pickpockets, the sharpers, and the robbers of Paris and London are so numerous and so strong as to render it unnecessary for us to follow our author through the whole of his details. Many of his statements might be mistaken for extracts from our own police reports. We shall therefore touch only on those forms of crime which are least known in England.

'The *octroi* duty, which is levied on all articles of consumption brought into Paris, forms by far the most considerable portion of the city revenue. In 1840 it amounted to no less a sum than 40,606,535 francs (£1,624,261). To evade this tax innumerable modes of smuggling are resorted to, and not only by professed thieves, and by women and children, who devote themselves to it as a legitimate branch of industry, but also by a large number of the operative classes, when out of employment. These latter, however, when their own accustomed occupation is again offered them, willingly quit their illicit trade. Many of these bands of smugglers are armed, have their captains (*chefs d'équipes*), and carry on their trade avowedly, and in defiance of the agents of the *octroi*, with whom they sometimes come into open collision. But by far the greater quantity of smuggled goods are introduced secretly. . . . *La fraude sous vêtement* is effected by bladders arranged around the corsets of women, or by a hollow cuirass of tin neatly fitted to the shape. *La fraude par escalade* takes place only during the night: a ladder, with a strong cord at the end of it, is placed against the city wall; up this the smuggler ascends, charged with a leathern sack filled with wine or spirit, and the cord enables him to descend with his burden on the other side. *La fraude par jet de vessie* is practised in open day. The point of communication being fixed upon, the exterior smuggler throws bladder after bladder over the wall, and they are caught by his accomplice. Unwholesome meat is introduced into the city in the same manner. But of all the modes of smuggling, the one which most largely detracts from the city revenues is that effected by means of subterranean excavations. A gang hire a house outside the wall, having attached to it a court or garden suitable to their purpose: opposite to this, inside the walls, they occupy another building, and
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from the one to the other they open a subterranean communication, through which articles of every description are conveyed in immense quantities. Once within the walls, they are speedily forwarded to the retailers, between whom and the smuggler there is an established league. The seizures made by the police are innumerable; and formerly it was the custom in many of the stations to collect and hang up the various arms, instruments, and curious apparatus which had been captured; but these became so numerous, that the offices were gradually converted into museums and arsenals, and it was deemed expedient to destroy the whole.'

The great abundance and variety of silver coin give the sharpers of Paris an important advantage over their London brethren. *Le vol à l'Américaine* would be little productive with us: in France, although it has been perpetually exposed in the newspapers, it is still practised with as much success as ever.

'Those who devote themselves to this branch of industry loiter near the Bank of France, the Treasury, or the coach-offices, on the watch for persons carrying a sack of crown pieces; and when they espy a rustic-looking man or woman thus burdened, and whose appearance pleases them, they immediately commence operations. A young girl, for instance, is seen to come out of the Treasury with a budget well filled, and carefully tied round; two sharpers follow her, and the one who plays the part of the American steps forward some hundred paces; the other accosts her in so civil and good-humoured a tone as not to alarm her; she answers him as civilly; the conversation goes on; he talks economy, praises savings-banks, and wishes there were more young workwomen of her age who had as prudent and saving habits as he is sure she has. In the midst of these flattering words the American retraces his steps, and, on approaching the girl, asks her in broken French if she will change the crowns she is carrying for gold; if so, he will give her a bonus of 100 sous on every 20 francs. She is startled, and somewhat shocked at this offer. Not so the complimentary gentleman by her side; he is less scrupulous, and says at once that he himself will accept the terms. The American forthwith produces a handful of gold pieces; the poor girl's surprise augments, but it becomes extreme when the careless foreigner declares that he has brought tons of gold with him to France on board his vessel, and that current coin he must have at once, let it cost him what it will. She now, in a timid whisper, tells her new acquaintance that she *thinks* she should like to participate in the traffic. He confirms her in the prudent resolution, and proposes that they should go into a wine-shop with the rich foreigner. Having established themselves in a private room, the American not only displays numerous pieces of gold, but also a beautiful little sack made of some rich skin, fastened with a padlock, and crammed full of the rouleaux which he wants to change. The other man now feels the responsibility of his situation: the transaction is an important one; he will not part with his own silver, nor will he allow the young woman to part with hers, until he has ascertained the purity of some
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of the gold pieces. He takes two or three of them to the nearest money-changer, and returns with crown-pieces: all doubts on their side are now at an end. Not so with the American: he, in his turn, says that he must ascertain that her silver is good. His ignorance excites a laugh, and the nature of the coinage of the country is fully explained to him. Still he persists; and at length the friendly adviser consents, but on the express condition that he himself shall go with him to the shop with the girl's packet of silver. She feels deeply this kind attention, and pours out her thanks. They depart and leave her alone, gazing intently on the beautiful little padlocked purse, which is left in her care. Half an hour passes, but of course no one returns; she becomes alarmed, the master of the wine-shop is summoned; he is, or affects to be, astonished; the purse is cut open, and, to the unspeakable horror of the poor girl, the rouleaux are of copper.'

A man of unexceptionable appearance enters a shop, makes some purchases, produces gold, and requests that the change may be given him in some particular coin, that of the Republic, for instance, or of the Kingdom of Italy. The obliging shopkeeper pours out his sack of silver on the counter, and the customer draws out with great care from the heap the peculiar coinage which he seeks. During this public process of selection he carries on a private one; and, with a skill which many a professed juggler might envy, abstracts as many crown-pieces as he can venture to take, without too much diminishing the heap. Then follow thanks and apologies for giving trouble; and complimentary speeches having been made on both sides, the unsuspecting tradesman restores the diminished silver into its bag; and it is only when at the end of the day he counts its contents that he discovers his loss, which sometimes amounts to 600 or 1000 francs.

The ladies are proficient in this art: their powers of conversation and their personal attraction aid greatly; but the mystery lies in their fingers, of which, says M. Frégier, '*la souplesse et la force a quelque chose de merveilleux.*' The fair sex are indeed great shoplifters. Their pelisses and mantles are furnished with huge pockets, artfully constructed in the foldings: an immense shawl is very favourable to the operation; and those who assume the garb of Paysannes have their coarse thick petticoat formed into a perfect series of secret compartments. One of the modes adopted is new to us, and there is a shade of maternal tenderness thrown over the transaction, which gives it a peculiar interest. A well-dressed lady enters a shop, followed by a nursery-maid with a baby in long and flowing robes: the lady requires all manner of smart things to be shown her, lays them aside with the usual fastidiousness of female taste, and demands others. In the midst of her purchases she is seized
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with a sudden paroxysm of tenderness for her baby ; the good-humoured smiling *bonne* sets the darling on the counter, that its little face may be close to mamma's ; and, when the caresses are concluded, takes it again upon her arm, and with it, under cover of its long robe, two or three selected pieces of silk.

The system of several distinct families living in one house, with a common staircase, affords the Parisian robber facilities unknown in London. *Bonjouriers, Voleurs au bonjour, Chevaliers grimpons*, are the happily significant names given to the numerous class of whom we are now speaking. They disdain the use of false keys, break open no doors, scale no walls ; their only preparation is ascertaining the name of two of the residents, and this the printed Directories enable them to do. Well dressed, shod with noiseless pumps, and relying on his self-possession and ease of manner, one of these thieves boldly demands of the porter whether M. B—— is at home, M. A—— being the person he intends to rob. No sooner is he upon the stairs than he is all eyes to detect an unfastened door. He sees one with a key in it ; he knocks again and again ; if no one appears he steps in as far as the dining-room, makes straight for the buffet, fills his pockets and hat with silver, and glides out again. Should the owner of the apartment, M. A——, make his appearance, the robber with a courteous and smiling air demands whether he has not the honour to address M. B—— ? he is told that M. B—— lives on the next floor, and the unsuspected villain, uttering a thousand apologies, departs with the best grace imaginable :—or suspicion may be half aroused, the party may be a matter-of-fact Englishman, or a slow-witted German, who looks grave and dangerous, and the Frenchman perceives that his safety hangs upon a thread. Nothing daunted, the rogue reiterates his rapid apologies, and performs a semicircle of active bows until he gets in a straight line with the door, and then vanishes with the rapidity of lightning. Nay, should he be seized, and the stolen plate actually found upon him, he is not without his resources. He has a tale of woe, ready cut and dried for all such perilous occasions. Falling on his knees, he implores, with an eloquence almost irresistible, the pardon, the compassion, of the benevolent man whom he frankly admits he has so deeply injured—it is his first, his only offence—the fatal love of play has led him to it—to decide upon his fate will be to decide also upon the fate of as respectable a father as ever breathed—a father who would die were he to know of his son's dishonour ! This frequently succeeds : the proprietor contents himself with kicking the penitent down stairs ; who, well aware that his honour is of that description that knows no stain, considers this mode of retreat equivalent to a victory.

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Every crowded street, every theatre, has its contingent of pick-pockets, between whom and the police there is one unceasing conflict. As a specimen of our author's style, we will give his lively sketch of this warfare :—

‘ Les inspecteurs de police sont attirés dans les groupes par les motifs même qui y conduisent les filous. Ils ont, les uns comme les autres, les yeux fixés sur les poches des curieux, mais les premiers veillent à leur défense quand les seconds songent à les dépouiller. De là, cette animosité mutuelle, et pour ainsi dire instinctive, qui existe entre eux. Quel est celui d'entre nous qui appréhende les entreprises des filous à la promenade ou ailleurs ? combien peu qui savent gré à la police de sa sollicitude, qui se doutent même de cette sollicitude ? Il est pourtant vrai que dans un grand nombre de circonstances les agens de police et les filous luttent entre eux sur le terrain d'observations, de précautions, et d'adresse, précisément à l'occasion du sujet qui nous occupe le moins. Ce sont les seuls qui ne soient pas attentifs aux spectacles ou aux divertissemens qui fixent les regards de tous. Cette inattention doit être pour chacun d'eux une cause de défiance et de crainte, un signe d'hostilité, excepté quand l'inspecteur et le filou se connaissent, ce qui arrive assez souvent. Alors les rôles deviennent plus simples, l'événement de la lutte ne tient plus qu'à une question de fait, au flagrant délit. Le public n'aperçoit qu'un accident imprévu dans ce fait que la rumeur porte à sa connaissance, tandis qu'il y a eu un drame, un dénouement, des acteurs, le tout enveloppé d'un mystère profond.’

The pickpockets of the highest class are enabled, by the elegance of their dress and manners, to insinuate themselves into all public assemblies, even the most select. Splendidly dressed foreigners are the grand objects of their attention. ‘ Ils recherchent *avidement* les Anglais, et s'attachent à leurs pas comme à une proie riche et facile,’ the outside and well-filled pockets of our countrymen being greatly to their taste.

Exploiter les positions sociales is the professed occupation of a numerous class of swindlers. Many an industrious family, who bear a fair reputation in the world, have some fatal secret connected with them, which, if divulged, would crush them for ever. A liberated convict, for example, has become a reformed man, has married a respectable woman, and has set up in business, neither his wife nor his neighbours having the slightest idea of his former habits of life. One of his companions in prison finds him out, or the fact becomes known, by hazard, to some of the wretches who are constantly on the look-out for their prey. They open a correspondence with the wife ; mysterious dangers are hinted to her ; she becomes suspicious and alarmed ; the husband is compelled to divulge his secret to her ; and the dread of exposure induces them to accede to the demands of the robbers,

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in whose power they feel themselves to be. These demands for money are again and again repeated; and the unhappy couple may consider themselves fortunate if the scoundrel, after he has carried on his exactions for months, does not hand them over to some other of his tribe, to be subjected to a new series of threats and extortions. The prevalence in Paris of an offence of a hideous nature gives scope to a still darker species of conspiracy, unknown in England. We cannot stain our pages by explaining the machinations of these infamous gangs, who, with an audacity scarcely to be believed, frequently assume the garb and functions of the police.

In Paris, as elsewhere, each separate class of villains has within itself a certain number, generally very limited, of ferocious spirits, who, with a reckless indifference, are willing, for any cause, or none, to dye their hands in blood. The Parisian robbers affect to consider that these sanguinary and brutal propensities are to be found only among the rustics who join their ranks; but this is not the case. Many of the most merciless ruffians are town-bred, and have reached the pinnacle through a long gradation of crime. Even among their companions these men are feared and shunned, and they in return affect to despise and domineer over all those who are less bloodthirsty than themselves.

In enumerating the different species of crime, M. Frégier abstains entirely from any mention of those offences which are connected with political movements: he does so on the ground that, as the causes which lead to them are transitory and of rare occurrence, they form no part of the general elements of society. His view in this may be correct—but we are surprised that he should also have omitted in his catalogue of crime the frequent and murderous duels which disgrace the French capital, as well as those vastly moving and romantic police-*historiettes* which perpetually adorn the journals, half murder and half suicide, and in which young ladies and gentlemen, to prove the ardour of their love, blow out each other's brains, or poison themselves in pairs. With regard to suicide, in fact, we see reason to suspect that our author looks upon it with favourable eyes.*

Looking at the general mass of crime in the two cities, we are inclined to doubt whether in intensity of guilt London may not claim a bad pre-eminence over Paris. The gay, good-humoured, and buoyant disposition of the French, so amiable and pleasing among the good, may, though faintly, be still traced among the depraved; and renders their pickpockets, their

* Vide vol. i. page 207.

swindlers,

swindlers, and their thieves some shades less revoltingly wicked than our own. The chief difference is in style and manner of procedure, not in the extent of talent and genius. In elegance of person and dress, easy self-possession, agility of limb, abundance of expedient, and cheerful submission to reverses of fortune, we believe that a Parisian scoundrel beats a Londoner hollow; but for steady, calculating villany, for deep-settled and well-combined plans of fraud and violence, we doubt whether the superiority be not with us: and, despite all the vapouring of M. Vidocq, and all the miracles of skill which he records, let us take an individual from some of our *northern* counties, let us give him the advantage of a couple of London seasons, and we are afraid that he might *brag* the world.

The preservatives from vice form the third division of the work. They are discussed with sense and feeling, and many important subjects are brought forward forcibly and well. There is, however, a good deal of amplification, and needless labour of demonstration; and many points of political economy which have long ago been fixed, are analysed and argued as if they were new ground. He well says:—

‘ Let public institutions or private philanthropy exert themselves as they may, the fate of the child and of the future man mainly depends on the example of his parents. Our home is, after all, the most powerful school to teach what is good or what is evil. In the large majority of families of every rank the anxious desire of the parents is to lead their children into the paths of virtue; and it is this holy feeling which keeps down and limits crime. Labour is natural to man; his moral happiness, however little he may be disposed to think so, depends upon it as much as his bodily sustenance. This is one of the most important lessons that can be taught; and it is best taught by the example of industrious parents. But to render a life of unremitted labour endurable, to control and neutralise the evil propensities of our nature, to check idleness and discontent, demands wisdom and benevolence on the part of the masters.’

We with sorrow confess our belief that there is in France more paternal watchfulness, more kindly feeling on the part of the manufacturer and master-workman towards those whom they employ than there is in England. M. Frégier gives noble examples of liberality and goodness exhibited by provincial manufacturers; but it is not to these that we advert: they might be met, we well know, by instances of equal wisdom and virtue in our own country. We found our opinion upon the numberless circumstances which prove that there is, on the whole, more unison of feeling, more sympathy, more mutual dependence and support between the different ranks of industry, between the employers and the employed, in France than with us. The national advantages

resulting from this are most important ; and it is to this cause, we conceive, in a great degree, that the combinations among workmen to enforce an increase of wages, which have at different times been carried to such a fearful extent in England, are in France, comparatively speaking, unknown. We are well aware that there are other operating causes ; but we believe that the one we have adverted to is the most effective of all.

M. Frégier is energetic in his appeal to the newspaper press to devote a portion of the vast power which it wields to the enlightening, controlling, and rendering contented and tranquil, the national industry—taking that term in its most extensive sense, as embracing agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. He asks indignantly, ‘ Why they have not done this ? ’ The answer is obvious. Disquisitions on political economy, however elementary and familiar—treatises on agriculture and commerce—moral essays, however well meant and well written, will not make any newspaper in France sell ; and were the editors of all the journals in Paris, moved by a simultaneous fervour of benevolence, to devote a portion of their columns to such matters, we are quite convinced that little or no good would result from it : the classes for whom they were intended would never deign to look at them whilst one paragraph on the more exciting subjects of politics, police, and playhouses remained unread.*

In many parts of France, as in Germany and Switzerland, the labouring population change their vocation from the field to the city according to the demand for their service ; and this with a facility, and to an extent, quite unknown among us. The frequent periods of inactivity, both in agriculture and manufactures—*époques de chômage*—are by this means rendered much less injurious to the operative class than they would otherwise be. It is this facility of turning their hands to different occupations, from the plough to the loom or the carpenter’s bench, that brings into Paris at certain seasons a large body of operatives, who, during the rest of the year, live with their families in the country. These form, M. Frégier says, the *élite* of the labouring population of Paris. In London we have no periodical movement

* It is a circumstance not unworthy of notice, that the English newspaper supposed to be patronized most largely, and almost exclusively, by the highest classes of our society, is the only one that ventures to place before its readers, in regular or nearly regular succession, a series of Essays treating on high and important questions of morality, social arrangement, and the merits of established works of literature. We can hardly believe that such a writer as the amiable and pure-hearted *Table-Talker* of the Morning Post would find extensive favour with the mass of those who take in any other morning paper in London. What a vast interval between the scope and tone of his elegant essays (two volumes of which are now collected) and the literary *feuilletons* of the fashionable journals of the French capital !

of this sort : the great mass of country people who flock to London do so for the purpose of making it their fixed residence, and of these a large proportion are the lowest class of Irish, who, if they do not form the most vicious element of our metropolitan population, undoubtedly are the most turbulent and the least submissive to the laws. Paris has evidently the advantage over us in this respect. At the same time we doubt whether the rural population in either kingdom possesses so great a superiority of virtue above the inhabitants of towns as our author claims for it. The criminal tables of both prove, indeed, that the numerical proportion of crime is much higher in towns than in the country. A peasant has fewer opportunities to commit crime, fewer temptations, and less chance of escaping detection, than the townsman. But transfer the same individual to the city, place him on the same footing of opportunity and safety as the townsman, and it will too often be found that he is to the full as apt and ready to fall into evil courses as those around him.

M. Frégier prefaces his remarks on the effects of religion as a preservative from vice, by a long exposition of the present state of Christianity in France. This account goes to the startling length of asserting that religious faith has in effect ceased to exist throughout the nation, and that Christianity has no longer any hold on the public mind, *as a revelation from Heaven*. France was the well-spring from which nearly a century ago bold infidelity, nay, avowed atheism, flowed far and wide over many of the continental nations. Our own happy country, strong in its pure and firm Protestantism, was one of the few which, after a brief period of agitation, withstood the shock unharmed. We had believed that of late years this pernicious tide had been flowing back upon France in waves of fearful and still augmenting violence ; but if M. Frégier be correct, she has no cause to fear the contagious impiety of any other country :—

‘ The religious crisis,’ he says, ‘ which is now *in progress in Germany*, was brought to a conclusion in France half a century ago.’

We most firmly believe that our author speaks too broadly—even if, as we suppose, he speaks of Paris rather than of France ; but if we were to take him literally, we could not be surprised when he goes on to tell us that in France, even among the highest orders of the church, what we in England should call gross infidelity is countenanced ; or to find that, in treating of religion as one of the pillars of order, he looks at it only as a system of moral discipline, and gravely places ‘ singing classes’ in the very foremost rank of the means which the Roman Catholic Church possesses for recovering its hold on the minds

of the people. Even this division of religious duty is to be indulged in, it appears, only by children or adult males, being too exciting for grown-up females!

A large portion of our author's second volume is devoted to the subject of education. Among the points of difference between the two countries, those which chiefly strike us as offering matter worthy of our consideration, and if possible of our adoption, are the anxiety showed in France to postpone to as late an age as possible the period at which children are permitted to enter the factories, and the system of continuing their education after their working life has commenced. At Sedan, where the operative classes are remarkable for good order and economy, children are not admitted into the factories until the age of twelve; and at Nantes and Mulhouse there are schools especially established for apprentices, in which instruction is carried to a considerable extent, and the master's claim upon the time of the young people commences only after the breakfast-hour. There are no such specific institutions in Paris; but the more respectable operatives are in the habit, when they bind a child to a trade, to stipulate that he shall be allowed a portion of each day for completing his education, and in return for this indulgence they either pay the master an equivalent in money for the time which he gives up, or the period of apprenticeship is lengthened. It is evident that in France education is carried further among the lower classes, both in the extent of time devoted to it and in the range of the things taught, than it is with us; and we are compelled to say that on this most important subject there is much which we might learn from our neighbours.

The greatest danger to which school-children are exposed is that of contamination by intercourse with the worthless vagabonds who crowd the streets. To check this as much as possible, M. Frégier strongly urges that each school should have its own separate and enclosed playground, and that the holidays should be as few as possible. In poor families, where the parents are constantly employed at a distance from home, and are unable to watch their children, these intervals of idleness are periods of great danger. To supersede them, and introduce in their stead a system of daily school recreation under the eye of the master or his assistant, would, he says, be an improvement, the importance of which can scarcely be calculated. Our author is also of opinion that the abundant diffusion among the labouring classes of well-selected books, moral, scientific, and entertaining, might be rendered a powerful instrument of social improvement. He warmly advocates the establishment of public libraries for the poor, which at present are unknown in Paris; and alludes in

terms

terms of high praise to the plan, at once ingenious and economical, on which such libraries are conducted in some parts of Scotland.*

In discussing the important subject of the residences of the poor, M. Frégier, whilst he admits the extreme difficulty which must attend their improvement on a general scale, urges in the strongest terms the duty of making the attempt. It is the government only, he says, that can do it with any prospect of success, as the expenses attendant on the erection of buildings of the nature required are so great in comparison with the rents to be obtained from them, that it never could become a profitable investment of capital; and he instances some speculations of this kind which were made in 1823—4—5, and which for that reason failed entirely. The account which he gives of the inferior classes of lodging-houses, and more especially of the lodgings that are let out for the night, are shocking; '*l'imagination, malgré sa fécondité et sa hardiesse, ne saurait atteindre, en cette matière, à la hauteur de la réalité;*' yet we fear that still more frightful pictures might be drawn by any individual who, with energy and courage equal to his, should penetrate into the lowest abysses of London. Some widely ex-

* A central library is established, with a certain number of dependent libraries attached to it. Supposing the number of these to be five, each of them is furnished with a sixth part of the entire collection of books; retains them during half a year; and then transfers them to the next station; and so they are moved on, half yearly, from station to station, until they return to the central dépôt. Thus every division of the library completes its circuit in three years, and each locality has the use of six times as many books as its own separate outlay could command. We should rejoice to see this plan adopted upon a liberal scale throughout England. Under judicious management, and with a careful but not too severe selection of books, it might at the present time, when the intellectual activity of the lower orders is rapidly augmenting, do the State incalculable good.

During the last three years barrack libraries have been established for the use of our army, both at home and abroad, and liberal funds to maintain them have been voted by parliament. These libraries are open from two o'clock to eight, and the soldiers who wish to avail themselves of the arrangement pay a subscription of one penny a month. Strict regulations are established for the due preservation of the books, which, under certain conditions, are allowed to be taken by the men to their quarters. The system has worked admirably; the number of subscribers rapidly increases; and the library and the benches at its entrance are crowded with attentive readers. Very many are the instances in which young men, the whole of whose vacant time was formerly spent in the alehouse, have shaken off their habits of intemperance and become zealous and regular students. Great judgment has been shown by our military authorities in the selection of the books. Some are of a grave and religious nature, many are historical, many scientific; those relating to travels and voyages are numerous, and a large proportion are works of imagination, both prose and verse. This is wise—whether homilies and theological treatises are or are not the best of works is not the question: books such as these will but rarely be read by young soldiers. We believe that in another department of government, where the system of libraries was adopted, and where the books were almost exclusively of a religious nature, the result has been far less satisfactory.

tended

tended measure of reformation on this head is, we conceive, a matter of urgent duty, nay of necessity. As our population becomes more and more dense, the present state of things leads to deeper and deeper shades of depravity; and each year the danger to the health of the metropolis becomes more imminent. Each year also, as the lower orders become more intelligent and more sensibly alive to the advantages of social order, the discomfort of such abodes is more acutely felt by them. We are aware that the subject has of late been much under discussion; and we sincerely hope that the difficulties, great as they are, which surround it, will not dishearten the patriotic members of parliament who have directed their attention towards it.

The number of persons living together in illicit connexion would appear to be proportionately much greater in Paris than in London. One especial cause of the extent of this evil is stated by M. Frégier to be the great expense of the formal instruments which the law requires prior to marriage. It is true that in Paris itself these are delivered gratuitously, but only to those persons who are inscribed as indigent; and when it is necessary to obtain the documents from a distant part of the country, the expense becomes so great, and the process so difficult, as frequently among the poorer classes to render marriage almost impossible. The disadvantage of this state of things became so apparent, that a society was established under the title of '*La Société charitable de Saint François Régis*,' for the express purpose of remedying it. The members meet every Sunday evening to aid and assist all the well-disposed and poverty-stricken lovers in Paris, as well as those who have already illicitly united themselves. The applicants on each day amount to nearly 300; and from the institution of the Society in 1826, to the 1st January, 1837, it had, with an annual revenue not exceeding 10,000 francs, afforded assistance to the celebration of the marriages, civil and religious, of nearly 8000 indigent persons, and to the legitimating of many thousands of natural children, of whom the greater part had been removed by their parents from the *Hospice des Enfants Trouvés*. The society has had the great satisfaction of knowing that in nearly all the marriages of this nature the first object of solicitude on the part of the parents was to reunite their children to themselves; and that they have subsequently brought them up carefully and well. A similar society on a small scale, but with equally beneficial results, has been established among the Protestants at Paris. They exist also in many of the provincial cities.

We have no space to follow our author through his disquisition on the principles of taxation, as affecting the lower classes of society. The gist of his argument is to prove that indirect taxation

ation is not only just towards them, but that it tends to their moral and social amelioration.*

M. Frégier denounces loudly the mischievous tendency of the French drama—the malefactor, as well as the romantic, division of it; for our neighbours at the present moment are, like ourselves, great admirers of the Newgate style of literature. As play-going amounts to a passion with all the lower classes of the French, but with children and young apprentices especially, our author is convinced that, were the theatre strictly and judiciously controlled, instead of being, as at present, most injurious to society, it might be rendered the means of great moral good. We must decline going into this question at present; the abominable immorality of the French dramas and novels of the day has been of late sufficiently exposed in our pages—and we see M. Frégier quotes parts of our articles on these subjects without being aware of their source. Our disgust at the bad taste which can eagerly accept such productions as overwhelm ourselves at present, is, we confess, stronger than our alarm at their demoralizing effects. Our ephemeral dramas, which by the bye are vastly inferior to the similar productions of the French stage, are many of them mere remodellings of the mass of periodical trash which is now poured out upon us in a still increasing flood—each monthly issue more worthless than the last. How such works can be tolerated by the public is matter of absolute wonderment. Were their vulgarity and vice redeemed by any talent, any development of character, any graces of language, our surprise would be less: but nothing can be conceived more entirely devoid of any portion of literary merit than the mass of these works. They are written in a clumsy, matter-of-fact, *jog-trot* style, with about as much life and fire as would suit an engineer's report on a railway: and in their mode of dealing with their staple commodities, they are immeasurably inferior to the Newgate Calendar or the Police Reports; for they have none of that truth of detail which gives interest to those more elevated

* In June, 1793, a motion was brought forward in the Convention that the poorer classes should be exonerated from all taxation. Cambon, the great financial authority of the time, strenuously resisted the proposition. Robespierre opposed it also; and M. Frégier gives, as a *legislative curiosity*, the following passage from his speech:—‘J’ai partagé un moment l’erreur qu’on vient d’émettre, je crois même l’avoir écrite quelque part; mais j’en reviens aux principes, et je suis éclairé par le bon sens du peuple, qui sent que l’espèce de faveur qu’on lui présente est une injure. En effet, si vous décrétiez constitutionnellement que la misère excepte de l’honorable obligation de contribuer aux besoins de la patrie, vous décrétiez l’avilissement de la partie la plus pure de la nation; vous décrétiez l’aristocratie des richesses; bientôt il s’établirait une classe d’ilotes; et l’égalité, la liberté périraient pour jamais. N’ôtez point aux citoyens ce qui leur est le plus nécessaire, la satisfaction de présenter à la république le denier de la veuve.’ The motion was thrown out by the Convention.

productions.

productions. The writers of this class have one, and one only, device for obtaining popular favour—that of conglomerating crimes. Every page must have its two or three catastrophes; and they dabble in their atrocities, one to every twenty lines, as regularly as if they were planting cauliflowers. With them everything depends on the abundance of blood and brains—not their own certainly; and provided the murders, robberies, rapes, treasons, trials, and executions are sufficiently numerous—and they can get some poor artist to prostitute his pencil for their *illustration*—the sale is sure to be extensive, and the minor theatres lose no time in dramatizing the new masterpiece.

The suggestions of our author for the prevention of crime among the middle class are limited to the establishment of boarding-houses and circles of reunion for the students at the university, and evening-lecture rooms for the young men employed in commercial pursuits. Great benefit would, he conceives, result to the students from the establishment of boarding-houses under judicious management; but the system to be enforced in them must be moderate, or it will disgust and drive away the young men. It should not exceed in strictness that to which they would be subject if residing with their own families. He is not aware that more than two of these establishments exist at present in Paris.

‘The shopmen and commercial clerks are in general little educated; the establishment of evening lecture-rooms for these young men would be attended with important advantages, both to themselves and to their employers: these latter should defray all the expenses attending them. One lecture-room in each of the forty-eight Arrondissements would be sufficient to accomplish this object; and they should be placed under the immediate control of the municipal authorities.’

These suggestions are well meant; but here, as in all similar cases, the misfortune is, that the persons who would avail themselves of these advantages would be the moral and well-conducted; the vicious and ill-regulated would reject them altogether.

From the preventive M. Frégier proceeds to the remedial means—that is, the means by which existing vice and crime can best be controlled and diminished; and he chiefly directs his attention to the three vices most widely extended and most pregnant with crime—drunkenness, gambling, and prostitution.

‘It is,’ he says, ‘an easy task for any political economist to point out a variety of plans which, if they could be carried into effect, would abate the vice of drunkenness: but, unfortunately, all these are good only in theory, and are means of prevention rather than of cure.—That all factory-children, whose parents are notorious drunkards, should be boarded and lodged by the manufacturer who employs them, and thus
screened

screened from the contagion of bad example at home, is one of these :—that all the children of moral and well-conducted parents should perform their work at home, and, by so doing, avoid the demoralising effects of the vice-crowded factory, is another :—that societies under royal patronage should be established to procure for the entire mass of the working classes amusement, combined with instruction, during the Sundays and the other periods of idleness, is a third. All these plans would be excellent were they not impracticable. To subject every drunkard to punishment has been tried in Germany without success. To increase the duties on wine and spirits has been recommended ; but in a vine-growing country like France this would be a check to industry, and it would be unjust towards the sober portion of the community. Another plan is uniformly to publish in the newspapers an account of all the accidents, fatal quarrels, and crimes resulting from drunkenness. As, from the extension of education, every one will in a few years be able to read, this public exposure would tend powerfully to check the vice.'

We greatly doubt it ; and, indeed, of all the suggestions brought forward in this section, there appears to us to be only one from which any important practical good might result. It is, that systematically, and by a mutual compact among all the manufacturers and master artificers, every habitual drunkard should be expelled from their establishments, however able a workman he may be. No doubt, if this system were generally and rigidly adopted, there would result from it, after a time, an important improvement in the habits of the working classes. M. Frégier does not advert to the temperance movement in Ireland and England. As he cannot be ignorant of it, his silence may, we presume, be attributed to his conviction that this singular impulse on the public mind will be of short duration.

Tolerated gambling-houses no longer exist in France ; and the plan adopted by the government, of first suppressing them in the provincial towns, and then attacking the grand establishments in Paris, was politic and wise. It would appear, however, that the evil, if abated, is very far from being conquered. The vigilance of the police has, indeed, successfully put down the houses established for the specific purpose of clandestine gambling ; but it has hitherto been foiled by the augmented numbers and activity of the *maisons à parties*. In these, high and unfair play is carried on, under the specious exterior of ordinary visiting, to a far greater extent than formerly ; and our author is of opinion that alterations in the penal code are imperatively called for to meet these subtle evasions of the law.

Two diametrically opposite systems have been proposed for the reformation of the unhappy victims of prostitution. The advocates of the one, filled with the benevolent desire of reinstating these

these women in the honest ranks of society, assert that it is the duty of the civil authorities to facilitate this object by assiduously labouring to introduce among them habits of order, forethought, and economy. The advocates of the other system reprobate, as vitally detrimental to public morals, any measures which would tend to blend these degraded beings with the respectable portion of the community, or to lessen the ignominy which attaches to them, and which forms one of the strongest safeguards, perhaps the strongest of all, to female virtue: they fear, also, that any improvements in the habits of these women would, in proportion as it lessened prostitution, augment illicit connexions more irreparably detrimental to the happiness of families. Far from promoting any objects of this nature, they are anxious to make the line of demarcation more clearly apparent than it is at present; and would willingly bring back the ancient laws which restricted women of this class to certain parts of each city, and obliged them to wear a peculiar dress. Our author inclines evidently to the milder of these systems, and so did also his great authority, Parent-Duchâtelet: in England this controversy is not likely to be agitated.

It is quite evident that the science of prison discipline is, of all others, the one nearest our author's heart; and his ardent partisanship in favour of the system of solitary confinement leads him, as we have already stated, to devote a very undue portion of his volumes to this especial subject. We shall not attempt to follow him through the details; the question being one which we but recently discussed, and which, if not actually decided in this country, may be considered as on the very eve of being so. The balance of evidence, we think, leaves little doubt that the bodily health does not suffer by even the most strict system of solitary confinement: but the case is by no means so clear with regard to the mind. Here, although the evidence is far from conclusive, there is strong ground for believing that long-protracted confinement, in a state of constant and absolute solitude, will injure the functions of the brain, and induce insanity, or permanent mental imbecility. The matter is one of such importance, that the only safe thing to do is at once to assume the fact to be so, and to act on that assumption. Confine a prisoner in a separate cell, interdict him absolutely and entirely from all communication whatever, either by eye or mouth, with his fellow-prisoners; but give him employment and instruction—let him, in the course of each day, be visited by carefully-selected gaolers, by the master artisan who has to superintend his work, by the school-master, the physician, and the chaplain—and experience has proved that there will not be the slightest cause to fear any injury to the mind,

mind, however long such a course of solitary confinement shall continue, be it for years, or even for the whole of life. There is also the strongest evidence to prove, that amelioration of character, radical and permanent reformation, is the cheering and encouraging result in very numerous instances.—Under these modifications—and they may now be considered as points the necessity of which is generally conceded—the insulation of prisoners may be pronounced to be the best and most successful system which has yet been devised to punish crime and amend the criminal.

The great additional outlay necessary in the construction of a building where several hundred convicts are to be completely separated from each other, is a weightier objection than it may appear to be at first sight. Every portion of the establishment must be more elaborately fitted up than at present; the exercise-grounds must be multiplied, the passages and corridors must be peculiarly constructed, and the entire structure must be more extensive and more complicated. In some instances, the existing prisons might, by a considerable outlay, be rendered applicable to this new mode of confinement, but in the majority of cases it would be necessary that entirely new buildings should be erected. In many counties in England this demand upon the local revenues would almost amount to a prohibition; in all it would be severely felt: but the object is one of such vital importance, that, when the superior advantages of the separate system shall no longer be a matter of dispute, the legislature will, we have no doubt, lend a willing aid to extend it throughout the kingdom. The first expense is the only real difficulty; for although the charges of superintendence will be increased, this is a trivial consideration, and will be compensated for a hundred-fold by the gradual diminution of crime.

M. Frégier claims for his country the merit of extending a much greater degree of paternal solicitude towards a convict on his dismissal from prison than is usual in England. In France, a liberal portion of the profits of his work is paid to him when he is discharged, and he is thus not compelled by actual want, as is too frequently the case in England, at once to resume his career of crime. This is wise and worthy of imitation; but the system established in France for the *surveillance* of liberated prisoners, the convict-passports given them, and ‘the societies of patronage,’ as they are called, the object of which is to facilitate their re-introduction into society, are considered by our author as failures; and he is of opinion, that, except as relates to the younger classes of criminals, they should be abolished altogether. He is decided in his condemnation of our penal settlements; the formation of agricultural colonies in the mother country for the employment of

of liberated prisoners he demonstrates to be attended with insurmountable objections; and the result at which he arrives is, that the best chance to render the liberated criminal an inoffensive and useful member of society is to give him moral instruction, and the knowledge of some useful trade, during the period of his detention; and that, when he is again thrown upon society, such funds shall be supplied as shall give him the time and means of fixing himself in some honest course of life.

With this subject M. Frégier concludes his treatise. Differing from him on many points, compelled to smile at some passages, and to express our reprobation of others, the final impression which his pages have produced upon us is one of respect and gratitude.

ART. II.—*The* ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA; or *Dictionary of Arts, Science, and General Literature*. SEVENTH EDITION, with *Preliminary Dissertations, &c. &c.* Edited by Macvey Napier, Esq., F.R.S. Edinburgh. 1842. 21 Vols. 4to.

THE task of analysis and appreciation would have been overwhelming, had this vast work been submitted to our judgment in the fulness of its stature, and in the maturity of its age: but we have had the advantage of being familiar with it from an early period of its existence; and trust, therefore, that our readers will not deem us presumptuous if, in giving them an account of its rise and progress, we at the same time venture to pronounce a judgment upon its general merits, and even upon some of the most remarkable articles which its pages now contain.

Although we might naturally have expected that dictionaries explanatory of words would give rise to dictionaries explanatory of ideas, and descriptive of the things which these words represent, yet such a transition was not the first step which was taken in the composition of encyclopædias. Systematic digests of literature and science appeared under the name of encyclopædias long before the *alphabet* was employed as the principle of the arrangement. The Arabian Encyclopædia of Alfarabius, of which the MS. exists in the Escorial, and the more modern one of Professor Alstedius of Weissenbourg (2 vols. folio, 1630), are examples of this method of systematising knowledge.

The first *Dictionary* of the arts and sciences was the '*Lexicon Technicum*' of Dr. Harris, which was published in two folio volumes, the first in 1706, the second in 1710; but its limitation almost

almost entirely to mathematics and physics deprived it of the character of an encyclopædic work.

This dictionary was followed, in 1721, by the 'Cyclopædia' of Mr. Chambers, a work of great merit and utility, which ran through no fewer than *five* editions in the course of eighteen years. Its reputation extended to the continent, and it was translated into French and Italian. The French translation was completed in 1745, by one Mills, an Englishman, with the assistance of Sellins, a native of Dantzic. About this time the Abbé de Gua projected the celebrated '*Encyclopédie*,' a collection which formed an epoch in the literary, if not in the political, history of Europe. So limited was the early plan of this work, that Mills's translation of the Cyclopædia of Chambers was assumed as the groundwork of the undertaking. In consequence of a dispute between Gua and the booksellers, the editorship of the *Encyclopédie* was intrusted to D'Alembert and Diderot, who, while they represent Chambers as a servile compiler, principally from French writers, acknowledge at the same time that without the groundwork of the French translation of that book, their own would never have been composed. To enlarge an article already written was a task which the contributors willingly undertook, while they would have shrunk from the labour and responsibility of composing a new one.

A few years after the completion of this work, which has been as much reprobated on account of the irreligious and revolutionary doctrines which it inculcates, as it has been extolled for the originality and depth of many of its articles, the first edition of the '*Encyclopædia Britannica*' was given to the world in three vols. 4to. It was edited, and the plan of it probably devised, by Mr. William Smellie, a printer in Edinburgh, and the author of an interesting book on natural history. The peculiarity of this encyclopædia consisted in its treating each branch of literature and science under its proper name, and in a systematic form, the technical terms and subordinate heads being likewise explained alphabetically—while details slightly connected with the general subject could be thus separately introduced.

We have now before us two rival methods of constructing an encyclopædia, each of which has been regarded as possessing peculiar advantages. Although from the prevalence of both methods we cannot rightly collect the opinion of the public, yet we have no hesitation in giving a decided preference to that in which the leading branches of knowledge are discussed in separate treatises, as in the '*Encyclopædia Britannica*.' The facility of composing, or of obtaining authors to compose, the short articles which correspond to the technical titles or sections of any branch
of

of science, has no doubt led to the opposite method, which is exemplified in the Cyclopædias of Harris and Chambers. But when these titles or sections are numerous, as they generally are, when they are written by different authors, in different styles of execution, and on different scales, they must compose a disjointed and unsystematical whole, which cannot fail to be unsatisfactory to the general reader, as well as to the ardent student. The only method indeed by which such a plan can be properly executed is to have the general treatises composed by a single individual, and afterwards distributed, in separate parts, into *their* alphabetical places. The sole advantage, however, which this process of subdivision holds out to us is, that the ignorant and illiterate may readily find out a subject in the alphabetical arrangement, when he would fail in his search were he to appeal to the general treatise ; —and the evil in question may be completely remedied either by inserting the name of each subject in its alphabetical place, or, what is still better, by a general index to the whole work, by which the same subject may be traced through different treatises, and even minor articles.

The first edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, distinguished by these advantages, obtained an extensive circulation, and the proprietors were thus induced, in a less period than twelve years, to publish a second edition, on a larger scale and a more comprehensive plan. Within the wider compass of *ten* volumes the editor was enabled to include the two new and popular departments of Biography and History, which had not found a place in the French *Encyclopédie*. This enlargement of the plan made the work acceptable to a vast circle of readers for whom the details of art and of science had but few charms ; and the Encyclopædia then came to be regarded as a family *library*, forming in itself a storehouse of knowledge suited to capacities of every depth, to students of every age, and to readers of every variety of taste.

Hitherto, however, the Encyclopædia Britannica was chiefly distinguished by the comprehensiveness of its plan, and the judiciousness of its compilation. No author of high reputation had been invited to its aid—no articles exhibiting either genius or profound learning had adorned its pages. The vast superiority of the philosophical articles in the French collection, and the brilliant names with which they were associated, had no doubt some influence in rousing the enterprise of the proprietors, and in exciting higher expectations on the part of the English public. The third edition of the ‘ Encyclopædia ’ was accordingly begun in more favourable circumstances, and under the management of Mr. Colin Macfarquhar ; but it was not till after his death, in 1793,

1793, when the Reverend Dr. Gleig of Stirling (afterwards Bishop of Brechin) took the direction of the work, that its scientific and literary character assumed a decidedly higher tone. This learned divine succeeded in obtaining the assistance of Professor John Robison, a man of kindred opinions, both in religion and politics, and animated with ideas the very reverse of those which characterised the French encyclopædists. The first of Professor Robison's labours was the revision and enlargement of the article *Optics*. He wrote the article *Philosophy* jointly with Dr. Gleig, and this was followed by the articles *Physics*, *Pneumatics*, *Precession*, *Projectiles*, *Pumps*, *Resistance*, *Rivers*, *Roof*, *Ropemaking*, *Rotation*, *Seamanship*, *Signal*, *Sound*, *Specific Gravity*, *Statics*, *Steam-engine*, *Steelyard*, *Strength of Materials*, *Telescope*, *Tide*, *Trumpet*, *Variation*, and *Water-works*. When two supplementary volumes were added to complete the work, Professor Robison contributed the articles *Arch*, *Astronomy*, *Boscovich*, *Carpentry*, *Centre*, *Dynamics*, *Electricity*, *Impulsion*, *Involution*, *Machinery*, *Magnetism*, *Mechanics*, *Percussion*, *Piano-forte*, *Position*, *Temperament*, *Thunder*, *Trumpet*, *Tschirnhaus*, and *Watchwork*. These articles, in the estimation of the late illustrious Dr. Thomas Young, 'exhibit a more complete view of the modern improvements in physical science than had ever before been in the possession of the British public; and display such a combination of acquired knowledge, with original power of reasoning, as has fallen to the lot of a few only of the most favoured of mankind.' In this estimate we heartily concur. The state of physical science was at a low ebb in England previous to the writings of Robison. The labours of continental philosophers were but little known even to those who occupied the chairs in our universities; and those who had obtained some knowledge of them could impart it to their pupils only. The general student and the ingenious artisan drew their information from its ancient springs, while the finest researches lay concealed in foreign languages, or were confined to a few philosophers more ardent and active than their fellows. The state of Robison's health was such as not to permit him to embark lightly in the arduous labour of ransacking the numerous stores of continental science; and even if he had succeeded in collecting them, there was no proper channel through which they could have been communicated to the public. How fortunate, then, was it that the Encyclopædia Britannica held out an ample remuneration for this laborious enterprise, and induced so accomplished a person as Robison to transfer to its pages the noblest researches of modern science! The fine speculations of the Abbé Boscovich on the atomical constitution of matter—

matter—his valuable researches on achromatic combinations—the grand discoveries of Coulomb on electricity and magnetism—and the valuable hydraulic researches of the Chevalier de Buat on rivers and waterworks, were here for the first time laid before the British public. But although Professor Robison used to speak to his pupils of these essays as merely compilations intended to diffuse knowledge, yet they possess a character of a much higher kind. The labours of others rose in value under his hands: his thorough knowledge of the subject gave every contribution an air of originality, and new views and ingenious suggestions never failed to enliven his details. Throughout these multifarious treatises we feel everywhere the steady serene influence of an ardent love of truth, the highest tone of scientific morality, and a deep sense of religion.

In the year 1810 a fourth edition of the work was completed under the editorship of the late Dr. James Millar, and a *fifth* and a *sixth* edition, marked by no distinguishing peculiarities, successively appeared. From this state of lethargy, however, the 'Encyclopædia' was destined to assume the highest station among the analogous works of the day. The enterprising house of Constable and Co. projected a Supplement, which extended to six volumes. It was placed under the skilful management of Professor Napier. Many very distinguished authors, among whom are numbered the names of Arago and Biot, were engaged as contributors, and all the resources of the proprietors, both pecuniary and commercial, were devoted to this favourite undertaking. The first half-volume (December, 1815) was enriched with a 'Preliminary Dissertation on the History of Ethical Science,' by Mr. Dugald Stewart, and the Supplement was completed in April, 1824.

A few years afterwards the copyrights were purchased by the present proprietors, who immediately made preparations for the *seventh* edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' which we have now before us. Their object was to 'widen it in its compass, to amplify and improve it in its contents, and to raise it, in all respects, to a level with the modes of thinking and spirit of the age;' and we have no hesitation in saying that they have, to a very large extent, fulfilled this obligation, both in the number and value of the original treatises which it contains, in the careful revision and extension of former articles, and in the elaborate engravings, maps, and embellishments with which the work is illustrated and adorned.

In order to give our readers some idea of the nature and value of this immense collection, we shall call their attention to its preliminary Dissertations,—to some of its principal articles on science and

and literature,—and, in a more general manner, to the various subordinate departments of the work.

In arranging his general plan, the Editor proposed to have but two preliminary Dissertations,—the *first* containing the History of Metaphysical, Ethical, and Political Philosophy,—and the *second* that of Mathematical and Physical Science. Professor Stewart engaged to supply the former, and Professor Playfair the latter; but though each performed a large portion of his task, they were both carried off in the midst of their labours. Mr. Stewart had completed the History of Metaphysics, and Mr. Playfair had brought the History of the Mathematical and Physical Sciences down to the period of Newton and Leibnitz. Sir James Mackintosh undertook to complete the labours of his friend by a continuation, including the History of Ethical and Political Philosophy,* but he too was summoned from his labours before he had commenced the political portion of his subject. Professor Leslie resumed the History of the Physical Sciences at the point where they had been left by his predecessor, and brought it down to the commencement of the present century; but though he was spared to finish his task, he did not live to see the completion of the work to which he had been so active a contributor.

It is no wonder that the Dissertations produced by these four extraordinary men are regarded with peculiar pride in Scotland. Few nations, indeed, can boast of such an intellectual group living at the same time, and adorning the same society; and yet, with powers of mind not far from equality, how various were their gifts, and how diversified their genius! While Stewart derived his powers of mental analysis and combination from the study of his own mind, chastened by the early and severe discipline of geometry, and expanded by extensive knowledge of preceding researches,—Mackintosh approached the same subject under a profound acquaintance with the world—with the penetrating acuteness derived from legal studies, and with all the generalisations which an active and political life is likely to supply to a naturally very acute understanding. In the Dissertation of the one a stately and persuasive eloquence—influenced, no doubt, but rendered more commanding, by the habit of extempore lecturing—excites the enthusiasm, without distracting the attention, of the reader;—while in the other the style is at once elegant, copious, and felicitous in its illustrations—pure in its metaphors—elevated by a high tone of moral feeling—and exhibiting, in singular yet harmonious combination, the chaste and severe

* This dissertation has been published separately, with a very able Preface by Mr. WHEWELL.

language of philosophy, and the flexible and powerful periods of forensic eloquence.

But the contrast is much more striking between the two philosophers who have recorded the achievements of mathematical and physical science. Familiar though they both were with the highest acquisitions of geometry and analysis, yet how differently were those instruments of research directed and applied! In quest only of truth, the mind of Playfair never deviated from the accustomed and deep-worn channels by which it had been reached. Eager principally for fame, the scientific faculties of Leslie were counteracted by antagonist forces. Under the restraining influence of abstract truth, and the more powerful curb of the dread of error, the one seldom ventured into the regions of invention and discovery, while the other—with loose reins and heedless pace—diverged from the beaten highway of knowledge, and struck into those devious paths where Nature often unveils her mysteries, and yields to the daring enterprise of Fancy what she refuses to the more deliberate approaches of Reason. It is in science as it is in war,—the forlorn hope succeeds when the physical force of thousands has been exhausted. In the intellectual campaign it is not often that the gallantry of genius can be exercised simultaneously with the sapping and mining of mental labour, yet the philosophical character can only attain its full and perfect stature when the powers of reason and the gifts of fancy are united in definite proportions.

As separate lives of all these authors, except Leslie, had been previously published, our readers will, we doubt not, be gratified with the following candid and well-written character of this eminent man by Professor Napier:—

‘ It would be impossible, we think, for any intelligent and well-constituted mind, thoroughly acquainted with the powers and attainments of Sir John Leslie, to view them without a strong feeling of admiration for his vigorous and inventive genius, and of respect for that extensive and varied knowledge, which his active curiosity, his excursive reading, and his happy memory, had enabled him to amass and digest. Some few of his contemporaries in the same walks of science may have excelled him in profundity of understanding, in philosophical caution, and in logical accuracy; but we doubt if any surpassed him, while he must be allowed to have surpassed most, in that creative faculty—one of the highest and rarest of Nature’s gifts—which leads to and is necessary for discovery, though not all-sufficient of itself for the formation of safe conclusions; or in that subtilty and reach of discernment, which seizes the finest and least obvious qualities and relations of things, which elicits the hidden secrets of nature, and ministers to new and unexpected combinations of her powers. “ Discoveries in science,” says he, in one of his works, “ are sometimes invidiously referred to mere fortuitous incidents. But

But the mixture of chance in this pursuit should not detract from the real merit of the invention. Such occurrences would pass unheeded by the bulk of men ; and it is the eye of genius alone that can seize every casual glimpse, and discern the chain of consequences." With genius of this sort he was richly gifted. Results overlooked by others were by him perceived with a quickness approaching to intuition. To use a poetical expression of his own, they seemed "to blaze on his fancy." He possessed the inventive in a far higher degree of perfection than the judging and reasoning powers; and it thus sometimes happened that his views and opinions were not only at variance with those of the majority of the learned, but inconsistent with one another. Notwithstanding the contrary testimony, explicitly recorded, of the founders of the English Experimental School, he denied all merit and influence to the labours of the immortal delineator of the Inductive Logic. He freely derided the supposed utility of Metaphysical Science, without perceiving that his own observations on *Causation* virtually contained the important admission, that physical is indebted to mental philosophy for the correct indication of its legitimate ends and boundaries. His writings are replete with bold and imaginative suppositions; yet he laments the "ascendancy which the passion for hypotheses has obtained in the world." His credulity in matters of ordinary life was, to say the least of it, as conspicuous as his tendency to scepticism in science. It has been profoundly remarked by Mr. Dugald Stewart that, "though the mathematician may be prevented, in his own pursuits, from going far astray, by the absurdities to which his errors lead him, he is seldom apt to be revolted by absurd conclusions in other matters. . . . Thus, even in physics," he adds, "mathematicians have been led to acquiesce in conclusions which appear ludicrous to men of different habits." Something of this sort was observable in the mind of this distinguished mathematician. He was apt, too, to indulge in unwarrantable applications of mathematical reasoning to subjects altogether foreign to the science:—as when he finds an analogy between circulating decimals and the lengthened cycles of the seasons! But when the worst has been said, it must be allowed that genius has struck its captivating impress over all his works. Whether his bold speculations lead him to figure the earth as enclosing a stupendous concavity filled with light of overpowering splendour; or to predict the moon's arrival at an age when her "silvery beams" will become extinct; or to ascribe the phenomena of radiated heat to aerial pulsations,—we at least perceive the workings of a decidedly original mind. This, however, is not all. His theoretical notions may be thrown aside or condemned, but his exquisite instruments, and his experimental combinations, will ever attest the utility no less than the originality of his labours, and continue to act as helps to farther discovery. We have already alluded to the extent and excursiveness of his reading. It is rare, indeed, to find a man of so much invention, and who himself valued the inventive above all the other powers, possessing so vast a store of information. Nor was it in the field of science alone that its amplitude was conspicuous. It was so in regard to every subject that books have touched upon. In Scottish history, in particu-

lar, his knowledge was alike extensive and accurate; and he had, in acquiring it, gone deep into sources of information—such as parish records, family papers, and criminal trials—which ordinary scholars never think of exploring. The ingenious mathematician, the original thinker, the rich depository of every known fact in the progress of science, would have appeared to any one ignorant of his name and character, and who happened to hear him talk on this subject, as a plodding antiquary, or, at best, as a curious and indefatigable reader of history, whom nature had blessed with at least one strong faculty, that of memory. His conversation showed none of that straining after “thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,” so conspicuous in his writings. In point of expression, it was simple, unaffected, and correct. Though he did not shine in mixed society, and was latterly unfitted, by a considerable degree of deafness, for enjoying it, his conversation, when seated with one or two, was highly entertaining. It had no wit, little repartee, and no fine turns of any kind; but it had a strongly original and racy cast, and was replete with striking remarks and curious information.

Viewing the whole of his character, moral and intellectual, it must be confessed that it presented some blemishes and defects. He had prejudices of which it would have been better to be rid; he was not over-charitable in his views of human nature; he was not so ready, on all occasions, to do justice to kindred merit as was to be expected in so ardent a worshipper of genius; and his care of his fortune went much beyond what is seemly in a philosopher. But his faults were far more than compensated by his many good qualities; by his constant equanimity, his cheerfulness, his simplicity of character almost infantile, his straightforwardness, his perfect freedom from affectation, and, above all, his unconquerable good nature. He was, indeed, one of the most placable of human beings; and notwithstanding his general attention to his own interests, it is yet undeniable that he was a warm and good friend, and a relation on whose affectionate assistance a firm reliance ever could be placed. He was fond of society, and greatly preferred and prized that of the intelligent and refined; but no man ever was more easily pleased: no fastidiousness ever interfered with his enjoyment of the passing hour: he could be happy, and never failed to converse in his usual way, though in the humblest company; and we have often known him pass an afternoon with mere boys, discoursing to them pleasantly upon all topics that presented themselves, just as if they had been his equals in age and attainments. He was thus greatly liked by many who knew nothing of his learning or science, except that he was famous for both.*

But it is time to leave the Preliminary Dissertations, and their authors, and come to the body of the book.

In almost all encyclopædias the mathematical and physical articles have occupied a prominent place, and have generally been regarded as the most valuable and important. Sir James Mackintosh, indeed, has made a similar remark, and has, at the same

* Art. LESLIE, Sir John, vol. xiii., p. 251.

time, stated that in such works 'those on literary, moral, and political subjects are in most danger of being less ably executed.' Although Sir James has not attempted to explain the cause of this difference, it is, we think, not difficult to discover it. Owing to the abstract, and therefore unpopular, nature of mathematical and physical inquiries, philosophers have no inducement to compose new treatises accommodated to the existing state of knowledge, and if they were to compose them no bookseller would risk their publication. Hence it follows that works of this kind will continue to be sold as standard productions long after they have ceased to represent the science of which they treat,—when their information has become antiquated, and their speculations exploded. The 'Optics' of Dr. Smith, for example, and the 'History of Vision' by Dr. Priestley, were the prevailing works when Professor Robison enlarged the treatise on *Optics*, and wrote the article *Telescope* for the third edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Hence it is rarely elsewhere than in the encyclopædias of the day that we can expect new and original treatises containing all the recent discoveries which have been made in the exact sciences. The case is entirely different with works on popular subjects, such as chemistry, literature, history, biography, and political philosophy. A wider circle of readers creates an increased demand for productions of this kind, and hence new and superior editions speedily remunerate the labour of the author and the enterprise of the bookseller. Writers of acknowledged eminence in these departments of knowledge have already an interest in their own separate books, and consequently persons of inferior distinction must be employed in supplying such articles to our encyclopædias.

But though the opinion of Sir James Mackintosh is, generally speaking, well founded, and is likely to be so as to encyclopædias of secondary character, yet there are cases, such as that of the work before us, in which the literary and political articles stand on the same high level as those of the mathematical and physical sciences.* When the resources of the proprietors are sufficient to command the services of such writers as Young, Malthus, Macculloch, Roget, Wilson, Empson, and Tytler,—while the editor can count on the aid of friends like Scott, Playfair, Stewart, Leslie, Lord Jeffrey, Sir William Hamilton, and Sir John Barrow,—it is not difficult to anticipate the result.

In the mathematical and physical department of this work we

* It is not necessary for us to remind our readers of the extraordinary literary talent which pervades very many articles of the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana,' and also of the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia,' completed some years ago under the editorship of Sir David Brewster.

find a combination of theoretical and experimental talent which has never before been directed in the same channel. While the treatises of Robison, Playfair, Mr. Ivory, M. Biot, Dr. Young, and Mr. Galloway, have recorded the most recent discoveries in *astronomy*, those of Robison, Young, M. Arago, Sir David Brewster, Dr. Roget, and Dr. Trail, exhibit to us a full view of those recent and splendid discoveries by which *optics* has become almost a new science. In the articles on *Acoustics*, *Dynamics*, *Mechanics*, *Hydrodynamics*, *Pneumatics*, *Electricity*, *Magnetism*, and *Voltaic Electricity* (including the interesting new sciences of *Electro-magnetism*, *Magneto-electricity*, and *Thermo-electricity*), which complete the circle of *Natural Philosophy*, we find the fullest details respecting the fine discoveries of *Coulomb*, *Volta*, *Oersted*, *Seebeck*, *Ampère*, and *Faraday*; while the articles *Chemistry* and *Heat*, contributed by Dr. Thomson and Dr. Trail, exhibit to us the recent discoveries of *Davy*, *Berzelius*, *Faraday*, *Leslie*, *Melloni*, and *Forbes*.

Were we to claim for several treatises in this 'Encyclopædia' a superiority merely over separate works on the same subjects, we should not be doing justice to their merits. There are many subjects treated of in encyclopædias, on which no separate treatise at all has been written; and the student often searches in vain for the knowledge which he requires. There are other subjects upon which no *eminent* writer has written a separate work, and, in those cases in which such works do exist, they have seldom been brought down to the present day, or drawn up with that copious detail of recent discoveries which is of so much importance to the progress of science. It is often in *articles* contributed by eminent individuals who have made the subjects of them their particular study that we have our only chance of finding the inestimable treasures of contemporary discovery which fill the 'Transactions' of domestic and foreign societies, and those less elaborate notices of experimental researches, circulated by numberless periodical journals, which are the depositories of American as well as European science.

But these observations are still more applicable to the scientific arts—the arts which have science for their basis and for their object—to the manufactures and useful arts, and to those new and important subjects which are included under the general head of *Civil Engineering*. Upon the greater number of these topics no separate works have been written, so that it is only in the storehouse of an encyclopædia that the general reader can find the information on such subjects which is so frequently required. In this department the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is particularly rich, and especially as to those *new arts* which are on

on the eve of altering the forms and habits of social life. The wonders of railway intercourse, of locomotive engines, tunnels, steam-printing, steam-boats, and steam-guns; the improvements in gas-lighting, and lighthouses; the almost magical arts of the electrotype, voltaic gilding and plating, and the powers of the electro-magnetic telegraph and the electro-magnetic clock, are all treated in this work by writers competent to the task.

It is impossible to refer to these new arts, which, along with the Daguerreotype of Niepcé and Daguerre and the Calotype of Mr. Fox Talbot, constitute the leading inventions of the day, without giving our readers some slight notice of them. There is perhaps none of the sciences, with the exception of chemistry, which has made such donations to the fine and useful arts as voltaic electricity. Those which depend upon galvanism, or voltaic electricity, properly so called, are Sir H. Davy's art of protecting the copper-sheathing of ships; the galvano-plastic art of Spencer and Jacobi for multiplying works of art in metal; electro-metallurgy, or the reduction of metals by electricity; the electrotype, or art of copying and multiplying engravings; and the arts of voltaic etching, gilding, and plating.

The art of multiplying works in metal was invented in 1831, nearly about the same time, by M. Jacobi of St. Petersburg and Mr. Spencer of Liverpool. It consists of depositing copper, gold, silver, and platinum, &c., from their solutions, upon metallic or conducting surfaces, the metal being precipitated by galvanism. If the surface is that of an intaglio, we obtain from it a perfect cameo, and *vice versâ*. In 1840 Mr. Murray announced the important fact, that these metals could be all precipitated upon non-conducting substances, such as *plaster of Paris, wax, wood, &c.*, by previously *metallising* their surface with black lead. In this way, every work formed by art, whether it be the finest carvings, or the finest sculptures, can be multiplied in copper, or the other metals already mentioned. The multiplication of engraved copper-plates is another of the triumphs of this new art; and engravers have found that plain copper-plates deposited from a solution of sulphate of copper upon another previously prepared copper surface, are far superior to those manufactured in the usual way.

The art of voltaic etching is singularly beautiful. A copper-plate prepared for ordinary etching, and all covered with wax, is connected with a suitable galvanic battery, and placed in a solution of sulphate of copper. A piece of copper (negative) of the same size as the copper-plate is then connected with the zinc. When the battery is put in action, copper is reduced from the solution on the negative piece of copper, while copper is removed from

from the clear lines of the etching-plate to supply what is taken away from the solution. In this process no nitrous fumes annoy the artist, and no air-bubbles interfere with the precision of his work. The lines may be bitten to any depth, and are much sharper and clearer than when they are made with an acid. The art of gilding upon silver and brass, which we owe to M. Delarive of Geneva, is equally beautiful and important. The gold is deposited in coatings of any thickness from a weak nitro-muriatic solution of it, and the deleterious effects of mercury upon the artist are thus completely avoided.*

The modern arts presented to us by electro-magnetism, the new science of Oersted and Ampere, are not less wonderful and valuable. The electro-magnetic telegraph of Professor Wheatstone, now in use upon the Blackwall and the Great Western railways, was the first of these achievements. The telegraph, with its accompanying alarums, goes into a case not larger than that of a small table-clock, and so simple are its operations that any child can both read and send the messages with scarcely a minute's instruction.

The electro-magnetic clock of Professor Wheatstone is another of those singular inventions, and one which, though it may be less useful, is certainly not less ingenious and surprising than his telegraph. The object of the inventor was to enable a single clock to indicate exactly the same time in as many different places, distant from each other, as may be required. A standard clock in an observatory, for example, would thus keep in order another clock in each apartment, and that too with such accuracy that *all of them, however numerous, will beat dead seconds audibly, with as great precision as the standard astronomical timepiece with which they are connected.* But, beside this, the subordinate timepieces thus regulated require none of the mechanism for maintaining or regulating the power. They consist simply of a face with its second, minute, and hour hands, and of a train of wheels which communicate motion from the action of the second-

* Great progress is now making in this beautiful art. Mr. Spencer, of Liverpool, has, in 1841, taken a patent for making picture and other frames by the deposition of copper upon suitable moulds, and subsequently gilding, silvering, or platinising them. Mr. Parker, of Birmingham, has, likewise, in the same year, taken a patent for manufacturing articles in gold and silver, such as vases, chandelier branches, &c., by depositing the metal upon proper models, which may be afterwards removed from the silver and gold articles, by displacement, heat, or solution; and Mr. Edward Palmer has secured by patent another invention equally important. He obtains printing surfaces by drawing or painting on silver or copper, or any other conducting surface, and then, by the electrotpe, he produces copper or other metallic plates with sunken surfaces from which prints may be taken, or from engraved copper plates. Mr. Palmer calls this art *Electro-tinting*, and he proposes to employ it for printing china, pottery ware, music, maps, and portraits. See Newton's '*London Journal and Repertory of Arts*' for April, 1842, vol. xx., pp. 166, 171, 172.

hand to that of the hour-hand, in the same manner as an ordinary clock train. Nor is this invention confined to observatories and large establishments. The great horologe of St. Paul's might by a suitable network of wires, or even by the existing metallic pipes of the metropolis, be made to command and regulate all the other steeple-clocks in the city, and even every clock within the precincts of its metallic bounds. When railways and telegraphs extend from London to the remotest cities and villages, the sensation of time may be transmitted along with the elements of language; and the great cerebellum of the metropolis may thus constrain by its sympathies, and regulate by its power, the whole nervous system of the empire.

In the other departments of the useful arts where profound science is called into exercise, we have the articles on Arch, Carpentry, and Centre, River, Roofs, Strength of Materials, and Water-works, by Robison; Seamanship, by the same, with a skilful supplement by Capt. B. Hall; Bridges and Roads, by Young; Architecture and Building, both very able papers, by Mr. Hosking, Professor of Architecture in King's College, London; Breakwaters and Docks, by Sir John Barrow; Ship-building (by far the best Essay on the subject in the language), by Mr. Creuze, of Portsmouth; Cotton Manufacture, by Mr. Bannatyne; Weaving and Woollen Manufacture, by Mr. Chapman, &c. &c.

Among the subjects that must enter largely into the composition of an Encyclopædia are those which constitute what may be called *Terrestrial Physics*, including the structure and physical history of our globe and of its atmosphere, and an account of the various organised bodies which it contains or produces. This species of knowledge is, generally speaking, most fascinating. It requires little previous preparation of the mind: it is associated with our wants and amusements, and finds frequent and useful application in all the various conditions of life. Carrying us back into the depths of time long before the dawn even of fabulous history, modern Geology has acquired an interest exceeding, perhaps, that of any other of the physical sciences. Though her conclusions have not the evidence of demonstration, and are opposed to many of our early prejudices, yet they stand before us in the grandeur of *truth*, and have commanded the assent of the most pious and sober-minded of our philosophers. They have lent, in fact, a new evidence to Revealed Religion; they have broken the arms of the sceptic; and when we ponder over the great events which they proclaim,—the mighty revolutions which they indicate—the wrecks of successive creations which they display—and the immeasurable cycles of their chronology—the era of man shrinks into

into contracted dimensions; his proudest and most ancient dynasties wear the aspect of upstart and ephemeral groups; the fabrics of human power, the gorgeous temple, the monumental bronze, the regal pyramid, sink into insignificance beside the mighty sarcophagi of the brutes that perish.

It was to be expected, therefore, that the sciences of *Geology*, *Zoology*, and *Botany* should be most carefully and completely treated of in such a work as this. They form, indeed, the key to the hieroglyphics of the ancient world; they enable us to reckon up its almost countless periods; to replace its upheaved and dislocated strata; to replant its forests; to reconstruct the products of its charnel-house; to repeople its jungles with their gigantic denizens; to restore the condors to its atmosphere, and give back to the ocean its mighty leviathans. And such is the force with which these revivals are presented to our judgment, that we almost see the mammoth, the megatherion, and the mastodon, stalking over the plains or pressing through the thickets; the giant ostrich leaving its foot-writing on the sands; the voracious ichthyosaurian swallowing the very meal which its fossil ribs enclose; the monstrous plesiosaurus paddling through the ocean, and guiding its lizard-trunk, and rearing its swan-neck, as if in derision of human wisdom; and the ptero-dactyle, that mysterious compound of birds, and brutes, and bats, asserting its triple claim to the occupancy of earth, ocean, and atmosphere.

In the elegant and comprehensive history of the ANIMAL KINGDOM, by Mr. James Wilson, he adopts, as the principle upon which the various articles of Natural History are to be treated, the scientific classification of Cuvier, who divides the Animal Kingdom into four great classes: *Vertebrate Animals*, or those which have back-bones; *Molluscous Animals*, such as shell-fish and snails; *Articulated Animals*, such as earth-worms, lobsters, spiders, and insects; and *Radiated Animals*, such as star-fish, intestinal worms, sea-nettles, corals, sponges, and infusory animalcules. In virtue of this arrangement the vertebrated animals are described under the heads ICHTHYOLOGY, MAMMALIA, ORNITHOLOGY, and REPTILES; the molluscous animals under the article MOLLUSCA, written by a most distinguished naturalist, Dr. Fleming; the articulated animals under the heads of ARACHNIDES, CRUSTACEA, and ENTOMOLOGY; and the fourth class under the words ANIMALCULE, ECHINODERMATA, HELMINTHOLOGY, and ZOOPHYTES. The great body of these valuable treatises we owe to Mr. Wilson himself, and the rest were executed under his immediate superintendence, in order to give variety and symmetry to the whole system of natural knowledge. In connexion with this branch of science we may here mention the popular

popular article on **ANGLING**, written by the same author ; * and the articles **HORSE**, **HORSEMANSHIP**, **HOUND**, and **HUNTING**, from the pen of Mr. Apperley (*Nimrod*), whose powers of blending amusement with instruction are well known to the readers of this journal.

Among the productions of the natural world plants stand next to animals in their relation to the purposes of domestic life. The great botanist of our age, the late Sir James Edward Smith, drew up an interesting history of **BOTANY** and **BOTANICAL SYSTEMS**, which Dr. Walker Arnott has judiciously introduced into his valuable article on **BOTANY** ; and the remarkable treatise on the anatomy and physiology of vegetables (enlarged by Professor Balfour) we owe to the late Mr. Daniel Ellis, whose fine talents and philosophical cast of mind characterise this elaborate article.

The newest though not the least important of the natural sciences, namely, **GEOLOGY**, with **MINERALOGY** as its handmaid, has been treated in a manner corresponding to its importance. The treatise on **GEOLOGY** was composed by Mr. John Phillips, a geologist of the first rank, and whose general knowledge added a new qualification for the task. We regard this Essay as one of high merit, containing a systematic and philosophical view of the extensive subject of which it treats, while at the same time it is so perspicuous in its language, and so sober in its views, that the general reader cannot fail to peruse it with pleasure and satisfaction. The recent discoveries of Cuvier, Smith, Buckland, Sedgwick, Murchison, Conybeare, Lyell, Hibbert, Elie de Beaumont, Fourier, and Agassiz, are all brought before us in a condensed form ; and by means of constant references to the original works we can appeal to them for any further details which may be desired. Of **MINERALOGY** it is enough to say that it is treated by Professor Jameson.

Under the head of terrestrial physics, already referred to, we may include **AGRICULTURE**, **HORTICULTURE**, **PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY**, and **METEOROLOGY**, articles contributed by Mr. Cleg-horn, Dr. Neill, Dr. Trail, and Sir John Leslie, and marked by the same industry and talent which characterise the more scientific department of the general subject.

From the physical sciences, the philosophy of matter, we must now turn to the philosophy of the mind—that science which has not yet taken its place within the domain of positive knowledge. It is impossible to read the interesting details of its history, to follow its ingenious and varied speculations, and to weigh the conclusions at which its votaries have arrived, without endeavouring

* This entertaining manual has been published separately, and was reviewed by us in connection with Mr. Colquhoun's 'Moor and Loch' about a year ago.

to estimate the value and extent of its acquisitions, and without fearing that a value too high has been placed upon them, and an extent too wide assigned them. The learned and beautiful dissertation of Dugald Stewart is peculiarly fitted to assist the student in this inquiry. We gaze with delight on the first dawns of intellectual truth; we admire it as it brightens amid the clouds and storms of controversy; we follow it with straining eye till it is eclipsed in the superstition and darkness of the middle ages; we trace its revival amid the congenial gleams of literature and physical science; and we pursue it through all the lights and shadows of modern controversy, till our labouring reason abandons her pursuit amidst the 'cloud-capp'd metaphysics of the German school.' In this survey of its own powers the mind is bewildered among conflicting opinions. The truths of one age appear to have been the errors of the next; the lights of one school become the beacons of its rival; and amid the mass of ingenious speculation, and the array of ambiguous facts to which the inductive process can scarcely be applied, we seek in vain for distinct propositions and general laws. If that only can be called truth which we can compel a sound and unprejudiced mind to believe, we are driven to the conclusion that our intellectual philosophy cannot yet boast of the number of her achievements. Even in that department which relates to the functions and indications of the senses, where physical science comes powerfully to our aid, there is but little harmony among the opinions of our most distinguished metaphysicians; and many of those points which Reid and Stewart were considered to have placed beyond the reach of scepticism have been lately assailed with the keenest ingenuity by their own countryman, Dr. Thomas Brown. How much more difficult, then, must it be to establish incontrovertible truths when the phenomena are those of thought and consciousness, and the sole instrument of research by which we take cognizance of them is the abstract power of reflection. In support of these views we may adduce the observation of Dr. Reid himself, that 'the system which is now generally received with regard to the mind and its operations derives not only its *spirit* from Descartes, but its *fundamental principles*; and that, after all the improvements made by Malebranche, Locke, Berkeley, and Hume, it may be called *the Cartesian system*.' In quoting this passage Mr. Stewart adds that the part of the Cartesian system here alluded to is *the hypothesis*,—that the communication between the mind and external objects is carried on by means of ideas or images.

But whatever estimate we may form of the nature and extent of our knowledge of mental phenomena, there can be only one
opinion

opinion of the high interest and vast importance of the subject; and the treatises on its various branches in the 'Encyclopædia' will be found extremely valuable and instructive. In Dr. Hampden's Lives of ARISTOTLE, PLATO, and SOCRATES—(though we cannot exactly place them on the same very high level with his article on *Thomas Aquinas*, in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana)—the student will obtain a clever and comprehensive view of the ancient philosophy; and in the articles on UNIVERSAL GRAMMAR, METAPHYSICS, and PHILOSOPHY, the two last of which were written by Bishop Gleig and Professor Robison, he will find the general subject discussed in its most important bearings, while the preliminary dissertation on metaphysical and ethical philosophy will place before him in ample detail an interesting history of the progress of opinion in these branches of knowledge.

The subject of general literature, including antiquities and the fine arts, has been treated in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' in a manner not on the whole less satisfactory. The articles on CHIVALRY, DRAMA, and ROMANCE, by Sir Walter Scott, are worthy of that name. The last of those articles having been limited to romances of chivalry, it has been extended very ably by Mr. Moir, so as to embrace a critical account of the romances of the Great Novelist himself, and others of anterior and subsequent date. The treatise on BEAUTY by Lord Jeffrey exhibits that intellectual power, elegant taste, and brilliant diction, by which so many of his productions have been distinguished. The treatises on MUSIC by Mr. Grahame, on PAINTING by Mr. Haydon, on POETRY by Mr. Moore, and on RHETORIC by Mr. Spalding, are all skilful performances, not unworthy of being associated with this masterly Essay.

But there is another department of general literature almost of modern growth in which the 'Encyclopædia' may boast of its exclusive superiority. The discoveries of Dr. Thomas Young respecting hieroglyphics have been justly considered as among the highest achievements of modern learning. So early as 1818 our great countryman had placed it beyond a doubt that the Egyptian hieroglyphics were signs of sounds, and had determined the *phonetic* signs of seven of the letters of the alphabet. Dr. Young, however, did not perceive the whole value of this step: in consequence of his having limited his principle to *foreign* sounds he was prevented from pursuing it to its results; and he thus left to M. Champollion the honour of illustrating and developing the discovery. The English philosopher, however, pushed his researches in a different direction, and succeeded in constructing an *enchorial alphabet*, and presenting it to the world in a state so complete, that but few additions have been

been made to it by his successors. These discoveries, with a full account of the labours of Champollion and others, are admirably expounded in the article **HIEROGLYPHICS**, which, with the exception of the 3rd, 4th, and 5th sections by Dr. Young, was written by the late Dr. Browne. We owe to Dr. Young, also, the treatise on the *affinity* of languages, which forms the 2nd section of the able article on *Language*.

In the circle of human knowledge **HISTORY** and **BIOGRAPHY** form one of the largest and most popular departments; and it is here that the peculiar advantages of encyclopædic instruction most strikingly appear. The histories of the various nations of the world, both ancient and modern, though written on different scales, and by a variety of hands, form, nevertheless, a body of universal history which a hundred separate volumes would not be able to supply. In this class of articles we find the most recent information, and we are able to read the events of our own time with a copiousness and minuteness of detail which we should look for in vain in the independent histories of European states. The greater number of historical articles have been composed by authors well known to the public; and the History of **SCOTLAND**, by Mr. Tytler, is not the only one that presents in a condensed form the results of years of study devoted to a particular subject.

The biographical department has also been elaborately prepared. Many very interesting lives were written by Dr. Thomas Young; the greater number of the articles in classical and mythological biography were composed by Mr. Ramage; and almost all the Scottish lives were re-composed by that well-read, modest veteran, Dr. David Irving. The memoirs of Schiller, Shakspeare, and Pope, by Mr. De Quincey, have been much admired as specimens of critical biography; and among the scientific lives, many are hardly inferior to that of Leslie, from which we have already given an extract.

The 'English Opium-Eater's' Life of Shakspeare is a very curious performance, and might well deserve to be made the subject of a separate criticism. We, in fact, intend to take the author to task by and bye on several points; but in the mean time we willingly acknowledge that he has displayed much ingenuity and sharpness of logic in this singular tract, and are sure the specimen of it about to be quoted cannot fail to interest our readers:—

'After this review of Shakspeare's life it becomes our duty to take a summary survey of his works, of his intellectual powers, and of his station in literature, a station which is now irrevocably settled, not so much (which happens in other cases) by a vast overbalance of favourable suffrages as by acclamation; not so much by the *voices* of those who
admire

admire him up to the verge of idolatry, as by the *acts* of those who everywhere seek for his works among the primal necessities of life, demand them and crave them as they do their daily bread; not so much by eulogy openly proclaiming itself, as by the silent homage recorded in the endless multiplication of what he has bequeathed us; not so much by his own compatriots, who, with regard to almost every other author, compose the total amount of his *effective* audience, as by the unanimous "All hail!" of intellectual Christendom: finally, not by the hasty partisanship of his own generation, nor by the biased judgment of an age trained in the same modes of feeling and of thinking with himself, but by the solemn award of generation succeeding to generation, of one age correcting the obliquities or peculiarities of another; by the verdict of two hundred and thirty years which have now elapsed since the very *latest* of his creations, or of two hundred and forty-seven years if we date from the earliest; a verdict which has been continually revived and reopened, probed, searched, vexed, by criticism in every spirit, from the most genial and intelligent, down to the most malignant and scurrilously hostile which feeble heads and great ignorance could suggest when co-operating with impure hearts and narrow sensibilities; a verdict, in short, sustained and countersigned by a longer series of writers, many of them eminent for wit or learning, than were ever before congregated upon any inquest relating to any author, be he who he might, ancient or modern, Pagan or Christian. It was a most witty saying with respect to a piratical and knavish publisher, who made a trade of insulting the memories of deceased authors by forged writings, that he was "among the new terrors of death." But in the gravest sense it may be affirmed of Shakspeare, that he is among the modern luxuries of life; that life, in fact, is a new thing, and one more to be coveted, since Shakspeare has extended the domain of human consciousness, and pushed its dark frontiers into regions not so much as dimly descried or even suspected before his time, far less illuminated (as now they are) by beauty and tropical luxuriance of life. For instance—a single instance, indeed one which in itself is a world of new revelation—the possible beauty of the female character had not been seen as in a dream before Shakspeare called into perfect life the radiant shapes of Desdemona, of Imogene, of Hermione, of Perdita, of Ophelia, of Miranda, and many others. The *Una* of Spenser, earlier by ten or fifteen years than most of these, was an idealised portrait of female innocence and virgin purity, but too shadowy and unreal for a dramatic reality. And as to the Grecian classics, let not the reader imagine for an instant that any prototype in this field of Shakspearian power can be looked for there. The *Antigone* and the *Electra* of the tragic poets are the two leading female characters that classical antiquity offers to our respect, but assuredly not to our impassioned love, as disciplined and exalted in the school of Shakspeare. They challenge our admiration, severe, and even stern; as impersonations of filial duty, cleaving to the steps of a desolate and afflicted old man; or of sisterly affection, maintaining the rights of a brother under circumstances of peril, of desertion, and consequently of perfect self-reliance. Iphigenia, again, though not dramatically

dramatically coming before us in her own person, but, according to the beautiful report of a spectator, presents us with a fine statuesque model of heroic fortitude, and of one whose young heart, even in the very agonies of her cruel immolation, refused to forget, by a single indecorous gesture, or so much as a moment's neglect of her own princely descent, that she herself was "a lady in the land." These are fine marble groups, but they are not the warm, breathing realities of Shakspeare; there is "no speculation" in their cold marble eyes; the breath of life is not in their nostrils; the fine pulses of womanly sensibilities are not throbbing in their bosoms. And besides this immeasurable difference between the cold moony reflexes of life, as exhibited by the power of Grecian art, and the true sunny life of Shakspeare, it must be observed that the Antigones of the antique put forward but one single trait of character, like the aloe with its single blossom: this solitary feature is presented to us as an abstraction, and as an insulated quality; whereas in Shakspeare all is presented in the *concrete*; that is to say, not brought forward in relief, as by some effort of an anatomical artist, but embodied and imbedded, so to speak, as by the force of a creative nature, in the complex system of a human life; a life in which all the elements move and play simultaneously, and with something more than mere simultaneity or co-existence, acting and re-acting each upon the other, nay, even acting by each other and through each other. In Shakspeare's characters is felt for ever a real *organic* life, where each is for the whole and in the whole, and where the whole is for each and in each. They only are real incarnations.'

Who can read such a passage as this without asking why the author has written so little?

Many of the names which we have already noticed would of themselves furnish a sufficient guarantee that no noxious or offensive strain of sentiment was to intermingle in the work to which they lent their talents. The Editor is well known to be strictly attached to the Whig side of politics, but he had too much candour or sagacity to think of making an Encyclopædia the repository of party views. In the economical theories of some of his contributors, it is impossible that we should concur—from one or two of them we differ widely—but without exception they seem to have drawn an elevating and purifying tone of mind from just and manly consideration of the nature of such a work as this, and composed their several disquisitions in a calm and philosophic spirit. The articles on LEGISLATION and on the Laws and Government of England, by Mr. Empson, are equally distinguished by their ability and moderation; and Mr. McCulloch has condensed a great mass of knowledge, which men of all parties should be glad to see so put together, in his POLITICAL ECONOMY, EXCHANGE, INTEREST, TAXATION, PAPER-MONEY, and PRINCIPLES OF BANKING. Mr. Malthus drew up the skilful compendium of his own views under the head of POPULATION;

tion; Mr. Ricardo the lucid article on the FUNDING SYSTEM; and Mr. Mill brought all his usual resources to the Essays on COLONIES, ECONOMISTS, and PRISON DISCIPLINE. To Professor Napier we owe an able article on the BALANCE of POWER. The subject of the English Poor Laws, which will probably for many years to come be a subject of contentious interest both in England and Scotland, has been treated in a very useful manner by Mr. Coode. The kindred subjects of General LAW and STATISTICS, the last of which has risen into great popularity as a science throughout every part of Europe, have also occupied a due share of attention. Three elaborate treatises on the Canon, Civil, and Feudal Law have been contributed by Dr. Irving; the statistical article on the NAVY was drawn up by Sir John Barrow, whose official position gave him the best opportunities for the task; and to the same hand we owe many of the most valuable topographical and geographical articles in the work, among which that on CHINA may be specially mentioned. The greater number of the papers on European Geography and Statistics were written by Mr. Jacob, and the Asiatic articles by Mr. Buchanan: to Mr. Jacob we also owe the notices of the principal Counties, Cities, and Towns of England, and to the Rev. Edward Groves the corresponding series for Ireland.

There are, perhaps, none of the practical sciences which have made such rapid and sure progress as those of Comparative ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, and MEDICINE. The study of fossil remains, now the right hand of geology, has given an impulse to comparative anatomy hitherto unknown. The labours of Cuvier led the way in this species of inquiry, which is now carrying on with the most singular activity and success in every part of the world. Comparative anatomy, which had previously been an object merely of curiosity and of occasional research, became in Cuvier's hands the basis of natural history and physiology, and the mainstay of geology. In his '*Leçons d'Anatomie Comparée*,' a work in five volumes, he has given the details upon which he formed the philosophical classification which we have already mentioned; and in the splendid Museum of Natural History in Paris he has preserved actual proofs of the facts upon which this great generalization is founded. Regarding every animated being as destined for a special purpose, and pursuing this fundamental idea, he drew the general conclusion that every bone, and fragment of a bone, bears the mark of the class, order, genus, and even species, to which it originally belonged. From these simple truths have sprung all those fine discoveries and noble views respecting the successive creation and extinction of races of animals, which give interest and grandeur to the science of geology. No-

where have these researches been pursued with more ardour and success than in England ; and, if we except the gigantic charnel-house of fossil remains in Paris already mentioned, nowhere have collections of fossil osteology been more numerous and valuable. The splendid cabinet of the Earl of Enniskillen and Sir Philip Egerton, at Lewes, possesses a scientific interest which could only have been given to it by the knowledge and talents of such proprietors.

The Essays on Human and Comparative ANATOMY, on SURGERY, and on VETERINARY MEDICINE, written by Dr. Craigie, Mr. Miller, and Mr. Dick, are copious and instructive ; and in the article PHYSIOLOGY, by Dr. Roget, the reader will find the elements of the science, and a full account of recent discoveries drawn up with admirable perspicuity. The articles on MEDICINE, PRACTICE of PHYSIC, and PATHOLOGY, written by Dr. William Thomson ; on MENTAL DISEASES, by Dr. Poole ; and on POISONS, by Dr. Christison, &c., complete the circle of our knowledge on the healing art.

The last and the most interesting of the sciences which our limits permit us to notice is that of THEOLOGY—a branch the least studied and the least appreciated of all our knowledge. Forming an element in the early training of us all, memory sometimes retains amidst our secular pursuits a slight trace of the meagre alphabet which it has learned ; and the faint impressions of domestic example, and the associated fragments of divine truth, may sometimes have power to direct and restrain the will when interest or passion are its assailants. But the great truths of theology are throughout the busy world in general neither objects of study nor grounds of action : the gaiety of the social circle is neither enlivened by their joys, nor disturbed by their terrors ; and if men's breasts are ever touched with a holy influence during the brief hour which they weekly dedicate to eternity, it is but the ripple of the summer breeze, which subsides as it advances, and leaves no under-current either of feeling or of thought. It is fortunate, then, for beings thus constituted—thus indifferent to the highest and most permanent interests of their nature—that a few of the mustard-seeds of divine truth should be scattered even in the uncleared forests and the pathless jungle of accumulated knowledge. In the pursuit of frivolous amusement or of lucrative science, some passing hand may be induced to crop the salutary blade, or he who reads to scoff may by reading still farther have learnt to pray. It may be in the moral as it is in the physical world, that we only learn to appreciate the value of the condiment when we have discovered its virtues among our daily food ; and those who are the salt of the earth, and that which is the salt of knowledge, may display

display their highest qualities only when in a state of association with what is wicked, or of combination with what is poisonous. It is in the energy and force, indeed, of their re-agency that the moral and material elements exhibit their strongest affinities and their highest powers.

We hold it, then, to be a peculiar advantage to readers of all ages and ranks that in most of our current encyclopædias articles of sound theology are interspersed with those of secular learning, and we are confident that in no work of the kind has this been more judiciously done than in that before us. The primary article on THEOLOGY was written by Bishop Gleig; and neither in the additions since made to that, nor in any of the subsidiary essays—though divines of various denominations appear in the list of contributors—do we find any statement of doctrine on any leading point inconsistent with the orthodox exemplar of the venerable prelate. One of the most important articles connected with this subject is from the pen of a layman. In this Mr. Douglas of Cavers, well known to the literary world by the eloquence and power of his writings, but more affectionately by his labours of love among the erring and the ignorant, has given us a deeply interesting account of the religious missions which characterise and honour the age in which we live. Another article equally striking is that by Dr. Gilly, under the head of *Valdenses*,—an eloquent account, from personal observation, of that small community of Protestants, who, in the secluded valleys of the Cottian Alps, have for many centuries maintained the purity of their faith and worship, and kept up the vestal fire of their mountain church in the midst of privations and persecutions not yet extinguished.

We are tempted to quote part of this paper, which ought at least to possess a very lively interest at the present time:—

‘The reigning King of Sardinia, Charles Albert, is disposed to show them kindness, and to place them on a level with his other subjects. He has proved this by numberless acts of favour: but the tiara and the mitre are too strong for the crown in Piedmont, and the baneful influence of the Papal authority, so late as September 1837, wrung from the reluctant King two articles in the new code of Sardinia, by which the intolerant edicts of the 16th and 17th centuries are renewed, and may be put in force as soon as the Roman hierarchy shall feel itself strong enough to do so. In the mean time another engine is employed against the hapless Valdenses. The rich order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus has contributed 9544*l.*, and an income of 680*l.* a-year, towards the establishment of a fraternity of missionary priests at La Tour, whose business it will be to make proselytes from amongst the descendants of a race which has never yet swerved from its faith, but which will now be exposed more than ever to the threats and artifices of an adversary who knows well how to turn opportunities to advantages.

‘The Protestants of England have not been inattentive to the condition of their brethren in the valleys of Piedmont. Public collections have on several occasions been made throughout the kingdom, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts is the trustee of considerable funds raised in their behalf; a committee in London consisting of the Archbishop of Canterbury, several Bishops, and other persons of distinction, has also been employing contributions in aid of the clergy, hospitals, and schools of the Valdenses, and watching over their interests, since 1825.

‘The difficulties with which the Valdenses have now to contend are poverty and reduced numbers, being confined to limits which do not produce subsistence for more than a very limited population. They also labour under the disadvantage of having to learn three languages before they can receive competent instruction. Their national language is Italian; their vernacular tongue is a provincial dialect peculiar to their district: and the language of instruction is French, because in that only they can obtain books of devotion used by Protestants.

‘If the Government of Great Britain should cease to exercise its good offices at the court of Turin in behalf of the Protestants of Piedmont, or if the people of Great Britain should become indifferent to the moral and spiritual wants of this impoverished community, the religious liberties of the Valdenses will be no more, and the lamp of this little mountain church will be extinguished for ever.’

Such is a very general account of the nature and character of the different classes of articles which compose the ‘*Encyclopædia Britannica*.’ Those who have explored, as we have done, many of its departments, will, we trust, regard our estimate as neither partial nor exaggerated. To those who have not had this advantage, or who are unacquainted with the work, we can offer but the guarantee of illustrious names. But however great be the merits of the leading contributors to a work of this kind, there is one individual—the editor—who must be the mainspring of the undertaking, and to whom a very great share of praise must be due. In editing this work, Professor Napier brought to the task all the experience which he had acquired during the publication of the Supplement which preceded it. From his extensive literary connexions he succeeded in commanding the services of authors who had never before written for similar works, and who were prompted by no other motives but those of friendship. When men of the very highest reputation were the avowed contributors to an encyclopædia, authors of inferior name, though of equal fitness for their respective tasks, were not likely to withhold their aid. In fact, it was deemed an honour to contribute to a work thus sustained; and we have no doubt that one of the many difficulties encountered by the editor was to select the best qualified from the numerous recruits that flocked to his standard. This facility of obtaining the best qualified assistants was, no doubt,

doubt, increased by the liberality of the publishers. The authors of articles of profound science, which, commercially speaking, had no value but in an encyclopædia, were, we are assured, remunerated as handsomely as those who communicated the most popular articles; and the labours of men of high talent were thus, as it were, created by the work.

But this ample supply of literary material, of that too from quarters hitherto inaccessible, must, like every other advantage, have had its concomitant evils. The labour of control and superintendence must have been proportional to the standing of the workmen; and it must have required temper and decision of no ordinary quality to enforce unity and symmetry of execution, and to combine such various elements in anything like just and definite proportions. Great, however, as these difficulties are, there are others still greater, which analogous experience only can enable us to estimate. In the case of a journal like our own, or almost any other species of periodical work, if the editor is disappointed in receiving an article, he must, indeed, but he also *can*, immediately replace it with another, whether on the same or on some different subject. The mechanism of the press goes on with a few inappreciable pauses; the work issues with its wonted regularity, and the public can discover nothing more, if they discover anything at all, than that an article of slender merit, or on some rather obsolete topic, has found its way into the number. But the case is very different with an encyclopædia. If the illness of an author, or the sudden call of business, or any other cause, prevents him from fulfilling his task at the appointed time, the whole machinery is stopped. The alphabetical arrangement must be adhered to; and a treatise on Chemistry, or Medicine, or Political Economy, cannot be written on the spur of the moment. The printers and engravers and bookbinders are thrown idle, and the editor is left to consider whether he will wait, for months perhaps, for the article of which he has been disappointed; and which is perhaps half-finished, or call in the aid of another writer, who may take a still longer time to complete his task. No less harassing must be the case, which we can easily suppose to be equally common, when an author produces an article three or four times longer than the allotted space. Thinking his own subject the most important, he treats it fully, and perhaps admirably, but on such a scale as to render its admission impracticable. To cut it down, or to allow another to cut it down, is wormwood and bitterness; and the editor must either reject it altogether and give mortal offence to his friend, or by the compromise of a slight abridgment introduce the still gigantic production and destroy the symmetry of his undertaking. But,

notwithstanding

notwithstanding these difficulties, to which the present work must have been peculiarly exposed, there is less appearance of disproportion in its parts than in any other encyclopædia that we have had occasion to examine.

In a work of such magnitude as this, the liberality of the proprietors is best seen in the number and nature of the maps, engravings, and woodcuts. At the commencement of the publication the geographical articles were illustrated only by quarto maps, but these were afterwards cancelled, and a new series of a folio size substituted in their place. These maps form a complete and excellent atlas. The engravings, upon steel, are numerous and well executed; and the introduction of woodcuts into the text, a plan new in encyclopædias, has given a peculiar value to many articles. In those of STEAM, STEAM-ENGINE, and STEAM NAVIGATION, though almost every page is illustrated by numbers of the most correct and beautiful woodcuts, yet the proprietors have given no fewer than TWENTY-TWO splendid engravings—five of them in folio—to illustrate these articles alone. The plates too are executed with the minuteness of working drawings, and in the present predominance of civil engineering, as connected with locomotive and steam-boat engines, they must be an invaluable present to all who pursue that interesting profession.

From the observations which we have already had occasion to make, our readers may have drawn the inference that an encyclopædia like this must be a work of great utility, even to those who possess, or have access to, ample libraries. With an index enumerating every article in the work, and also the leading topics which those articles contain, we can at once direct our attention to any subject upon which we require information; and if we do not find all that we desire, our attention will be turned to sources from which it can be obtained. But if the mature cultivator of letters and science finds such a companion almost indispensable, of what value must it be to the young, perhaps narrowly provided and obscurely situated student, in the years when the foundations are to be laid! How absolutely inappreciable must such a repository of knowledge be to the unlettered reader of all ranks, to the humble artisan as well as to the country gentleman and the opulent manufacturer and merchant! Occupying only four or five cubic feet of space, it would not encumber either the traveller or the emigrant; and an Australian or New Zealand settler, who left his home with no other accomplishment but that of being able to read, write, and count, might with such a companion beguile his long and weary voyage, and become a well-informed man before he reached his destination.

Considering the imperishable nature of books, the cheapness
with

with which they are now produced, and the rapidity and extent of their production, we are convinced that some great revolution must soon take place in their manufacture and use. Libraries, both public and private, are now extending themselves beyond all reasonable bounds. Apartments cannot be found to contain them; and there are many libraries where the volumes stand three deep, and thus become inaccessible to their owners. In the progress of accumulation wing after wing must be added to the storehouse of learning, and librarian after librarian, till space, as well as funds, are exhausted. But if this be the case at present, with our restricted trade and limited communication with foreign states, what must be the condition of our libraries when railway intercourse shall have made the nations of Europe one family, speaking each other's languages, and creating a new demand for each other's intellectual productions? Unfortunately for authors there is no epidemic among books, to thin their ranks, and render necessary a new supply; and the fire-proof inventions of the present day extinguish the hopes which were sometimes realised from the timber boards of our books and the wooden carpentry of our libraries. There is, therefore, no law of mortality by which the number of books is regulated like that of animals; and, since we cannot control their accumulation, we should endeavour, as soon as we can, to reduce their magnitude and increase their portability.

The compression of many hundred volumes into an encyclopædia, forming a complete library of itself, has been a great step towards the accomplishment of this desirable object, and it is probably the only one of which in our time we shall reap the advantage. But it is only a step; and though we cannot foresee the extent to which the principle of compressing knowledge, not only in its corporeal but in its intellectual phase, may be carried, yet we clearly recognise certain steps in the process which may be immediately taken, and certain consequences flowing from them which cannot fail to excite our highest expectations of ultimate success.

'Railroad travelling,' says the Rev. Sydney Smith, 'is a delightful improvement of human life. Man is become a bird: he can fly longer and quicker than a Solon goose. The mamma rushes 60 miles in two hours to the aching finger of her conjugating and declining grammar-boy. The early Scotchman scratches himself in the morning mists of the North, and has his porridge in Piccadilly before the setting sun. The Puseyite priest, after a rush of 100 miles, appears with his little volume of nonsense at the breakfast-table of his bookseller. Everything is near—everything is immediate: time, distance, and delay are abolished.'*

* Morning Chronicle, June 8.

If the steam-boat and the railway have thus abridged space and time, and made a large addition to the available length of human existence, why may not our intellectual journey be also accelerated,—our knowledge more cheaply and quickly acquired,—its records rendered more accessible and portable,—its cultivators increased in number,—and its blessings more rapidly and widely diffused? We shall endeavour to state very briefly *some* means by which these objects may be effected, and the consequences to which they are likely to lead. We have now before us an 8vo. volume,* containing about 1150 pages of double columns, and printed on paper so thin that the thickness of the volume (though not beaten) is only two inches, and in so small a type that the quantity of matter which it contains is equal to above TWELVE NUMBERS of this Review, supposed to be all printed in its ordinary type. Now, if the type were diminished to one-half its present size, or to one-fourth, which is quite practicable, and if the margin were somewhat diminished, we should have an 8vo. volume two inches thick equal to FIFTY NUMBERS of this Review, or TWENTY-FIVE volumes. Such a work would require a reading-glass, but this would not affect its utility at all for the purposes of consultation, and indeed the young student would have no more difficulty in perusing it page after page than the Doctor of 50 already has in getting through the columns of his *Times* by help of spectacles.

A bookcase might thus contain a large library, and a moderate one might be packed in the traveller's portmanteau. Books now forwarded by tardy conveyances might be sent by post. A number of this Journal, upon which the postage is now half-a-crown, might be sent for fourpence, and large pamphlets would have the privilege of half-ounce letters. These processes too might be aided by a stenographic representation of the terminations of many of our long words, and even by a contraction of the words themselves; and in the spirit of these changes authors might be led to think more closely, and to express their thoughts in the shortest and the fewest words. By these means we might accommodate the Waverley Novels in one of our pockets, with Shakespeare and the British drama in the other; while the literature of our own sixty volumes occupying one pannier might be balanced with the science of the Philosophical Transactions in the other.

* *Biographie Portatif des Contemporains*, vol. i., Paris. It contains three plates with *thirty* portraits, ten in each plate.

ART. III.—*La Petite Chouannerie ; ou, Histoire d'un College Breton sous L'Empire.* Par A. F. Rio. Paris et Londres. 1842. 8vo.

AN eminent literary man was recently complaining to us that the rising generation seemed to know nothing of books published more than fifteen or twenty years ago. 'I was not understood yesterday,' said he, 'when I talked to a budding legislator about Sir Andrew Freeport ; and here is a young lady who evidently supposes Seged Emperor of Ethiopia to be one of the tawny potentates discovered by Bruce.' In this state of things it would be idle to take for granted that everybody is familiar with the *Memoirs of Madame de Larochejaquelein* ; and the utmost we can hope for M. Rio's sake is, that some half-buried associations will be resuscitated in the memories of our older readers, when we name his book as a not unworthy *pendant* to her noble and inspiring picture of the courage, piety, disinterestedness, and unshaken loyalty, of the most virtuous and truly patriotic portion of her countrymen. Well might Sir Walter Scott say that the country of which La Vendée forms a part, and the court in which Madame de Larochejaquelein was educated, could not be so corrupt as we had been taught to believe ; for history, ancient and modern, might be ransacked without finding parallels to numerous instances of high daring, patient suffering, and cheerful self-sacrifice recorded by her. Above all Greek, above all Roman praise—the finer spirit and purer motives of modern chivalry may be seen blended with the stern resolve and stoical contempt of life which distinguish the heroes of antiquity : Cato and Brutus look like vulgar suicides ; and the dying Bayard leaning against the tree with his cross-hilted sword held up before him as a crucifix, or even Sidney on the fatal field of Zutphen, still wants *the cause* to raise him above the martyrs of La Vendée.

A few passages from their annals will form a fitting introduction to our notice of M. Rio's work.

When an expedition was meditated, a requisition in the following terms was forwarded to each parish :—'In the holy name of God, and of the King, this parish is invited to send as many men as possible to such a place, on such a day and hour, and to bring provisions with them.' Not merely was the requisition obeyed with cheerfulness, but the privilege of going was eagerly contended for. When the whole force was assembled, they were divided in an equally primitive manner. It was said :—
'—— (a chief) goes such a way ; who follows him ?' Those
who

who liked ranged themselves about him, until the column was complete. In manœuvring they were not told, 'To the right,' 'To the left,' &c., but 'Go towards that house;' 'That great tree,' &c. In battle, like all Frenchmen, they expected their leaders to set the example. Thus at the assault of Thouars :

'About eleven o'clock the powder of the Vendéans beginning to fail, M. de Larochejaquelein went for a supply, leaving M. de Lescure alone to command. A moment after, M. de L. perceived the republicans less steady, and as if beginning to give way: he instantly seized a musket with a bayonet, and, calling to the soldiers to follow him, descended rapidly from the height, and gained the middle of the bridge, amidst showers of balls and case-shot. No peasant dared to follow him. He returned, called, exhorted, and, again giving the example, returned upon the bridge, but remained alone. His clothes pierced with balls, he made a third effort. At that instant MM. de Larochejaquelein and Forêt arrived, and flew to his assistance: he had been followed by one only of the peasants. All four crossed the bridge. M. de Lescure leaped the entrenchment; the peasant was wounded; but Henri and Forêt got over it also; the men then rushed on to their assistance, and the passage was forced.'

Napoleon, according to the most partial version of an apocryphal story, did no more at Lodi.

As Major Allan observed to Cornet Graham, 'a man may fight never the worse for honouring both his Bible and psalter;' nor need we refer to Cromwell's Ironsides, or any other fanatics, for illustrations of the maxim. The nights before the battles of Agincourt and Poitiers were spent in prayer by the conquerors; and the striking incident which preceded the closing of the English and Scottish hosts at Bannockburn should be familiar to all lovers of romance or poetry :

"Each weapon point is downward sent;
Each warrior to the ground is bent.
The rebels, Argentine, repent!
For pardon they have kneel'd."
"Ay, but they bend to other powers,
And other pardon sue than ours:
See where yon barefoot abbot stands,
And blesses them with lifted hands!
Upon the spot where they have kneel'd,
These men will die or win the field."

The Vendéan peasants scarcely ever omitted saying their prayers before engaging, and most of them made the sign of the cross each time they fired. The fervour of the religious sentiment was well exemplified at the battle of Fontenay :

'Before the attack the soldiers received absolution. The generals then said to them, "Now, friends, we have no powder: we must take these

these cannon with clubs. We must recover Marie-Jeanne! Let us try who runs the best!" The soldiers of M. de Lescure, who commanded the left wing, hesitated to follow him. He advanced alone thirty paces before them, and then stopping, called out "Vive le Roi!" A battery of six pieces fired upon him with case-shot. His clothes were pierced, his left spur carried away, and his right boot torn; but he was not wounded. "You see, my friends," cried he instantly, "the Blues do not aim well." The peasants took courage, and rushed on. M. de Lescure, to keep up with them, was obliged to put his horse to the full trot. At that moment, perceiving a large crucifix, they threw themselves on their knees before it. M. de Bauge wanted to urge them on. "Let them pray," said M. de Lescure calmly. They soon rose, and again rushed on.

Marie-Jeanne was a twelve-pounder of beautiful workmanship, taken by the republicans from the Château de Richelieu, where it had been placed by the famous cardinal. It was captured in the first engagement at Chollet by the Vendéans, who regarded it as endowed with miraculous power and were wont to adorn it with flowers and ribbons. The Highlanders of Prince Charles Edward's army attached a superstitious reverence to an old iron gun, which they insisted on dragging about with them. There are numerous other points of analogy, but there is one remarkable difference. In the Vendéan ranks the pride of birth was kept in strict subservience to the sentiment of loyalty, and the peasants were urged on by their own genuine impulses, instead of being dragged to death or exile by their hereditary chiefs. Their first commander-in-chief, Cathelineau, was a peasant, and he was put in nomination by the Marquis de Lescure. So far, however, was this from being one of the consequences of the growing fashion for inequality, that Madame de Larochejaquelein tells us the peasant officers often offered to withdraw from the table of the staff when she appeared there, saying they were not entitled to sit at table with a gentlewoman. This shows that the prejudices of birth remained, and were simply kept under by patriotic motives. The modesty of their expectations in case of success is another proof of the pure and disinterested character of their loyalty. They meant to ask that the name of La Vendée, given by chance, should be preserved, and a province under a distinct administration be formed of the Bocage; that the king would honour their country with a visit; that a body of Vendéans should form part of his guard; and that the white flag might always be seen flying on the steeple of each parish.

The chiefs were equally moderate. Henri de Larochejaquelein said, 'If we establish the king upon the throne he will grant me a regiment of hussars.' Another of this young nobleman's sayings

sayings is highly characteristic: when accused of inattention at the councils of war, he exclaimed, 'Why was I made a general? My only wish is to be a hussar, that I may have the pleasure of fighting.' Yet he made an excellent commander; and his dislike to councils of war appears to have been as well grounded as Lord Clive's, who used to say that he never called but one, and gained the battle (Plassy) by acting contrary to their advice. His fondness for fighting was the only drawback, for he rushed to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet, and gave his whole soul and spirit to the charge. In an attack on the Republican camp, seeing his men recoil, he flung his hat into the entrenchment, and calling out, 'Who will go and fetch it?' jumped in first, and was instantly followed by numbers. Red handkerchiefs, the manufacture of the country, formed a conspicuous part of his costume: he wore one round his head, one round his neck, and several round his waist as belts. At Fontenay the word amongst the Blues (the Republicans) was, 'Aim at the red handkerchief;' and the other officers entreated him not to make himself a mark for their musketry; but, obstinate as Nelson in this particular, he refused; and, as the only means of diminishing his danger, they adopted the red handkerchief themselves. The picturesque costume and reckless daring of Murat are said to have produced such an impression on the Cossacks during the Russian campaign, that they opened their ranks to let him pass, and the bravest seldom ventured to cross swords with him. Henri de Larochejaquelein inspired much of the same feeling, and seized every fitting occasion to heighten it, though probably less from calculation than from character. During the greater part of the war his right arm was useless from a wound. In this condition he was attacked alone in a hollow way by a foot-soldier. Henri seized him by the collar with his left hand, and managed his horse so well with his legs, that the man could not hurt him. The peasants came up, and wanted to kill the soldier: he would not suffer it. 'Return to the Republicans,' said he to the man, 'tell them you were alone with the chief of the Brigands who has only one hand and no weapon, and that you could not kill him.' His pithy address to his followers is well known: 'Si j'avance, suivez-moi: si je recule, tuez-moi: si je tombe, vengez-moi.' He was killed towards the termination of the struggle (1794) by one of two grenadiers whom he had interposed to save. The words, 'You shall have your lives,' were hardly out of his lips, when one of them shot him through the head. He was then only twenty-one years and a few months old.

The author of the *Memoirs* was not married to Louis de Larochejaquelein,

Larochejaquelein, the brother of Henri, until 1802. During the most eventful period of her life she was the wife of the Marquis de Lescure, whose qualities, though less dazzling, are perhaps better entitled to the meed of sound, sober, reasoning admiration than his friend's. It was no love of excitement, no youthful enthusiasm, no high-wrought spirit of loyalty in the narrow meaning of the term, that animated and urged him on, but a stern, uncompromising sense of duty, to which every personal consideration was as nought. We have already given a specimen of his intrepidity, and it is one amongst a hundred; yet he detested fighting, and congratulated himself that, though constantly in action and often engaged hand to hand, he had never shed blood; and the battle was hardly over before he was seen exerting all his energies to save. The true force and genuine beauty of his character came out when he was dying of a wound from a musket-ball, which entered his face near the eye and came out behind the ear. He lingered for several weeks, compelled to follow the movements of his friends, sometimes in rude litters, but oftener in rough carts and carriages, whose every jolt was agony. Yet, with the finger of death upon him, fevered with pain, and only able to lift his head at intervals, he insisted upon attending the council to enforce a measure which he deemed essential to the cause, and was as ready as ever to set an example to the troops.

To justify their treatment of the women, the Republicans declared that they were to be found in great numbers in the Vendean ranks—a bad excuse, if the fact had been so; but Madame de Larochejaquelein asserts that there were not above ten or twelve regularly enrolled female combatants. Several boys of rank did duty as aid-de-camps or officers. The Chevalier de Mondyon, a lad of fourteen, was stationed near a tall officer who complained of being wounded, and was about to retire. 'I don't see that,' said de Mondyon: 'your retiring will discourage the men; and, if you stir a step, I will shoot you through the head.' The remonstrance proved effectual. The two young Maignans de l'Ecorce used to go to every battle with their governor, M. Biré.

The seat of the Chouan war was Brittany, a province rich enough already in romantic associations of all sorts, as we very recently had occasion to point out.* The war is thus brought into immediate connection with that in La Vendée by the last and perhaps best of the general historians of the period:—

'Meanwhile the severities of the Republicans in prosecuting the peasants of Brittany who sheltered the fugitive Vendéans, kindled a new

* See our article of last year on the Breton Minstrelsy.

and terrible warfare in that extensive province, which, under the name of the Chouan war, long consumed the vitals and paralyzed the forces of the Republic. The nobles of that district, Puisaye, Bburmont, George Cadoudal, and others, commenced a guerilla warfare with murderous effect; and soon, on a space of 1200 square leagues, 80,000 men were in arms in detached parties of two or three thousand each. Brittany, intersected by wooded ridges, abounding with hardy smugglers, ardently devoted to the royalist cause, and containing a population of 2,500,000 souls, afforded far greater resources for the royalist cause than the desolated La Vendée, which never contained a third of that number of inhabitants. Puisaye was the soul of the insurrection. Proscribed by the Convention, with a price set upon his head, wandering from château to château, from cottage to cottage, he became acquainted with the spirit of the Bretons, their inextinguishable hatred of the Convention, and conceived the bold design of hoisting the royal standard again amidst its secluded fastnesses. His indefatigable activity, energetic character, and commanding eloquence, eminently qualified this intrepid chief to become the leader of a party, and soon brought all the other Breton nobles to range themselves under his standard.'—*Alison*, vol. ii. p. 525.

General Hoche, who commanded on the revolutionary side during a great part of the struggle, called it a war of giants; and M. Capefigue recommends it as a fit subject for 'a noble and poetical history, which remains still to be written.' At the same time we do not wonder that historians have hitherto meddled but little with it; for the authorities are utterly irreconcilable; and it is no easy matter to arrive at a just or satisfactory estimate of a character whom one party insists on ranking with heroes, and the other on stigmatising as a coward or a brigand. For example, Puisaye, whom Mr. Alison terms the soul of the insurrection, is described by French writers of repute as a mere intriguer, wholly destitute of honour or courage—a Breton Lovat at the best—encouraged by the English for the express purpose of defeating the grand object of the insurrection; and simply converting it into 'a festering sore in the vitals of the country.' George Cadoudal, erroneously enumerated by Mr. Alison among the nobles, is another hero of Chouannerie, well qualified to puzzle writers pretending to impartiality. He has been denounced as an assassin for his participation in the plot which immediately preceded the murder of the Duke d'Enghien; but he himself maintained to the last that his voice had been invariably for open war, and that his plan was to attack the First Consul's guard of thirty with an equal number of his followers, and decide the quarrel by a fair fight. The very name of *Chouan* is a mystery; and the etymologists have hitherto hit on nothing better than *Chat-huant* (owl), which the insurgents were supposed to resemble, from their practice of moving principally by night.

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Whether these difficulties will eventually appal M. Rio may be doubted ; but we are quite sure that it will be no easy matter to find another equally qualified, by cast of mind, habits, education, and experience, for supplying a complete history of *Chouannerie*. His grandfather perished on the scaffold, a martyr to loyalty. His father died of sufferings and privations in the cause. He himself, as we shall presently see, was induced, whilst yet a boy, to engage in an armed insurrection, for the purpose of re-seating the hereditary line of monarchs on the throne. When the struggle was suspended by the restoration, he applied to the study of history with such effect, that within a few years he delivered a course of lectures which attracted the attention of the leading politicians of the capital. The reputation thus acquired was not suffered to fall away ; and during the Villèle ministry we find him refusing, by turns, a censorship and the place of tutor to the Duc de Bordeaux. His unwillingness to co-operate in any measure of hostility towards the press conciliated the esteem of Chateaubriand, who makes him the subject of a laudatory note in one of his pamphlets. The only species of advancement which he could be persuaded to accept was the post of private-secretary to M. de la Ferronaye, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and afterwards ambassador at Rome. When the Revolution of July took place, this statesman retired ; and M. Rio devoted the next five years to the composition of a work, published in 1836, entitled '*De l'Art Chrétien*,' in which the poetry of painting is treated with the taste, feeling, and unaffected enthusiasm of a genuine connoisseur. The principal object is to distinguish the schools of art in which the spirit of Christianity forms the pervading sentiment, from those in which nothing more than simple force, grace, truth, or beauty is attempted or expressed. The author's obvious preference for the former has brought upon him a host of adversaries, who protest plausibly enough against a theory which would assign a secondary rank to the finest productions of Paganism ; whilst an influential party as confidently maintain that the highest effects are only to be produced by men, like Raphaël or Michael Angelo, whose minds are refined and elevated by the sublime revelations of Christianity. Right or wrong, the book has produced a very remarkable effect on the Continent.

The predominance of the religious feeling is remarkable, not merely in M. Rio's writings, but in all the leading actions of his life. It was this which induced him, on his return from Rome, to form an intimate friendship with the celebrated Abbé Lamennais, in whom he saw, or thought he saw, a new and pure apostle of Catholicism. We need hardly say that he has found out his error, and no longer regards the Abbé as a fitting object of

of faith, or a proper instrument for the propagation of any form of Christianity. It will not lessen the reader's interest to add that M. Rio has married into an old Welsh family, and has made considerable preparations for a comprehensive treatise on Welsh antiquities. We hope, however, that he will not give up the project of becoming the historian of the Chouans, for which, looking to his past life, he seems especially destined. It is not merely a new chapter of the romance of history that is wanted, but a just tribute to principles which are daily loosening their formerly all-powerful and, in our opinion, beneficial hold upon mankind. Shades of Bayard, Sydney, Montrose, Lochiel, Larochejaquelein ! when will the age of sophists, economists, and calculators produce such men as that of faith and loyalty ?

In the work before us, which may be regarded as a sample of the forthcoming one, M. Rio confines himself almost exclusively to the spring of the year 1815 ; and we think it best to follow his example, after briefly referring to the circumstances under which the events he commemorates took place.

After a struggle of several years the revolutionary government was obliged to make terms with the Chouans, the essential condition being the toleration of their ancient priesthood. As soon as the amnesty was declared, these revered exiles returned in great numbers, but they were found unequal to the spiritual wants of the population, and steps were immediately taken to breed up a class of assistants and successors. The college of Vannes, reopened in 1804, was one of the seminaries most effective for this purpose ; and the favourite topics amongst the students were the oppressions and insults to which their pastors, including the fathers, brothers, and other near relations of most of them, had been exposed. Amongst the first who enrolled their names after the re-opening of the college were twelve Chouan chiefs, whose boyish studies had been suspended by the struggle, and who now returned to finish their education. Four of them were already known to fame, provincial fame at all events ; and the admiration they inspired, with the warlike feats they related, excited feelings by no means congenial to the sedulous cultivation of theology.

Napoleon, whose great mistake through life was never to make allowance for what *he* called prejudices, and the best part of mankind, principles, kept the smothered flame alive by his intolerance. His ill-treatment of the Pope and his famous catechism, in particular, went far to prepare the way for a revolt ; and his Spanish war was regarded with the most uncompromising abhorrence throughout Brittany. When the recusant Breton clergy had been expelled from their parishes, they had been received with
the

the warmest hospitality by their brethren in Spain, and it was consequently deemed little short of sacrilege to make war against a country so eminent for faith and charity. 'Who could answer to a Christian conscript that he would not be sent on some scandalous expedition like that of the ditch of Vincennes or the Quirinal hill?*' Would he have the courage to mount to the assault of a Spanish town, at the risk of carrying fire and sword into those hospitable houses which had so long sheltered the fathers of Brittany? No, better far were desertion and a savage life in the darkest forests; better the ruin of families, and the constant presence of garrisons on the domestic hearth; better death by the carbine of the gendarmes, or by exhaustion, or even by the steel of the guillotine, when taken with a weapon of any sort in the hand.' Such was the universal cry amongst the rural population; and so frequent were desertions, that there were soon fewer recruits in the imperial barracks than in the woods. Resistance became the rule, and obedience the exception. The collegians not merely partook, they anticipated the feeling of their countrymen; but no favourable opportunity for a demonstration presented itself till 1814, during *the hundred days*, when they broke into open revolt, formed themselves into a regular battalion, named a leader, and took the field. The exploits of this chosen band form the subject of M. Rio's publication—*quorum pars magna fui*—for he was one of them; and nothing can be more affecting or spirit-stirring than their adventures. A set of boys engaged, not in the barring-out of a pedagogue, but the exclusion of an emperor—defying, not birchen rods, but bayonets—enduring the worst extremities of hunger and fatigue without a murmur, mounting to the assault of a fortified town with the gallantry of a forlorn-hope, and covering a retreat like veterans. When we remember the defeat of Lord John Russell's friend, Mr. Frost, by Captain Gray and Sir Thomas Phillips, or see a London mob recoiling before a handful of life-guards, we are puzzled to account for the exploits of the Parisian populace during the 'three days;' and a visit to Eton or Harrow would certainly enhance our wonder at the boy-patriots of Vannes. But all classes of Frenchmen are or were familiarised to the use of arms from infancy; and perhaps there was hardly one amongst this band of students whose feelings had not been seared and deadened to the ordinary run of youthful associations by some fatal remembrance, whose infant imagination had not been kindled by some fearful vow, who had not a father bleeding on the scaffold, a mother insulted by a brutal soldiery, or a brother perishing amidst the snows of Russia,

* The scene of a night outrage on the Pope.

to revenge. 'Our generation,' says M. Rio, 'was too near to that which had supplied the victims of the revolution, for the idea of a violent death by the hand of a soldier or executioner not to have long since become familiar to us.'

The manner in which his own mother received the news of the intended expedition affords the strongest proof of the extent to which natural feeling may be subdued by circumstances. She had seen her husband die a lingering death from injuries received in the cause to which her son was now about to devote himself: she had felt a sabre pressed by turns on the child she bore in her arms and the one she carried in her bosom: she divines at a glance the object of the interview, and sees in her mind's eye all, and more than all, the impending danger, whilst the lost father's image flits before her like a dream. Yet no passionate entreaty, no weak womanly remonstrance breaks from her. 'Oh, my God!' she exclaims in a tone of mingled sadness and resignation, 'it is true, then, that the most painful sacrifice still remained for me to make.'

'Many years after this crisis,' says M. Rio, 'the son who had made her so wretched was relating in the presence of a mother tortured by another kind of maternal agony, the tribulations through which his own had passed, and this relation was listened to not only with a religious attention, but with unequivocal signs of a profound sympathy, which added a charm the more to the melancholy expression of the look veiled by an unalterable melancholy. The halo of happiness shone no longer round that head, though still resplendent with youth and beauty. But the resources of the heart and the imagination, although habitually turned back upon themselves, could still revive at need when a congenial chord was touched. This was precisely the effect which the story of the Breton mother produced, if not by the similarity of the sufferings, at least by the identity of the sentiment which had rendered these so trying for both.'—p. 162.

We have here the history of the beautiful little poem with which Mrs. Norton has enriched M. Rio's work, and we must pause to make an extract:—

'It might not be!—his spirit
Was all too rash and bold;
His heart too young and fervent
For vows so calm and cold:
Yet think not that the widow
Her offering made in vain;
Heaven's unregarded blessings
Come down on us like rain;
And he may brave life's dangers
In hope, and not in dread,
Whose mother's prayers are lighting
A halo round his head:
In wheresoe'er he wanders
Through the cold world dark and wild,

There white-winged angels follow
To guard earth's erring child.
Go! let the scoffer call it
A shadow and a dream;
Those meek subservient spirits
Are nearer than we deem:
Think not they visit only
The bright enraptured eye
Of some pure sainted martyr
Prepared and glad to die;
Or that the poet's fancy,
Or painter's coloured skill,
Creates a dream of beauty,
And moulds a world at will:

They

They live! they wander round us,
Soft resting on the cloud;
Although to human vision
The sight be disallowed;
They are to the Almighty
What the rays are to the sun,
An emanating essence
From the great supernal One:
They bend for prayer to listen,
They weep to witness crimes;
They watch for holy moments—
Good thoughts—repentant times;

They cheer the meek and humble,
They heal the broken heart;
They teach the wavering spirit
From earthly ties to part;
Unseen they dwell among us,
As when they watched below
In spiritual anguish
The sepulchre of Woe:
And when we pray, though feeble
Our orisons may be,
They then are our companions,
Who pray eternally.'—p. 175.

Madame de Stäel says that nothing is more irritating than the resistance of the weak; and this is the only mode of accounting for the useless indignities heaped on the collegians. An attempt to make them do homage to the imperial eagle nearly caused an outbreak; but the crowning tyranny, the drop which made the cup overflow, was an outrage perpetrated on a comrade, who, after being cruelly beaten and kicked by the gendarmes, was expelled the college, and compelled to enlist as a soldier, for unconsciously wearing a few white flowers in his cap:—

'A stranger who mixed with the groups of scholars on the evening of the day when Lemanach had to endure such ill treatment would have stood astounded at all he saw and heard; all those beardless faces, pale with anger rather than with alarm,—the peasants turning up their long hair under their wide-brimmed hats, as if to prepare for a struggle—those whose hearts were most swollen with indignation giving vent to it before an audience who replied sometimes by expressive gestures, and sometimes by tears, which rage as well as pity for their comrade wrung from them; and during all this time the women of the lower class, ever watchful and devoted sentinels, keeping an eye on every window which opened above our heads, in the fear that some spy might gather up our words, which, in fact, were bold and uncompromising; for we spoke of nothing less than an armed insurrection, and we spoke of it with the full and firm anticipation of the consequences which might fall upon our heads.'

From this time an armed insurrection was resolved upon, and the resolution was carried into effect with a degree of energy and perseverance which will be read with mingled admiration and astonishment.

The entire number of students amounted to six hundred; but nearly half were necessarily excluded from the enterprise on account of their extreme youth, despite of their animated and oft-repeated protest from Corneille,—

'Je suis jeune, il est vrai, mais aux âmes bien nées
La valeur n'attend pas le nombre des années.'

About three hundred and fifty were eventually declared fit for
service,

service, and to supply these with arms and ammunition was the first point. After clubbing the pocket-money of the entire establishment, and mortgaging or selling every article of personal property they could spare, they could only form a fund wofully disproportioned to the purpose; and then came the difficulty of investing it without exciting suspicion. They succeeded in buying a few muskets and fowling-pieces, but the greater number were obliged to rest satisfied with pocket-pistols. The arms obtained, they were ignorant of the most effective mode of using them, and were, moreover, unwilling to join the confederate army in the guise of an awkward squad. But on what pretence could they apply for so much as a single drill-serjeant, and how long would their proceedings be tolerated by the governor, if they turned the college-yard into a parade? At length an expedient was hit upon. There was a Gascon officer in the garrison who had made no secret of his disgust at the insults heaped upon them. Secure of his sympathy, one of their committee repaired to him with a complaint of broken health and failing constitution, for which the regular exercise of the musket and sabre had been prescribed. The good-natured officer readily fell into the trap, and gave up an hour every morning to teaching him. Every evening the young recruit became the teacher in his turn; the scene, a cellar or garret; the class, a dozen of his comrades, armed with sticks, with which they made ready, presented, charged, and indeed did everything but fire and stand at ease, until their instructor had got hoarse with calling to them; forgetting, as M. Rio suggests, that what they might learn in this manner would be utterly useless in the kind of warfare in which they were most likely to be engaged. Next came the grand question, Where were they to plant their standard? In what direction were they to cross the Rubicon? They could not revolt in the abstract; and every individual mode suggested to them seemed fraught with impossibilities of its own. The notion of assembling in the middle of a plain, and declaring war against the government, was soon rejected by the wildest. There were enough soldiers in the neighbourhood to have eaten them all up bodily; and even when the bulk of these had been drafted off to attend the emperor to Waterloo, it was deemed prudent to steal a march upon their enemies. It was proposed to begin by a night-attack on a neighbouring fort, garrisoned only by a few veterans, where they expected to find arms and ammunition enough to supply both their own body and the auxiliaries who were sure to be attracted by their success. A leader, however, was indispensable, and they fixed on their friend, the Gascon officer, as the fittest person for the post. The same lad who had before excited his sympathy was commissioned to make the

the offer ; and unbounded, as may be imagined, was the officer's astonishment :

‘ He remained at first utterly confounded, not with horror, which would have been more according to rule, but rather with admiration and pity ; pity for our youth, and admiration at our audacity. Without affecting to be hurt at our doubts of his fidelity, he replied, with equal mildness and frankness, that he was bound to the cause which we wished to combat by recollections he would never disown, and vows no temptation should induce him to violate. “ You have done wrong,” he added, in faltering accents, “ to make me this confidence : you ought to know that, in not denouncing you, I not only betray my duty but expose myself to be ignominiously shot at the head of my regiment. Never mind ; you have nothing to fear from me, except upon the field of battle, where I shall have to execute the orders of my commander.” ’

So ended their hopes in that quarter ; and no wonder they were puzzled on whom to fix them next, considering the qualities they demanded in a general :—‘ We required that he should be at the same time enthusiastic and experienced ; that he should have the heart warm and the head cool ; and above all that he should have a soul sufficiently elevated to tell by our accent alone that we were not traitors.’ They found one, notwithstanding, in the Chevalier de Margadel, the occupier of a neighbouring château, who had served with honour in the wars of La Vendée, and had commenced his military career in much the same manner in which they were anxious to commence theirs :—‘ His martial air, his almost gigantic stature, his large black eyes, full of fire, his firm and sonorous mode of speaking, and, above all, his wound, from which he still limped a little, had long made him a highly interesting personage for those amongst us who had heard speak of his exploits.’ He received the deputation rather coldly at first ; but as soon as he was convinced of their real character and intentions, he accepted their offer, gave them his full confidence, and offered to communicate on their behalf with the superior council of which he was a member.

They returned overjoyed, and the news of their reception diffused a general feeling of hilarity ; but three mortal weeks passed away in the agony of hope deferred, and no summons to action arrived from the château. The chevalier was as impatient as his troop, but he felt the folly of acting until the general movement had been combined. The hour arrived at last, precipitated by the indiscretion of the authorities. It was ascertained that forty or fifty of the more active students had been proscribed, and were to be shipped off as conscripts to the colonies. This made further delay impossible ; and the Wednesday following the receipt of the intelligence was fixed for their departure.

parture. It is an affecting part of the story, that, the grand point once decided, the first place of resort was the confessional. They thus prepared to meet death; and after receiving plenary absolution at the hands of their spiritual fathers, who necessarily became acquainted with the plot, they held a meeting in the loft of an obscure house, for the purpose of taking an oath of fidelity. They here, one and all, swore never to make terms with the usurpation, and to die rather than abandon their comrades. Some traits of boyish fun or malice contrast curiously with these grave solemnities. Many students in rhetoric converted their allotted tasks in composition into bitter philippics against their professor, and actually placed them in his hands, at the risk of compromising the success of the undertaking at the last moment. At length the college clock struck four, the signal for each to make the best of his way to the place of rendezvous beyond the walls. In the course of the next three hours all of them managed to steal out unobserved. It was no business of the elderly ladies with whom they boarded to reveal their suspicions, and the alarm was not given until the next morning, when great was the surprise of the professors and almost ungovernable the rage of the garrison.

It had been arranged that they should act in concert with the principal body of Breton Royalists, now organised under General de Sol de Grisolles; and to effect a diversion in his favour, a party of the youngest and worst-armed of the students were directed to leave the rest, and show themselves in a different quarter, where they might be mistaken for an independent force. This manoeuvre was intrusted to an aspirant for the priesthood, named Quéllec, who was suffering from a dangerous malady, requiring the greatest care. '*A la garde de Dieu!*' was his exclamation as he tore a blister off his breast before his pitying and admiring comrades.

The main party assembled at M. de Margadel's château, where a beautiful little girl of fifteen, his daughter, put them in their own eyes on a level with the preux chevaliers of the best age of chivalry, by adorning them with cockades made with her own fair hands. During the performance of this ceremony, the sun was shining as he shone at Austerlitz, and they began their march in the highest possible spirits, which were not diminished by finding smiling faces, a good supper, and good beds at the château where they halted for the night. But the morning had hardly broke when they were obliged to prepare in good earnest for the hardships and dangers of the field. Their supper had been interrupted by the arrival of an express to say that a hostile detachment was approaching, and the two youngest of the band
were

were immediately posted on the look-out about a musket-shot from the château :

‘ One of them, Emile Rado, had hardly attained the required age, and had not figured in the ceremony of the oath ; but he was bound to us by a tie equally sacred to him, the family recollections which had marked out for him beforehand the line he had to take : his maternal grandmother had perished by the guillotine, as guilty of having given birth to two emigrant sons, and her daughter imprisoned with her was on the point of undergoing the same fate. She had related to her son all the details of this lamentable history ; and now the turn of this son was come. His comrade,’ [the author] ‘ nearly of the same age, had nearly the same wrongs : the republican steel had struck down the head of his grandfather, threatened that of his father, and grazed the neck of his mother. And all these unatoned-for crimes came back upon us on seeing the members of the revolutionary tribunals who had ordered them re-appear upon the political stage.’

They watched all night in vain, but within an hour after they had been relieved, the enemy was upon them in overwhelming force, and the utmost they could do was to make their escape into the woods. After some hours of wandering they came suddenly upon a valley where the main body of Chouans was encamped. Here the young auxiliaries are received with the warmest sympathy, and though occasional misgivings are almost involuntarily expressed on the score of their tender years, these only serve to make them pant the more eagerly for an opportunity of verifying the maxim expressed in their favourite couplet from Corneille. They did not wait long. The very day after the junction they learnt that a strong column had left Auray in search of them, crying ‘ *Mort aux Chouans,*’ and promising to return shortly each with one of the *scélérats* at the point of his bayonet. An attempt at surprise was disconcerted by the vigilance of the Chouans, but an action was inevitable, and their dispositions were made accordingly.

In the front, heading two or three hundred peasants, marched Gamber, a Chouan chief of reputation and experience. Promoted to the rank of brigade-general during the Breton insurrection of 1799, Gamber had treated both with the republic and the empire for the submission of his followers, but he would never consent to be included in the capitulation, and, traced from lurking-place to lurking-place like a wild beast, he had escaped as if by miracle. Such was the terror he inspired, that four gendarmes, who had tracked him to a cottage where he was quietly eating his dinner, could not pluck up heart to lay hold of him. ‘ What is to be done ?—so ran their conference—‘ he has a double-barrelled gun between his legs, and a pair of pistols on the table ; we might as well have to do with four devils.’ Thereupon they beat a hasty retreat. Gamber was now broken by age and infirmities, but his eye

eye brightened and his form expanded at the thought of again encountering his old enemies. He moved backwards and forwards repeating his favourite harangue—‘*Dan, dan, tan ra ar nélié, potred,*’—which, for aught we know to the contrary, may equal Henri de Larochejaquelein’s famous address, or ‘*Up, Guards, and at them!*’

The battle began by a close and unexpected fire upon the part of the line in which the students were posted. The Blues were concealed by the nature of the ground, and suffered their opponents to approach within pistol-shot before they fired. The student who commanded the advanced guard, though he had received a severe wound and saw his friends falling round him, continued to give his orders, leaning on his carbine, with a coolness which inspired his little party with fresh confidence, and they gallantly returned the fire. Gamber and the other leaders hastened to take part in the combat, which raged with great fury for about twenty minutes. The younger Cadoudal (the son of George) was seen fighting at the head of his division with no other weapon than a club, and, as none of the royalists had above ten or a dozen cartridges at the utmost, they were all obliged to come to close quarters without delay. Determined not to throw away a shot, they rushed up to the very teeth of their enemies, and seldom fired till their muskets were on the point of crossing. This desperate mode of fighting confounded the Blues, who at length gave way; but the conquerors were too much crippled to follow up the victory, and most of those who attempted a pursuit were checked by the wish to possess themselves of the muskets and cartridge-boxes of the slain. As for old Gamber, his strength failed after a quarter of an hour’s chase, and he was found seated on a rising ground, with feet naked, breast bare, and face inundated with perspiration and tears of rage, groaning over the impotence to which his infirmities had reduced him, and hardly capable of being consoled by the victory. The General of the Blues was taken, and expected to be put to death immediately. On his tremblingly asking Cadoudal what they intended to do with him—‘There is only one thing for us to do,’ was the reply—‘to send you home; but tell me frankly, if you had been the conquerors, would you have treated us in the same manner?’ ‘It was my intention,’ rejoined the other, casting down his eyes—‘but I dare not say it would have been in my power.’ His wounds were dressed with the greatest care by the Chevalier de Margadel, who only so far indulged his triumph as to repeat these verses from *Alzire*:—

‘Des

‘Des dieux que nous servons connais la différence :
Les tiens t’ont commandé le meurtre et la vengeance ;
Et le mien, quand ton bras vient de m’assassiner,
M’ordonne de te plaindre et de te pardonner.’

Their next step was to repair to the neighbouring chapel of Saint Anne to offer up a thanksgiving for their victory, and obtain a renewed absolution from their sins. The manner in which this proceeding was viewed by their prisoners calls forth the following just reflection from M. Rio :

‘More than one *bourgeois philosophe* (a character occasionally not less comic than the *bourgeois gentilhomme*) believes he adds something to his small stature by loudly expressing the contempt all these acts of popular piety inspire in him, and hardly regards as his equal the credulous countryman who goes to demand of God, by an intercession deemed all-powerful, the strength necessary to endure wretchedness and pardon injuries. There were many of these reasoners amongst our captives, and we could not help feeling a malicious pleasure at seeing the amazement into which they were thrown by our to them incomprehensible generosity.’

This spirit of piety, which had made the Vendéans so long invincible, was afterwards neglected by the Chouan leaders. The peasants were more than once shocked by being compelled to march on a day set apart for the services of religion, and M. Rio complains that their only attendant chaplain was a kind of Friar Tuck, who threatened all who talked to him of confession before a battle with the handle of his umbrella or his fist, and, with a bottle of brandy in one pocket to balance the breviary in the other, was constantly calling attention to his exclusive preference for the bottle.

After a short time spent in collecting arms, it was resolved to attack the town of Redon. The students requested to be allowed to form the advance-guard, but the perilous honour was refused to them, on the ground that the young blood destined to recruit the priesthood should be spared. They were notwithstanding the first to enter the place amidst a shower of balls from the houses, upon which the main body of the defenders retreated to the tower. The horrors of the ensuing night are thus portrayed by M. Rio :

‘During the whole of this long night the intervals of silence were short and rare. Although we were under cover from their shots, they kept firing in all directions wherever the light and the noise led them to suppose that there were Chouans. Sometimes they appeared to agree to fire together, and then the tower and town-hall were momentarily lighted up like furnaces in the midst of darkness, and we roused ourselves with a bound at the sound of these terrible explosions, which we took for the prelude of a sally, and we cried “To arms !” and this cry, repeated

repeated by our patrols, reaching to a distance in the obscurity, came to interrupt the repast of some, the prayer or the sleep of others ; in the uncertainty whether the danger approached from within or from without, whether the matter in hand was to repulse the garrison, or make head against a reinforcement from Nantes or Rennes, our people ran at all risks towards the spot where there was most noise—made their way as they best might across dark and cumbered streets, provoking the cries and threats of those who were bearing the litters of the wounded—then, when the alarm was over, the sleepers and eaters resumed their occupation with so much the more ease from its being generally the bare pavement which served both for bed and table.’

The corps of Gamber slept in their ranks in the main street, sitting back to back with their muskets between their legs. When morning dawned it was found necessary to evacuate the town, the students, with Gamber, gallantly bringing up the rear. They ascertained afterwards that the garrison of the tower could not have held out many hours longer for want of water. Instead of harassing the Chouans in their retreat, their first step was to throw themselves all black and panting into the river.

This check had the usual effect of sowing discontent and dissension amongst the unsuccessful party, who loudly accused their General of incapacity—not without reason, for his former sufferings in the cause had fairly worn him out, and he was both bodily and mentally effete. All their hopes were now fixed on the speedy arrival of a vessel laden with arms and ammunition that had been promised, and they were drawing towards the coast to cover the disembarkation, when their courage was put to the proof under circumstances which might have shaken the stoutest veterans.

Separated from the enemy by a river, they were dispersed through a village and asleep, when a sudden attempt was made to get at them across a bridge. Cadoudal was instantly on the spot with five or six of his best men, and succeeded in checking the advance till the rest of the troops, including the students, had got under arms, but their situation was still precarious in the extreme. Gamber was at some distance with his battalion, and, though Cadoudal might succeed in making good the defence of the bridge first attempted, there was another at a short distance by which the position might be turned. This post was assigned to the students, and they had not been two minutes upon the ground when the cannon-balls began to fall amongst them. By way of keeping up their spirits, a lad named Le Thiée, the bard of the party, struck up a song of defiance—

‘ Si jamais le fer d’une lance
Me frappe au milieu des combats,
Je chanterai—’

There

There ended his song—a ball shattered his head to pieces, and covered his comrades with his blood and brains. A momentary disorder was created by this event, and, whilst some stood stupefied with fear and horror, others hurried to raise the body. An old sergeant, who had assisted in drilling them, was scandalised by this breach of discipline: ‘Is this then what you understand by war, and are we come here to grow tender and have attacks of nerves? What then will come of it when the grape-shot is sweeping us away by the dozen? Come, face about.’ And, pride getting the better of fear and pity, the waverers returned to their ranks, braced instead of shaken by this catastrophe.

They were condemned, in the first instance, to undergo the severest of trials—to watch the result of a battle by which their own fate would be decided, without taking part in it. The enemy made a second attempt on the position occupied by Cadoudal; and it was not until they were again repulsed in this quarter that they assailed that intrusted to the students. Making light of such opponents, they rushed at once upon the bridge; but before the head of the column was half over, they found reason to repent of their rashness. ‘Follow me, my children,’ exclaimed Margadel, and, springing forward, he shot the foremost dead. His young lieutenant was in the act of taking aim at the second, when he received a bullet through the heart, and fell back into the arms of his brother, who was mortally wounded almost at the same instant. This time, however, the nerves of the band were steeled, and they fought under the impulse of a kind of phrenzied intoxication—rushing, half blinded with smoke and choked with powder, up to the very muzzle of their adversaries’ muskets, and not firing till their own were stopped by the body of an enemy. When the fire slackened and the smoke cleared away, the Blues were seen retiring from the bridge; fortunately for the students, who, by the end of the skirmish, had not above two cartridges apiece left. Expecting an immediate renewal of the attack, they were giving up all for lost, when the white caps of a troop of women appeared in the distance. ‘It was thought at first that they came to take care of the wounded—but it was neither lint nor food that their aprons were loaded with: they brought cartridges made upon the instant; for the manufacture of which, in default of lead, they had melted their tin cooking utensils.’

The situation of affairs was still most critical. Two cannon were brought to bear upon the students with effect, and under cover of a sustained discharge of grape-shot the enemy’s skirmishers were gradually closing in upon them, when the videttes were seen galloping up to the imperial General with all the
marks

marks of confusion; and directly afterwards the firing ceased, the wounded were hastily got together, and the Blues appeared in full retreat. The mystery was soon solved by the appearance of old Gamber at the head of 500 picked men, who, without a moment's hesitation, pushed on to intercept and engage a force which quadrupled his own. His skill was fortunately on a par with his audacity: so able were his dispositions, and so fiery his onslaught, that in less than five minutes the Blues gave way on all sides. The students were unable to second him for want of ammunition, and the chevalier very properly refused to expose them to be charged in their disabled state by a reserve of cavalry which kept hovering about the ground. They consequently only arrived in time to thank Gamber for his timely succour, and save the wounded from being plundered.

'A spectacle entirely new for both conquerors and conquered then presented itself. Children, whose hearts were choking with suppressed tears, protecting veteran soldiers who had just been killing their comrades! A grenadier with long moustachios, who appeared to suffer horribly since he had been pulled about with a view to plunder, was doubled up in a puddle of his own blood, his eyes closed, his hands convulsed, and his mouth open, not to cry *Mercy!* but to blaspheme and curse. He believed that his executioners were still there, ready to torture him by new acts of violence. What was his surprise, on opening his eyes, to see his defender, whose mild and feminine physiognomy hardly announced fifteen years, putting back the curious and ill-disposed with his carbine, and tracing around his *protégé* a magic circle that none of them dared to cross! At this sight the old soldier burst into tears, and, stammering out some words which were no longer curses, he searched his pocket and his pouch as if looking for a watch or purse to offer to his protector. "These brigands"—he exclaimed with a tone of regret rather than reproach—"have left me nothing—except this gourd"—he added all radiant with joy when he found it was not empty—"after five hours' fighting you must be both hot and thirsty: come, my child, drink to my health: it will do you good, and me too."'

Even civil war is softened by such episodes. It is melancholy to be obliged to add, that in the very next engagement this gallant boy was numbered with the dead. One of the youngest, named Leray, being struck by a bullet in the side, began to cry. He had already given proofs of the highest courage, and 'this indulgence of an instinct congenial to his age,' adds M. Rio, 'by no means diminished our admiration.'

Their defence of the bridge made the students the heroes and favourites of the army, and they heard no more sarcastic allusions to their size—such as fell from the sailors of Francheville, who on their first joining inquired whether the central committee had provided nurses enough for such numbers of children. Still they were

were destined to undergo one deep mortification. A cargo of arms arrived, amongst which were a quantity of light carbines of elegant manufacture, looking as if made on purpose for them. To these they instantly laid claim; but in vain did they recapitulate their services; in vain did they strip off their jackets to exhibit their shoulders, bruised and lacerated by the large clumsy muskets they had been loaded with; the tempting carbines were awarded to a newly-formed company of decayed gentlemen who had just emerged from their hiding-places. But we are anticipating. This disappointment did not befall them until they had fought the most fatal of their fights, the murderous conflict around and in the town of Auray.

The Chouans were again posted with a river in their front; but this time there were six bridges instead of two, and by a strange oversight no one thought of destroying them. General Bigarre, the imperial commander, came in sight in the afternoon; but, as his troops were fatigued by a long march, he quartered them for the night in the cloisters of a neighbouring chapel, where, he shrewdly calculated, the Chouans would deem it sacrilegious to annoy him by their shot. Gamber himself had no scruples of the sort, and proposed to scale the walls, but his opinion was overruled, and from that moment the old chief gave up all for lost. One of the patrols found him in tears, and inquired if any misfortune had befallen him.—‘Not yet,’ was the reply, ‘but I weep beforehand for that which cannot fail to befall us to-morrow.’

At sunrise Bigarre issued from his quarters, resolved to force his way into Auray before night. The main body of the Chouans were posted directly in his path, but their cannon, on which they mainly relied, had not come up, and one division, that of Secillon, was seized with a panic and fled, whilst their leader tore his hair with rage.

‘In his despair he mingled curses with threats, and told Rohu to fire upon them, which he would certainly have done himself if he had had a loaded musket in his hands. With his best men, determined to atone for the defection of their comrades by their bravery, he hastened to place himself alongside of Cadoudal, who fulfilled that day, much more in reality than De Sol, the duties of commander-in-chief, and was himself furious at the delay of the guns, on which he founded his last hope of victory. He had just interrupted, with very little ceremony, the fine compliments of the Marquis de la Boissière, to tell him to gallop as fast as he could and hasten the advance of the artillerymen, who ought to have been there an hour ago, and already our major-general (de la Boissière) was turning to execute this commission with all the zeal of an aide-de-camp, when Rohu, whose anti-aristocratic instincts sometimes showed themselves under brutal forms, seeing him turn his back on the field of battle, ran and fastened on the mane of his horse, swearing that he should

should not move a step farther, and asking if his title of marquis dispensed him from risking his person like the rest. There arose then so great a tumult around the two disputants, that much precious time was lost in explanations before the intractable Rohu could be induced to let go his hold.'

This bears a curious resemblance to an incident at Bothwell Brigg, described in 'Old Mortality,' when Henry Morton's retrograde movement to bring up fresh troops is similarly misconstrued. The Blues in the mean time had moved up, and were on the point of charging with the bayonet, when they received an unexpected check from Gamber—who opened so effective a fire upon their flank, that, if the reserve and artillery had been there to second him, the affair might have ended in their defeat; but their general, finding that he had greatly the advantage of numbers, kept his ground, and sent out such a multitude of skirmishers that the Chouans soon found themselves outflanked and outmanœuvred in their turn. A vigorous charge of cavalry being made at the same time against the barrier in their front, they at length fell into irremediable disorder, and the road to Auray was covered with the fugitives. The guns arrived just as the flight began, and the gunners, firing one long shot by way of announcing their presence, galloped off in the direction of the town, which they traversed in haste, and forthwith deposited their trust in a field of corn close to the main road. Such was their hurry, that they did not even stay to unharness the horses, so that the enemy's attention was immediately attracted, and the whole artillery of the Chouans fell into their hands.

The reserve, at the head of which were the students, was quartered in Auray. No orders arrived until the streets were choked with runaways, when a staff-officer gave the word '*Les écoliers au Champ de Martyrs*,' which naturally enough struck a chill into their hearts. The Chevalier de Margadel, who had given vent to a paroxysm of rage at every fresh blunder, now thought only of the best manner of averting the useless sacrifice of his company. His first care was to put them on their guard against the impetuosity of the old sergeant: 'My children,' was his address, 'I insist on being your only leader to-day; promise me not to quit me during the action, and to execute faithfully whatever I may command.' An unanimous acclamation of assent was the reply, and they proceeded to post themselves on a ridge commanding the road, resolved on making the Blues pay a heavy toll before passing. They opened so close and well-aimed a fire on the foremost column that it stopped short. An adjutant-major was killed, the commander-in-chief received a wound long deemed mortal, and one of his aide-de-camps was stretched beside him.

But

But the reserve, like the main body, was soon hemmed in by skirmishers, and so thick a storm of shot was hailed upon them that they were almost blinded by the leaves and branches cut from some chestnut-trees above their heads. Margadel, conceiving that enough had been done for honour, now gave the signal for retreat. The Blues followed close, but a little nearer the town they were encountered by another reserve posted in a cemetery, which it cost them dear to dislodge. The very gate was the scene of a third heroic effort. A gentleman of Auray, M. de Molien, at the head of a few royalists, resolutely barred the passage of the Blues. Repeatedly was he borne to the ground, yet again and again did he rush upon their bayonets, till he fell senseless, and was left for dead in the street.

The place was carried, but the reserve kept together and formed a rallying point, to which the disconcerted Chouans soon repaired in sufficient numbers to form a fresh army. After one more engagement, however, in which a party of the Blues were seized with an unaccountable panic and rushed like madmen from the field, the struggle grew languid at the news of Waterloo, and was finally terminated by the second abdication of Buonaparte.

Amongst the most pleasing passages of the book are the meeting between the officers of the two parties at a sort of reconciliation festival, and the reception of the students on their return. The table-talk at the festival turned naturally on the stirring scenes in which the guests had been engaged :

‘ They had too high an opinion of one another to avoid any subject of conversation. General Rousseau spoke of his campaign against the Chouans in a manner to excite a lively indignation amongst certain *bourgeois*, to whom his words were repeated, and who persevered in seeing in us nothing but rogues and brigands. He complimented De Sol on the fine bearing of our little army during the battle of Muzillac, and the heroism with which the students had defended their position. He then desired to know who commanded a certain battalion of peasants, who, towards the close of the action, had manœuvred on his left flank, and induced him to beat a retreat. The Chouan officers to whom this question was addressed were standing round him, and prevented it from reaching the ear of a bald and infirm peasant, who was sitting by himself in a corner of the room, his head leaning on his breast, and his hands hanging between his legs, and who knew better than anybody of whom General Rousseau was speaking. The General, not receiving a satisfactory answer, repeated his question, which was then better understood, and his auditors, instead of replying to it themselves, indicated by looks and gestures the old man to whom this praise referred, and who was too modest to claim it. “ How! is it you, then, who did me that turn?” exclaimed Rousseau, approaching Gamber, who, at Muzillac as at other places, had no notion that he had played anything

anything but a very subordinate part. "Come, give me your hand ; I swear to you that a colonel of the imperial army could not have done better."

Our military readers will remember the embarrassment into which the Duke of Wellington was thrown some years ago by the bequest of a thousand pounds to the man who showed most bravery at Waterloo, whom His Grace was consequently required to name. The royalist officer despatched to Vannes for the purpose encountered the same difficulty in naming a couple of students to receive the cross of the legion of honour ; but he fixed at last on two who had been distinguished throughout the campaign as much by their friendship as by their bravery, and they were solemnly installed on an altar raised in the centre of the town. The description is thoroughly and charmingly French :

' An expiatory mass, with a chivalrous ceremony, at which the ladies were present as in the middle age, struck no one as out of keeping. As soon as the officiating priest had descended the steps of the altar, two elegantly-dressed women were seen ascending it, the sight of whom convinced the two friends about to be decorated that the memory of this day could not be equally sweet for both of them. The one who, in her quality of wife of the first magistrate of the department, occupied the right, was a venerable matron, full of feeling and dignity ; but her companion, who figured in this ceremony with reluctance and out of deference to paternal authority, was an object of ecstatic admiration to all of us, less on account of her dazzling beauty than of an indefinable charm diffused over her whole person. That day the enthusiasm which pierced visibly through the embarrassment her part occasioned her, appeared to animate her naturally sad and subdued look. The officer who presided at the ceremonial, after whispering a few words into her ear, went to fetch the two champions, the youngest of whom was in consternation at the lot which his inferiority of age and college-rank portended. His joy may be imagined when he learnt that it was precisely the reverse ; that not only was he to receive the cross of honour from the hands of Mademoiselle d'Olonne upon his knees, but that, in rising from this suppliant attitude, he would be privileged to salute her on both cheeks. It required all the Breton *naïveté* not to be a little startled at this noble kiss, given on the very steps of an altar. But our imaginations were pitched upon a key which made criticism impossible. When the pair—friends, brothers in arms, and fellow-pupils at once—advanced to kneel before their ladies, applauses and cries of joy resounded from all sides ; these redoubled at the most interesting part of the ceremony, and became deafening as the thunder-clap, when, deferring to the wish passionately expressed by the assembly, Mademoiselle d'Olonne, herself an object of enthusiasm, graciously returned the salute of her knight. As for him, he was in a state of intoxication which prevented him from hearing or seeing anything, not even the steps of the altar he had to descend. He was obliged to be held up by his comrade

rade to prevent his falling. Never before was head so young upset to this extent by the fumes of glory.'

Mademoiselle d'Olonne took the veil, and died many years ago, so that her knight may record his feelings on the occasion without any risk of exciting the jealousy of Madame. The young hero, thus kissed and kissing, was M. Rio himself.

Although we have endeavoured to compress this narrative, occupying nearly four hundred pages, within the limits of a moderate article, and although many of the incidental adventures which we have omitted are full of interest, we do not think M. Rio will suffer, on the whole, from being introduced to the English public in this manner; for he is often diffuse, and sometimes philosophical. He should have set down his facts and impressions at the time, before he had lost the fire of youth and acquired the trick of authorship,—when the Chouan rising was still, in his eyes, the grandest of recorded struggles for liberty. He now mentally compares it with other struggles, glances over the scenes of his boyhood with a calm, contemplative air, rounds a paragraph with a reflection, and spreads out or dishes up his incidents with a too obvious reference to effect. Still the bold, earnest, chivalrous character of the original man is observable throughout; and there cannot be a stronger proof of this than the manner in which all the poets who have come in contact with him are affected. Wordsworth, Milnes, Landor, Mrs. Norton, Brizeux,—no sooner have they heard his tale than they proceed to embalm some striking passage in verse. Mr. Wordsworth's contribution is entitled 'The Eagle and the Dove,' in allusion to the cognizance of the St. Esprit adopted by the royalist students, and the eagle of the imperialists:

'Shade of Caractacus! if spirits love
The cause they fought for in their earthly home,
To see the Eagle ruffled by the Dove
May soothe thy memory of the chains of Rome.
These children claim thee for their sire; the breath
Of thy renown from Cambrian mountains fans
A flame within them that despises death,
And glorifies the truant youth of Vannes.
With thy own scorn of tyrants they advance,
But truth divine has sanctified their rage;
A Silver Cross, enchas'd with flowers of France,
Their badge, attests the holy fight they wage.
The shrill defiance of the young crusade
Their veteran foes mock as an idle noise;
But unto faith and loyalty comes aid
From Heaven—gigantic force to beardless boys.'

Mr. Milnes avails himself of the opportunity to promote the pacific intentions of his friends M. Guizot and Sir Robert Peel :

‘ For honest men of every blood and creed
 Let green La Vendée rest a sacred spot !
 Be all the guilt of Quiberon forgot
 In the bright memory of its martyr-deed !
 And let this little book be one more seed,
 Whence sympathies may spring, encumber’d not
 By circumstance of birth or mortal lot,
 But claiming virtue’s universal meed !
 And as those two great languages, whose sound
 Has echo’d through the realms of modern time,
 Feeding with thoughts and sentiments sublime
 Each other, and the list’ning world around,
 Meet in these pages, as on neutral ground,
 So may their nations’ hearts in sweet accord be found !

O France and England ! on whose lofty crests
 The day-spring of the future flows so free,
 Save where the cloud of your hostility
 Settles between, and holy light arrests ;
 Shall ye, first instruments of God’s behests,
 But blunt each other ? Shall barbarians see
 The two fair sisters of civility
 Turn a fierce wrath against each other’s breasts ?
 No ! by our common hope and being, no !
 By the expanding might and bliss of peace,
 By the reveal’d fatuity of war,
 England and France shall not be foe to foe :
 For how can earth her store of good increase,
 If what God loves to make man’s passions still will mar ?

ART. IV.—*Animal Chemistry ; or the Application of Organic Chemistry to the Elucidation of Physiology and Pathology.*
 By Justus Liebig, M.D. Edited from the German MS. by
 William Gregory, M.D., Professor of Chemistry, King’s Col-
 lege, Aberdeen. 8vo. London, 1842.

THE recent progress of Chemistry, especially of Organic Chemistry, has been rapid and most interesting. Throughout Europe several distinguished men have for a good many years been assiduously devoted to its cultivation ; and we are now beginning to reap the benefit of their exertions. In a late article we had to notice the masterly work of Professor Liebig on ‘Agricultural Chemistry ;’ and already we have, from the same pen, a no less remarkable volume on ‘Animal Chemistry.’

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As his new theme, in one point of view, concerns us all even more nearly than that of agriculture, we shall endeavour to give our readers some notion of the kind and degree of light which our author's labours promise to throw on the obscure and difficult, but most important subject of physiology.

The readers of the 'Agricultural Chemistry' will remember that he has there developed, and, as we think, established by a very beautiful inductive argument, his theory of fermentation, putrefaction, and decay; or, to speak more generally, of chemical transformation or metamorphosis. In order to the understanding of the present work, it is desirable that we should state, very briefly, the nature of that theory, on which so many of its details are founded.

Professor Liebig, then, applies the name of metamorphosis to those chemical actions in which a given compound, by the presence of a peculiar substance, is made to resolve itself into two or more new compounds: as, for example, when sugar, by the presence of ferment or yeast, is made to yield alcohol and carbonic acid.

There are various forms of metamorphosis. Sometimes the elements of the ferment, or exciting body, do not enter into the composition of the new compounds: such is the case in the fermentation of sugar. At other times all the bodies present contribute to the formation of the new products. Thirdly, in one form of metamorphosis, namely, that of decay, or *eremacausis*, the oxygen of the air is essential to the change: as when alcohol is converted into acetic acid, or wine into vinegar. When an inodorous gas is one of the products, the process is called fermentation; when any of the products are fetid, it is called putrefaction: but these distinctions are not essential; for putrefying animal matters will cause sugar to ferment, as well as common yeast. The fetid smell of putrefaction is chiefly owing to ammonia; and hence it is observed not only in the fermentation of animal matter, but also of such vegetable bodies as contain nitrogen, and therefore yield ammonia.

Now the explanation given by our author of these and similar changes is this: that the ferment, or exciting body, is invariably a substance in an active state of decomposition. Its particles are therefore in a state of motion; and this motion, being communicated to those of the body to be metamorphosed, is sufficient to overturn their very unstable equilibrium, and to cause the formation of new and more stable compounds. The more complex the original compound, the more easily does it undergo metamorphosis. The Professor has produced, in support of this doctrine, an extraordinary number of facts, and has, by strict induction from these, demonstrated it almost mathematically.

It appears to us that he has for ever banished the notion of the *catalytic force*—an unknown and mysterious power which some writers had invoked to explain the phenomena of chemical transformations.

When we turn our attention to the living animal body, there are certain processes or operations which at once present themselves as the most interesting. Among these may be mentioned respiration, nutrition, the waste and supply of matter, digestion, secretion, and excretion, with the bearings of all on health and disease. On all of these subjects the views of the author are equally original and interesting.

‘Wonders,’ he remarks, ‘surround us on every side. The formation of a crystal, of an octahedron, is not less incomprehensible than the production of a leaf or of a muscular fibre; and the production of vermilion from mercury and sulphur is as much an enigma as the formation of an eye from the substance of the blood.’—p. 12.

There are two essential conditions of animal life. First, the assimilation or appropriation of nourishment; secondly, the continual absorption of oxygen from the atmosphere. Now the quantity both of food and of oxygen introduced into the system of an adult is very considerable, and yet the weight of his body does not increase: it is clear, therefore, that as much must be given out as is taken in. But in what form is the oxygen, for example, given out? It is invariably in combination with carbon or hydrogen, or both, as water and carbonic acid gas. The carbon and hydrogen are derived, ultimately, from the food. By comparing the amount of oxygen absorbed with that of carbonic acid given out, and with that of the food consumed, the author demonstrates that—

‘The amount of nourishment required for its support by the animal body must be in a direct ratio to the quantity of oxygen taken into the system.’

But the amount of oxygen inspired varies very much. It is increased by motion or exercise, which increases the number of respirations: it is increased by cold, which renders the air more dense; and it is also increased in proportion as the barometer rises, for the same reason.

‘The consumption of oxygen in equal times may be expressed by the number of respirations: it is clear that, in the same individual, the quantity of nourishment required must vary with the force and number of the respirations. A child, in whom the organs of respiration are naturally in a state of great activity, requires food oftener, and in greater proportion to its bulk, than an adult, and bears hunger less easily. A bird, deprived of food, dies on the third day; while a serpent, which, if kept under a bell-jar, hardly consumes in an hour so much oxygen as that

that we can detect the carbonic acid produced, can live without food three months and longer.

'In summer and winter, at the pole and at the equator, we respire an equal *volume* of air.—In summer, the air contains aqueous vapour, while in winter it is dry. The space occupied by vapour in warm air is filled up by air itself in winter: that is, an equal volume of air contains more oxygen in winter than in summer.

'The cold air is warmed in the air-passages and in the cells of the lungs, and acquires the temperature of the body. To introduce the same volume of oxygen into the lungs, a smaller expenditure of force is necessary in winter than in summer; and for the same expenditure of force, more oxygen is inspired in winter than in summer.

'The oxygen taken into the system is given out again in the same forms, whether in summer or in winter: hence we expire more carbon in cold weather, and when the barometer is high, than we do in warm weather; and we must consume more or less carbon in our food in the same proportion: in Sweden more than in Sicily; and in our more temperate climate a full eighth more in winter than in summer. Even when we consume equal weights of food in cold and warm countries, infinite wisdom has so arranged, that the articles of food in different climates are most unequal in the proportion of carbon they contain. The fruits on which the natives of the south prefer to feed do not in the fresh state contain more than 12 per cent. of carbon, while the bacon and train oil used by the inhabitants of the Arctic regions contain from 66 to 80 per cent. of carbon. It is no difficult matter, in warm climates, to study moderation in eating, and men can bear hunger for a long time under the equator; but cold and hunger united very soon exhaust the body.

'The mutual action between the elements of the food and the oxygen conveyed by the circulation of the blood to every part of the body is THE SOURCE OF ANIMAL HEAT.'—p. 17.

We are tempted to continue our extracts from this part of the work. Speaking of the uniform temperature of the animal body, and of the effects of cooling, he says:—

'The most trustworthy observations prove that in all climates, in the temperate zones as well as at the equator or the poles, the temperature of the body in man, and in what are commonly called warm-blooded animals, is invariably the same; yet how different are the circumstances under which they live?

'The animal body is a heated mass, which bears the same relation to surrounding objects as any other heated mass. It receives heat when the surrounding objects are hotter, it loses heat when they are colder, than itself. We know that the rapidity of cooling increases with the difference between the temperature of the heated body and that of the surrounding medium; that is, the colder the surrounding medium the shorter the time required for the cooling of the heated body. How unequal, then, must be the loss of heat in a man at Palermo, where the external temperature is nearly equal to that of the body, and in the polar

polar regions, where the external temperature is from 70° to 90° lower. Yet, notwithstanding this extremely unequal loss of heat, experience has shown that the blood of the inhabitant of the Arctic circle has a temperature as high as that of the native of the south, who lives in so different a medium. This fact, when its true significance is perceived, proves that the heat given off to the surrounding medium is restored within the body with great rapidity. This compensation takes place more rapidly in winter than in summer, at the pole than at the equator.

‘In the animal body the food is the fuel; with a proper supply of oxygen we obtain the heat given out during its oxidation or combustion. In winter, when we take exercise in a cold atmosphere, and when, consequently, the amount of inspired oxygen increases; the necessity for food containing carbon and hydrogen increases in the same ratio; and by gratifying the appetite thus excited, we obtain the most efficient protection against the most piercing cold. A starving man is soon frozen to death; and every one knows that the animals of prey in the Arctic regions far exceed in voracity those of the torrid zone. Our clothing is merely an equivalent for a certain amount of food. The more warmly we are clothed the less urgent becomes the appetite for food, because the loss of heat by cooling, and consequently the amount of heat to be supplied by the food, is diminished. If we were to go naked, like certain savage tribes, or if in hunting or fishing we were exposed to the same degree of cold as the Samoyedes, we should be able with ease to consume 10 lbs. of flesh, and perhaps a dozen of tallow candles into the bargain, daily, as warmly-clad travellers have related with astonishment of these people. We should then, also, be able to take the same quantity of brandy or train oil without bad effects, because the carbon and hydrogen of these substances would only suffice to keep up the equilibrium between the external temperature and that of our bodies.

‘The Englishman in Jamaica sees with regret the disappearance of his appetite, previously a source of frequently recurring enjoyment; and he succeeds, by the use of Cayenne pepper and the most powerful stimulants, in enabling himself to swallow as much food as he was accustomed to take at home. But the whole of the carbon thus introduced into the system is not consumed: the temperature of the air is too high, and the oppressive heat does not allow him to increase the number of respirations by active exercise, and thus to proportion the waste to the amount of food taken. Disease of some kind therefore ensues.

‘On the other hand, England sends her sick, whose diseased digestive organs have in a greater or less degree lost the power of bringing the food into that state in which it is best adapted for oxidation—and therefore furnish less resistance to the oxidising agency of the atmosphere than is required in their native climate—to southern regions, where the amount of inspired oxygen is diminished in so great a proportion; and the result, an improvement in the health, is obvious. The diseased organs of digestion have sufficient power to place the diminished amount of food in equilibrium with the inspired oxygen: in the colder climate, the organs of respiration themselves would have been consumed in furnishing the necessary resistance to the action of the atmospheric oxygen. In

'In our climate, hepatic diseases, or those arising from excess of carbon, prevail in summer: in winter, pulmonic diseases, or those arising from excess of oxygen, are more frequent.

'The cooling of the body, by whatever cause it may be produced, increases the amount of food necessary. The mere exposure to the open air, in a carriage or on the deck of a ship, by increasing radiation and vaporization, increases the loss of heat, and compels us to eat more than usual. The same is true of those who are accustomed to drink large quantities of cold water, which is given off at the temperature of the body, 98.5° . It increases the appetite, and persons of weak constitution find it necessary, by continued exercise, to supply to the system the oxygen required to restore the heat abstracted by the cold water. Loud and long-continued *speaking*, the crying of infants, moist air, all exert a decided and appreciable influence on the amount of food which is taken.'

—pp. 23, 24.

When we read, as we lately did, of five substantial meals a day in Calcutta as very common, while four are universal there, can we be surprised at the prevalence of liver complaint? or can we doubt that a much nearer approach to the native diet would insure to our countrymen in India a condition of health much nearer what they enjoyed at home? The attempt to transport an English appetite to a tropical climate is utterly hopeless, and has cost thousands of valuable lives. Let us hope that our author's lucid explanation of the cause of liver disease may have some effect in reforming our habits both in the East and West Indies.

The accuracy of Professor Liebig's views of the action of oxygen on the system is shown by the phenomena of starvation, where the body so rapidly wastes away.

'In the case of a starving man, $32\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of oxygen enter the system daily, and are given out again in combination with a part of his body. Currie mentions the case of an individual who was unable to swallow, and whose body lost 100 lbs. in weight during a month; and, according to Martell, a fat pig, overwhelmed in a slip of earth, lived 160 days without food, and was found to have diminished in weight, in that time, more than 120 lbs. The whole history of hybernating animals, and the well-established facts of the periodical accumulation, in various animals, of fat, which, at other periods, entirely disappears, prove that the oxygen, in the respiratory process, consumes, without exception, all such substances as are capable of entering into combination with it. It combines with whatever is presented to it; and the deficiency of hydrogen is the only reason why carbonic acid is the chief product: for, at the temperature of the body, the affinity of hydrogen for oxygen far surpasses that of carbon for the same element.

'In the progress of starvation, however, it is not only the fat which disappears, but also, by degrees, all such of the solids as are capable of being dissolved. In the wasted bodies of those who have suffered starvation, the muscles are shrunk and unnaturally soft; and have lost their contractility:

contractility : all those parts of the body which were capable of entering into the state of motion have served to protect the remainder of the frame from the destructive influence of the atmosphere. Towards the end, the particles of the brain begin to undergo the process of oxidation, and delirium, mania, and death close the scene ; that is to say, all resistance to the oxidising power of the atmospheric oxygen ceases, and the chemical process of *cremation*, or decay, commences, in which every part of the body, the bones excepted, enters into combination with oxygen.

‘The time which is required to cause death by starvation depends on the amount of fat in the body, on the degree of exercise, as in labour or exertion of any kind, on the temperature of the air, and, finally, on the presence or absence of water. Through the skin and lungs there escapes a certain quantity of water, and as the presence of water is essential to the continuance of the vital motions, its dissipation hastens death. Cases have occurred in which, a full supply of water being accessible to the sufferer, death has not occurred till after the lapse of twenty days. In one case life was sustained in this way for the period of sixty days.

‘In all chronic diseases death is produced by the same cause, namely, the chemical action of the atmosphere. When those substances are wanting, whose function in the organism is to support the process of respiration ; when the diseased organs are incapable of performing their proper function of producing these substances ; when they have lost the power of transforming the food into that shape in which it may, by entering into combination with the oxygen of the air, protect the system from its influence—then, the substance of the organs themselves, the fat of the body, the substance of the muscles, the nerves, and the brain, are unavoidably *consumed*. The true cause of death in these cases is the respiratory process, that is, the action of the atmosphere. Respiration is the falling weight, the bent spring, which keeps the watch in motion : the inspirations and expirations are the strokes of the pendulum which regulate it. In our ordinary time-pieces, we know with mathematical accuracy the effect produced on their rate of going, by changes in the length of the pendulum, or in the external temperature. Few, however, have a clear conception of the influence of air and temperature on the health of the human body ; and yet the research into the conditions necessary to keep it in the normal state is not more difficult than in the case of a watch.’—p. 29.

After effectually disposing of the doctrines which would attribute animal heat to some mysterious power in the nerves, or to the mechanical contraction of the muscles, the author proceeds to show that the quantity of carbon daily converted into carbonic acid in an adult, which is 13·9 oz., gives out, in combining with oxygen in the body, just as much heat as if burned in a furnace, and more than enough to account for the heat of the body being kept up, for the evaporation of moisture, and for the heat lost by external cooling. The only difference is, that the combustion is very slow, and the heat is extended over a
much

much longer period. Its amount is the same; its intensity is smaller. He comes to the conclusion that there is nothing yet known to justify the opinion that there exists in the body any other unknown source of heat besides the chemical action between the oxygen of the air and the elements of the food. The existence of this cause cannot be denied or doubted, and it is amply sufficient to explain all the phenomena.

When we turn to the important subject of growth or nutrition, the first point that arrests attention is the function of the blood, that wonderful fluid out of which all the tissues of the body are formed.

‘All the parts of the animal body are produced from a peculiar fluid, circulating in its organism, by virtue of an influence residing in every cell, in every organ, or part of an organ. Physiology teaches that all parts of the body were originally blood; or that at least they were brought to the growing organs by means of this fluid.

‘The most ordinary experience further shows, that at each moment of life, in the animal organism, a continued change of matter, more or less accelerated, is going on; that a part of the structure is transformed into unorganised matter, loses its condition of life, and must be again renewed. Physiology has sufficiently decisive grounds for the opinion, that every motion, every manifestation of force, is the result of a transformation of the structure or of its substance; that *every conception, every mental affection, is followed by changes in the chemical nature of the secreted fluids*; that *every thought, every sensation, is accompanied by a change in the composition of the substance of the brain*.

‘In order to keep up the phenomena of life in animals, certain matters are required, parts of organisms, which we call nourishment. In consequence of a series of alterations, they serve either for the increase of the mass (*nutrition*), or for the supply of the matter consumed (*reproduction*), or, finally, for the production of force.’—pp. 8, 9.

Now, the blood contains two principal constituents; fibrine, which forms the clot, and albumen, which is dissolved in the serum: the former is identical with pure muscular fibre, the latter with white of eggs. Here chemistry steps in, and shows that, as far as regards their organic elements (carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen), these two bodies are identical in composition; and that they differ only in the proportions, absolutely very small, of sulphur, phosphorus, and saline matters which they contain.

This important and unexpected fact, first observed by Mulder, has been very recently established beyond all doubt by M. Denis, who has actually succeeded in giving to muscular fibre, by very simple means, all the characters of albumen, out of the body. On the other hand, Mulder has proved that fibrine and albumen may be viewed as compounds of a peculiar substance,

stance, *proteïne** (which contains only the four organic elements), with minute quantities of sulphur, phosphorus, and salts. This explains at once the ready conversion of muscle into blood, in the process of digestion, and the reconversion of blood into muscle, in that of growth. Albumen is converted into blood or muscle with the same facility; and all these transformations occur without the addition or the removal of any organic element: for the composition of *proteïne* is the same as that of fibrine and albumen, excluding the mineral ingredients, which form a small fraction of the two latter.

The author proceeds to show that this very remarkable identity in composition enables us to understand very easily the process of nutrition in the carnivora: for their food consists of muscle, of albuminous tissues, of blood—in short, of compounds of *proteïne*. These animals may be said to devour themselves, for their food has the same composition as their bodies. By the very recent researches of Mulder, Scherer, and Benice Jones, it has been shown that all the tissues of the body, the composition of which differs from that of fibrine or albumen, are yet closely related to *proteïne*. Thus we may express the composition of the chief animal solids as follows (P represents phosphorus, S sulphur):—

Albumen . . .	is	proteïne + P + S† + salts.
Fibrine . . .	is	proteïne + P + 2S + salts.
Caseine . . .	is	proteïne + S + salts.
Arterial membrane	is	proteïne + water.
Chondrine . . .	is	proteïne + water + oxygen.
Hair, horn, &c. .	are	proteïne + ammonia + oxygen.
Gelatinous tissue	is	proteïne + ammonia + water + oxygen.

Now it is obvious, that if *proteïne* be present in the food, the other necessary elements are all ready at hand. For animal food, of course, contains as much phosphorus, sulphur, and salts as the body to be nourished; while oxygen and water are always present, and ammonia is a constant product of the decomposition of animal matter.

Let us now consider the nutrition of herbivorous animals. Whence do they obtain the means of producing their blood? It

* Mulder, having discovered that fibrine, albumen, and almost all the animal tissues, when acted on by potash, which dissolves them, and the solutions precipitated by acetic acid, yield a peculiar compound, the same in every case, and the organic composition of which was the same as that of fibrine and albumen, while it contained no inorganic matter, gave to this compound, which he considered as the original organic product, from which all the others were derived, the name of *proteïne* (from *πρωτεῖνα*, I take the first place).

† P. and S. do not stand for equivalents, but for certain very small quantities, much under 1 per cent., of phosphorus and sulphur. In the remaining compounds, the water, oxygen, and ammonia are merely expressed generally, without reference here to their actual quantity.

is here that chemistry again comes to our aid, and points to the remarkable fact, that all vegetable matters capable of supporting animal life contain more or less nitrogen; an element indispensable to the existence of blood, as well as of every organised animal solid. But in what form does nitrogen exist in these nutritious vegetables?

There are found in the vegetable kingdom three nitrogenised compounds, which alone are capable of supporting animal life, and these have been called vegetable fibrine, albumen, and caseine. The truly interesting result of recent investigations is, that these three compounds are, in composition and chemical properties, absolutely identical with the corresponding animal principles. All are compounds of proteine; and while the whole six are identical in the proportion of organic elements, vegetable albumen is found to contain the same mineral elements as animal albumen, vegetable fibrine as animal fibrine, and vegetable caseine as animal caseine (milk, cheese).

'All such parts of vegetables as can afford nutriment to animals contain certain constituents which are rich in nitrogen; and the most ordinary experience proves that animals require for their support and nutrition less of these parts of plants in proportion as they abound in the nitrogenised constituents. Animals cannot be fed on matters destitute of these nitrogenised constituents. These important products of vegetation are especially abundant in the seeds of the different kinds of grain, and of peas, beans, and lentils; in the roots and the juices of what are commonly called vegetables. They exist, however, in all plants, without exception, and in every part of plants in larger or smaller quantity. These nitrogenised forms of nutriment in the vegetable kingdom may be reduced to three substances, which are easily distinguished by their external characters. Two of them are soluble in water, the third is insoluble.

'When the newly-expressed juices of vegetables are allowed to stand, a separation takes place in a few minutes. A gelatinous precipitate, commonly of a green tinge, is deposited, and this, when acted on by liquids which remove the colouring-matter, leaves a greyish white substance, well known to druggists as the deposit from vegetable juices. This is one of the nitrogenised compounds which serves for the nutrition of animals, and has been named *vegetable fibrine*. The juice of grapes is especially rich in this constituent, but it is most abundant in the seeds of wheat, and of the cerealia generally. It may be obtained from wheat flour by a mechanical operation, and in a state of tolerable purity: it is then called *gluten*, but the glutinous property belongs not to vegetable fibrine, but to a foreign substance, present in small quantity, which is not found in the other cerealia. The method by which it is obtained sufficiently proves that it is insoluble in water; although we cannot doubt that it was originally dissolved in the vegetable juice, from which it afterwards separated, exactly as fibrine does from blood.

'The

'The second nitrogenised compound remains dissolved in the juice after the separation of the fibrine. It does not separate from the juice at the ordinary temperature, but is instantly coagulated when the liquid containing it is heated to the boiling-point. When the clarified juice of nutritious vegetables, such as cauliflower, asparagus, mangel-wurzel, or turnips, is made to boil, a coagulum is formed, which it is absolutely impossible to distinguish from the substance which separates as a coagulum, when the serum of blood or the white of an egg, diluted with water, are heated to the boiling-point. This is *vegetable albumen*. It is found in the greatest abundance in certain seeds, in nuts, almonds, and others, in which the starch of the gramineæ is replaced by oil.

'The third nitrogenised constituent of the vegetable food of animals is *vegetable caseine*. It is chiefly found in the seeds of peas, beans, lentils, and similar leguminous seeds. Like vegetable albumen, it is soluble in water, but differs from it in this, that its solution is not coagulated by heat. When the solution is heated or evaporated, a skin forms on its surface, and the addition of an acid causes a coagulum, just as in animal milk.

'These three compounds are the true nitrogenised constituents of the food of graminivorous animals; all other nitrogenised compounds occurring in plants are either rejected by animals, as in the case of the characteristic principles of poisonous and medicinal plants, or else they occur in the food in such very small proportion, that they cannot possibly contribute to the increase of mass in the animal body.

'The chemical analysis of these three substances has led to the very interesting result that they contain the same organic elements, united in the same proportion by weight; and, what is still more remarkable, that they are identical in composition with the chief constituents of blood, animal fibrine and albumen. They all three dissolve in concentrated muriatic acid with the same deep purple colour; and even in their physical characters, animal fibrine and albumen are in no respect different from vegetable fibrine and albumen. It is especially to be noticed, that by the phrase—identity of composition—we do not here imply mere similarity, but that even in regard to the presence and relative amount of sulphur, phosphorus, and phosphate of lime, no difference can be observed.

'How beautifully and admirably simple, with the aid of these discoveries, appears the process of nutrition in animals, the formation of their organs, in which vitality chiefly resides! Those vegetable principles, which in animals are used to form blood, contain the chief constituents of blood, fibrine, and albumen, ready formed, as far as regards their composition. All plants, besides, contain a certain quantity of iron, which re-appears in the colouring-matter of the blood. Vegetable fibrine and animal fibrine, vegetable albumen and animal albumen, hardly differ, even in form: if these principles be wanting in the food, the nutrition of the animal is arrested; and when they are present, the graminivorous animal obtains in its food the very same principles on the presence of which the nutrition of the carnivora entirely depends.'—pp. 45—48.

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The author goes on to show that vegetables alone can *produce* proteine, which, as it is the most complex product of *vegetable* life, is the starting-point of the still more complex animal products—from the blood, the origin of all the solids, to the last and most important product of animal life, namely, the substance of the brain and nerves. Thus we perceive that the food of herbivorous animals contains the very same principles (compounds of proteine) which constitute the food of carnivorous animals. They are mixed, however, in the former case, with a large proportion of substances containing no nitrogen—such as sugar, starch, gum, &c., the uses of which will shortly appear.

The food of vegetables is invariably inorganic matter, carbonic acid, ammonia, water, and salts. The results of vegetation are, compounds of proteine, starch, sugar, gum, &c., and, finally, fat or oil: all of which serve to support life in animals—the compounds of proteine for nutrition; the other matters, as we shall see, for respiration. The food of animals is always organised matter. Plants form or produce proteine, which in some form is essential to animals, as the latter cannot form proteine from substances that do not contain it. Proteine being once given, the animal organism forms from it all its peculiar tissues, which are never found in vegetables. Thus, no vegetable can produce nervous matter.

It is to the author that we owe the discovery that vegetables, especially the leguminous seeds, produce vegetable caseine, a substance absolutely the same with the peculiar principle of milk, insomuch that, when curdled, it is not to be distinguished from skimmed-milk cheese, either chemically or physically. Thus the vegetable world produces white of egg, fibrine, and milk; and these are all convertible into blood, from which any of them may be again produced where it is required. They are all compounds of proteine, as above stated.

What, then, is the use of the sugar, starch, &c. in the food of the herbivora? or what is the use of the sugar of milk, and fat (butter), in the food of the young carnivora? This important question is treated in the most profound and ingenious manner; and the author demonstrates that these substances—which may all, except fat, be considered as compounds of carbon and water (Prout)—serve to furnish carbon for the process of respiration. Fat contains much more carbon, with an excess of hydrogen, but serves the same purpose.

The chief difference between the carnivora and herbivora would seem to be this:—in the former, the carbon consumed in respiration must be derived from the food, which being identical with their bodies, we may say that the carbon is supplied by the daily waste

waste of their tissues, this waste being compensated by their food. But, to furnish enough of carbon to keep up the heat of the body in this way, the waste must be prodigious: it must be accelerated by motion. Hence the restless habits of carnivorous animals; hence the reason why the savage who lives by hunting alone must eat five times as much flesh as if he lived on a mixed diet; hence the total absence of fat in his body, as well as in that of all carnivorous animals. In the herbivora the waste of matter is far less rapid, and is fully compensated by the relatively small amount of proteine in their food: they eat incessantly, but the great mass of their food (starch, &c.) is consumed in respiration; thus rendering needless a rapid change of matter in the animal tissues. The whole of these admirable arrangements are brought out clearly and beautifully in the present work; and nothing can be more satisfactory than the author's array of established facts, with the argument founded on them.

'The young animal receives the constituents of its blood in the caseine of the milk. A metamorphosis of existing organs goes on, for bile and urine are secreted: the matter of the metamorphosed parts is given off in the form of urine, of carbonic acid, and of water; but the butter and sugar of milk also disappear—they cannot be detected in the fæces.

'The butter and sugar of milk are given out in the form of carbonic acid and water, and their conversion into oxidised products furnishes the clearest proof that far more oxygen is absorbed than is required to convert the carbon and hydrogen of the metamorphosed tissues into carbonic acid and water.

'The change and metamorphosis of organised tissues going on in the vital process in the young animal, consequently yield, in a given time, much less carbon and hydrogen in the form adapted for the respiratory process than corresponds to the oxygen taken up in the lungs. The substance of its organised parts would undergo a more rapid consumption, and would necessarily yield to the action of the oxygen, were not the deficiency of carbon and hydrogen supplied from another source.

'The continued increase of mass, or growth, and the free and unimpeded development of the organs in the young animal, are dependent on the presence of foreign substances, which, in the nutritive process, have no other function than to protect the newly-formed organs from the action of the oxygen. It is the elements of these substances which unite with the oxygen; the organs themselves could not do so without being consumed: that is, growth, or increase of mass in the body, the consumption of oxygen remaining the same, would be utterly impossible.

'The preceding considerations leave no doubt as to the purpose for which Nature has added to the food of the young of carnivorous mammalia substances devoid of nitrogen, which their organism cannot employ for nutrition, strictly so called, that is for the production of blood; substances which may be entirely dispensed with in their nourishment in the adult state. In the young of carnivorous birds, the want of all motion

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is an obvious cause of diminished waste in the organised parts; hence, milk is not provided for them.

'The nutritive process in the carnivora thus presents itself in two distinct forms, one of which we again meet with in the graminivora.'—pp. 68—70.

We shall now attempt a sketch of the intermediate steps in the processes by which nutrition is accomplished, which will include the chemistry of digestion and of the formation of the bile and urine, with the true function of the former fluid. We confine ourselves, here, to the carnivora, in whom the vital process is more simple.—The food, consisting of compounds of proteine, is first dissolved into chyme in the stomach. This first process of digestion is one of the most interesting, but hitherto perhaps the most obscure, of the vital operations. Solution is effected by means of the gastric juice. But what is the solvent in that wonderful fluid? The answer is very simple—the gastric juice contains *no solvent*; and yet the food is dissolved. If the reader recollects what has been said of fermentation and metamorphosis, he will readily follow our author's explanation.

'The clear gastric juice contains a substance in a state of transformation, by the contact of which with those constituents of the food which, by themselves, are insoluble in water, the latter acquire, in virtue of a new grouping of their atoms, the property of dissolving in that fluid. During digestion, the gastric juice, when separated, is found to contain a free mineral acid, the presence of which checks all further change. That the food is rendered soluble quite independently of the vitality of the digestive organs has been proved by a number of the most beautiful experiments. Food, inclosed in perforated metallic tubes, so that it could not come into contact with the stomach, was found to disappear as rapidly, and to be as perfectly digested, as if the covering had been absent; and fresh gastric juice, out of the body, when boiled white of egg, or muscular fibre, were kept in contact with it for a time at the temperature of the body, caused these substances to lose the solid form and to dissolve in the liquid.

'It can hardly be doubted that the substance which is present in the gastric juice in a state of change is a product of the transformation of the stomach itself. No substances possess, in so high a degree as those arising from the progressive decomposition of the tissues containing gelatine, the property of exciting a change in the arrangement of the elements of other compounds. When the lining membrane of the stomach of any animal, as, for example, that of the calf, is cleaned by continued washing with water, it produces no effect whatever, if brought into contact with a solution of sugar, with milk, or other substances. But if the same membrane be exposed for some time to the air, or dried, and then placed in contact with such substances, the sugar is changed, according to the state of decomposition of the animal matter, either into lactic acid, mannite and mucilage, or into alcohol and carbonic

carbonic acid ; while milk is instantly coagulated. An ordinary animal bladder retains, when dry, all its properties unchanged ; but when exposed to air and moisture it undergoes a change not indicated by any obvious external signs. If, in this state, it be placed in a solution of sugar of milk, that substance is quickly changed into lactic acid.

‘The fresh lining membrane of the stomach of a calf, digested with weak muriatic acid, gives to this fluid no power of dissolving boiled flesh or coagulated white of egg. But if previously allowed to dry, or if left for a time in water, it then yields, to water acidulated with muriatic acid, a substance in minute quantity, the decomposition of which is already commenced, and is completed in the solution. If coagulated albumen be placed in this solution, the state of decomposition is communicated to it, first at the edges, which become translucent, pass into a mucilage, and finally dissolve. The same change gradually affects the whole mass, and at last it is entirely dissolved, with the exception of fatty particles, which render the solution turbid. Oxygen is conveyed to every part of the body by the arterial blood ; moisture is everywhere present ; and thus we have united the chief conditions of all transformations in the animal body.’—pp. 109-111.

In like manner, air is essential to digestion in the stomach, and is introduced by means of the saliva.

‘During the mastication of the food, there is secreted into the mouth, from organs specially destined to this function, a fluid, the saliva, which possesses the remarkable property of enclosing air in the shape of froth, in a far higher degree than even soap-suds. This air, by means of the saliva, reaches the stomach with the food, and there its oxygen enters into combination, while its nitrogen is given out through the skin and lungs. The longer digestion continues, that is, the greater the resistance offered to the solvent action by the food, the more saliva, and consequently the more air, enters the stomach. Rumination, in certain graminivorous animals, has plainly for one object a renewed and repeated introduction of oxygen ; for a more minute mechanical division of the food only shortens the time required for solution.

‘The fact that nitrogen is given out by the skin and lungs is explained by the property which animal membranes possess of allowing all gases to permeate them, a property which can be shown to exist by the most simple experiments. A bladder, filled with carbonic acid, nitrogen, or hydrogen gas, if tightly closed and suspended in the air, loses in twenty-four hours the whole of the enclosed gas ; by a kind of exchange, it passes outwards into the atmosphere, while its place is occupied by atmospherical air. A portion of intestine, a stomach, or a piece of skin or membrane, acts precisely as the bladder, if filled with any gas. This permeability to gases is a mechanical property, common to all animal tissues ; and it is found in the same degree in the living as in the dead tissue.

‘It is known that in cases of wounds of the lungs a peculiar condition is produced, in which, by the act of inspiration, not only oxygen but atmospherical air, with its whole amount (four-fifths) of nitrogen, penetrates into the cells of the lungs. This air is carried by the circulation

lation to every part of the body, so that every part is inflated or puffed up with the air, as with water in dropsy. This state ceases, without pain, as soon as the entrance of the air through the wound is stopped. There can be no doubt that the oxygen of the air, thus accumulated in the cellular tissue, enters into combination, while its nitrogen is expired through the skin and lungs.

‘Finally, if we consider the fatal accidents which so frequently occur in wine countries from the drinking of what is called feather-white wine (*der federweisse Wein*), we can no longer doubt that gases of every kind, whether soluble or insoluble in water, possess the property of permeating animal tissues, as water penetrates unsized paper. This poisonous wine is wine still in a state of fermentation, which is increased by the heat of the stomach. The carbonic acid gas which is disengaged penetrates through the parietes of the stomach, through the diaphragm, and through all the intervening membranes, into the air-cells of the lungs, out of which it displaces the atmospherical air. The patient dies with all the symptoms of asphyxia caused by an irrespirable gas; and the surest proof of the presence of the carbonic acid in the lungs is the fact, that the inhalation of ammonia (which combines with it) is recognised as the best antidote against this kind of poisoning.’—pp. 113-116.

Lactic acid has no share in digestion. Professor Liebig has shown that it never occurs in the healthy gastric juice, and that even the artificial gastric juice does not contain it when fresh. But starch or sugar, when animal membrane is present, are rapidly converted into lactic acid out of the body; so that experimenters, not aware of this fact, have concluded that the lactic acid which they found had existed in the fresh gastric juice, which never happens in the state of health.

The blood, now charged with fresh fibrine and albumen, is sent to the lungs, whence it returns saturated with oxygen. This oxygen is conveyed, chiefly by the globules of the blood, to the minutest capillaries, where it contributes to the metamorphosis of existing tissues—in other words, to the change of matter. By this metamorphosis, certain parts of the living tissues lose the condition of vitality, and are resolved into new and lifeless, unorganised compounds, while a corresponding quantity of the fibrine and albumen of the blood supplies their place, assuming the structure of living tissues. To prevent the accumulation of the lifeless products, the blood is subjected to two processes, as it were, of filtration. In the kidneys the arterial blood gives up those new products in which nitrogen predominates. These are uric acid, urea, and carbonate of ammonia. In the liver the venous blood is purified from those products in which the carbon prevails, and these may be represented by choleic acid, the chief constituent of bile. The matters secreted by the kidney, being

no longer available for any purpose in the body, are at once expelled. But with the bile it is far otherwise.

In no previous work on physiology is the function of the bile recognised as ascertained. It is viewed by some as an excretion; by others as assisting in digestion. But our author shows that it is no excretion, for in the carnivora the whole solid excrements do not contain a trace of bile, being composed entirely of inorganic matter, earth of bones, &c., while no bile can be found in the urine. Neither can the bile, owing to its composition, serve for the nutrition of the tissues. In fact, the whole of it returns into the circulation, and disappears entirely. It is consumed in the respiratory process, and is merely the vehicle of the carbon and hydrogen, which in that process unite with oxygen, and are given out from the lungs and skin as carbonic acid and water. Even in the carnivora, the quantity of bile daily secreted is very large—in a large dog, for example, $2\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.—yet not a trace is to be detected, *as bile*, in the excretions.

Such is a brief sketch of the process of nutrition in the carnivora, and, were it only that the function of the bile is satisfactorily ascertained—that we now see in *the bile* the chief part of *the fuel* which serves for respiration and for producing the animal heat—were it only on this account, the volume before us would be full of interest to every physiologist.

In the herbivora the process of the formation of bile takes a somewhat different form. Here the change of matter could not yield more than a small fraction of the vast quantity of bile they secrete. A horse, for example, secretes 37 lbs. of bile daily (Burdach); and even in man, whose diet is mixed, from 17 to 24 ounces of bile are daily secreted. The products of the metamorphosis of the tissues, entering into new changes along with the elements of starch, sugar, &c., contribute to yield this enormous quantity of respiratory fuel; and here, also, the whole disappears, and is not to be traced in the excretions. The excrements of the horse contain, in one day, only a few ounces of matter which might be bile, but which, on examination, appears not to be so. Horse-dung is chiefly composed of undigested woody fibre, and of saline matters.

Professor Liebig very justly observes, that

‘The experience of all those who have occupied themselves with researches into natural phenomena leads to this general result, that these phenomena are caused, or produced, by means far more simple than was previously supposed, or than we even now imagine; and it is precisely their simplicity which should most powerfully excite our wonder and admiration.

‘ Gelatinous

'Gelatinous tissue is formed from blood, from compounds of proteine. It may be produced by the addition, to the elements of proteine, of allantoine and water, or of water, urea, and uric acid; or by the separation from the elements of proteine of a compound containing no nitrogen. The solution of such problems becomes less difficult, when the problem to be solved, the question to be answered, is matured and clearly put. Every experimental decision of any such question in the negative forms the starting-point of a new question, the solution of which, when obtained, is the necessary consequence of our having put the first question.'
—pp. 143, 144.

Turning now to the chemical part of the above process, he proceeds to investigate, by the help of recent and most accurate analyses, what relations can be traced in regard to composition, between the blood on the one hand, and the secretions and excretions on the other. Having first caused blood and muscle to be carefully analysed, he finds, as might now be expected, that they agree in composition. He then goes on to compare the formula thus obtained with that of choleic acid (bile) and with that of urate of ammonia (the solid urine of serpents and carnivorous birds). It is surely very striking to find that the elements of the two latter, representing bile and urine, when added together, exactly correspond to those of blood, with the addition of a little oxygen and water.

Here, then, we have the chemical explanation of the process by which living tissue is converted into dead compounds. The blood, or rather the muscular fibre, which, having performed its functions, is to be removed, undergoes, with the aid of oxygen and water, a metamorphosis, the products of which are the chief constituents of bile and urine. The latter is at once expelled; the former returns into the circulation, and, being consumed or burned in the respiratory process, furnishes the animal heat.

In carnivorous quadrupeds and in man the urate of ammonia disappears, its place being occupied by urea. Now, the profound researches of Liebig and Wöhler on uric acid have shown that by simple oxidation uric acid passes into urea and carbonic acid. This beautifully explains the difference between the urine of serpents and that of quadrupeds or man. In the latter, respiration is far more active, and hence their urine contains, at most, a trace of uric acid, while urea abounds in it. In serpents, with their sluggish respiration, the uric acid, or urate of ammonia, once formed, remains unchanged. A deficiency of oxygen, or, what amounts to the same thing, an excess of carbon, in the food of man, disturbs this arrangement; and the consequence is, that a

portion of the uric acid is not changed into urea, and calculous disease ensues. Phthisical patients never suffer from calculus, because in them there is an excess of oxygen; while patients who, from a sedentary town-life, have become affected with calculi of uric acid, no sooner go to the country and take more exercise, than mulberry calculus (oxalate of lime) supervenes—oxalic acid being, as Liebig and Wöhler have shown, an intermediate product of the oxidation of uric acid along with urea; while that oxidation, if complete, would yield nothing but carbonic acid and urea. In wild carnivorous animals calculi are quite unknown, owing to their active habits. Fat food, which contains 70 or 80 per cent. of carbon, favours the production of uric acid calculus. Those animals which drink much water have no calculi, because a sufficient supply of water dissolves and removes the uric acid as fast as it is formed; and, finally, calculus, except as an imported disease, is unknown on the Rhine, because the Rhenish wines contain so much potash that the uric acid is kept dissolved by the alkali; while the wines of the south, which are deficient in potash, promote by their alcohol, acting in the same way as fat, the formation of uric acid. How important are these views in reference to so common and so dangerous a disease; and how probable is it that a rational application of them may serve greatly to assist in its prevention, or even in its cure!

Another remarkable illustration of the influence of respiration, or of the supply of oxygen, on the urine, is found in our author's discovery, that the urine of stall-fed cattle contains hippuric acid—an acid with 18 equivalents of carbon; while the urine of the same animals, when living in the fields, or compelled to labour, does not yield a trace of hippuric acid, but only benzoic acid, with 14 equivalents of carbon. The difference is consumed in respiration.

The section of the work now under consideration contains many other beautiful examples of the close chemical relation between the tissues of the body and the secretions or excretions. Thus, it is explained that proteine, by very simple chemical reactions with other compounds present in the body, may be made to yield hippuric acid, gelatine, or allantoine (the peculiar principle of the urine in the foetal calf); that the blood, with a certain amount of oxygen, may yield not only, as above stated, urate of ammonia and choleic acid, but, as occurs in the herbivora, hippuric acid, choleic acid, urea, ammonia, and water—or, increasing the supply of oxygen, benzoic acid, choleic acid, urea, carbonic acid, and water; and that proteine with a little water may yield gelatine and choloidic acid (one of the acids of bile); while again proteine, added to
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uric acid, urea, and water, may yield gelatine.* We cannot quote the details; but although professedly hypothetical, and intended chiefly as a means of promoting the study of this curious subject, we cannot help thinking that there is much actual truth in these chemical statements: they agree with observation in many cases, and in all are founded on very careful experiments. We would again remind the reader of the analogy between these supposed transformations and the metamorphosis of sugar into carbonic acid and alcohol. The author terminates this section with the following conclusion, drawn from a comparison of all the facts known in regard to the food, the secretions, and the excretions of the herbivora, namely:—

‘That if the elements of proteine and starch, oxygen and water being present, undergo metamorphosis, and mutually affect each other, we may obtain, in certain circumstances, as the products of this complex metamorphosis, choleic acid, urea, ammonia, and carbonic acid, and besides these no other product whatever.’

Soda is essential to the formation of bile in the herbivora; and as they secrete an immense quantity of bile, they require a large supply of salt. If there be a deficiency of soda, proteine, with water and oxygen, will yield no bile, but only fat, urea, and carbonic acid. This is the reason why an animal cannot be fattened if too abundantly supplied with salt.

In this class of animals the carbon of the bile amounts to five or six times the quantity of that contained in the daily amount of metamorphosed tissue, or what is the same thing, five or six times the carbon of the proteine in their food, which supplies the daily waste of matter. Hence the starch, &c. of their food must necessarily contribute to the formation of bile. Further, in consequence of the large amount of soda required for their bile, the urine of the herbivora is loaded with soda, while that of the carnivora contains but little. On the other hand, the urine of the latter is rich in phosphates, which occur in very small proportion in that of the former; the phosphoric acid in their food, which is not

* Such of our readers as are familiar with the chemical works of the day will understand that these relations are best expressed in the form of equations, in which chemical symbols or abbreviations are employed. The system of notation adopted by the author is extremely simple and clear, but we do not quote his equations, because the explanations necessary for understanding them may not be within the reach of many readers, and would, if given here, occupy too much space. We have preferred, therefore, attempting to describe these interesting coincidences of composition in as few words as possible. The principle to be borne in mind is, that any given number of atoms or equivalents of certain elements admits of many different arrangements, each of which may yield a new compound, or a new group of compounds, the sum of the elements in each group or arrangement remaining the same. This principle has been long known and constantly applied in explaining the changes which occur in inorganic chemistry: it is here extended, with the aid of exact analyses, to the more complex changes in the animal body.

abundant,

abundant, being retained to assist in the formation of the bones and of the substance of the brain and nerves.

It is only the herbivora that can be fattened, and that only when they are stall-fed. In the wild state, they become full and plump, but not fat, as is seen in the deer and hare, while the carnivora have always lean and sinewy muscles. Cattle, when confined, and fed on food containing much starch, sugar, &c., are in the best circumstances for becoming both fleshy and fat. Their organism possesses the power of assimilating, or converting into animal tissue, all the compounds of proteine in their food; while the starch, &c., respiration being checked, cannot be entirely converted into bile, or used in respiration. It is from this source that fat is derived.

We do not remember to have met with a more beautiful instance of adaptation to circumstances than this of the production of fat in stall-fed animals, considered in relation both to its cause and to its effect; and for the developement of this curious subject we are indebted to the sagacity of Professor Liebig.

He first directs attention to the composition of starch and sugar, in which carbon is to hydrogen as 43 to 6 nearly in 100 parts, the rest being oxygen; while the proportion of these elements in fat is 79 to 11 nearly—in other words, the same. From this he concludes that the only way in which starch can pass into fat is by a loss of oxygen; and, in fact, if we subtract from the composition of starch a certain amount of oxygen, the remainder will express exactly the proportion of the elements in fat. Now the direct cause of the production of fat is a deficiency of oxygen, so that the separation of fat tends directly to make up for the deficiency which caused it; and the growth of fat in a sedentary man, or in a stall-fed animal, is a beautiful provision of nature to furnish from another source the oxygen which respiration ought to have supplied, and which is required to keep up the animal heat. The author has, we think, succeeded in proving the existence of a very close connection between the formation of fat and the respiratory process, and he gives a very interesting explanation of the various means resorted to for fattening animals; all of which, although hitherto empirical, admit of the most satisfactory elucidation on the principles here indicated. Thus,—

‘Experience teaches us that, in poultry, the maximum of fat is obtained by tying the feet and by a medium temperature. These animals, in such circumstances, may be compared to a plant, possessing in the highest degree the power of converting all food into parts of its own structure. The excess of the constituents of blood forms flesh and other organised tissues, while that of starch, sugar, &c., is converted into fat. When animals are fattened on food destitute of nitrogen, only certain parts

parts of their structure increase in size. Thus, in a goose fattened in this method, the liver becomes three or four times larger than in the same animal when well fed with free motion; while we cannot say that the organised structure of the liver is thereby increased. The liver of a goose fed in the ordinary way is firm and elastic; that of the imprisoned animal is soft and spongy. The difference consists in a greater or less expansion of its cells, which are filled with fat.'—p. 94.

One of the most remarkable of the animal products is gelatine. It constitutes the mass of the skin, of most membranes, and of the organic part of the bones. But it differs from fibrine, albumen, and caseine in this, that, although formed from proteine, it cannot, like these substances, be made again to yield proteine. Once formed, gelatine no longer belongs to the series of compounds of proteine. The consequence of this is, that it is altogether incapable of yielding blood, or consequently of contributing to the growth or nutrition of the fibrous or other tissues which contain proteine. Animals fed exclusively on gelatine soon die with all the appearances of starvation. Yet there is no doubt that, when mixed with other animal food, it serves some purpose in the economy; for dogs eat bones, and the gelatine is not to be found in their excretions. Besides, the uniform experience of medical men proves that food composed principally of gelatine, such as strong soup or jelly, is most advantageous as an article of diet for convalescents.

There has lately occurred in Paris a controversy on the use of the gelatine of bones for hospital soup, as recommended by D'Arcet, and the most contradictory opinions as to its qualities are daily published. Professor Liebig has, we think, decided this question. He has shown that gelatine cannot yield blood, and that by itself, therefore, it cannot support life. But he supposes that it is dissolved in the stomach, and, being conveyed in the blood to every part of the body, acts as nutriment to the gelatinous membranes and bones alone. This ingenious idea explains both how gelatine mixed with other animal matter forms a good diet; and how it is peculiarly adapted for the sick and convalescent, in whom it acts by giving nutrition to the gelatinous tissues, and so sparing much of the energy of the enfeebled digestive system, which is thus not consumed in producing gelatine for these tissues, but is expended in the digestion of sanguiferous nourishment. We can now readily credit the statements of D'Arcet, who has shown that in all the hospitals where the gelatine of bones has been used as a principal, but not the only, article of animal food, the patients relish it, the success of the treatment has been much increased, and the period of convalescence on the average much diminished. Now that we possess what appears to be the true theory of the action

action of gelatine, it is to be hoped that the prejudice, previously very natural, which exists in this country against its use, may be overcome, and that our hospitals may participate in the benefits of D'Arcet's benevolent system, which, when successfully conducted, has likewise the advantage of superior economy.

The food best adapted for man is that which contains a due mixture of azotised matter (fibrine, albumen, &c.), and non-azotised matter (sugar, starch, &c.). Hear our author:—

‘A nation of hunters, on a limited space, is utterly incapable of increasing its numbers beyond a certain point, which is soon attained. The whole of the carbon necessary for respiration must be obtained from the flesh of animals, of which only a limited number can find food on the space supposed.

‘But 15 lbs. of flesh contain not more carbon than 4 lbs. of starch; and while the savage, with one animal and an equal weight of starch, could support life and health for a certain number of days, he would be compelled, if confined to flesh alone, in order to procure the carbon necessary for respiration and for the animal heat, to consume five such animals in the same period.

‘It is easy to see, from these considerations, how close the connection is between agriculture and the multiplication of the human species. The cultivation of our crops has ultimately no other object than the production of a maximum of those substances which are adapted for assimilation and respiration in the smallest possible space. Grain and other nutritious vegetables yield us, not only in the form of starch, &c., the carbon which protects our organs from the action of oxygen, and serves to produce also the heat essential to life, but also, in the form of vegetable fibrine, albumen, and caseine, our blood, from which all the other parts of the body are developed.

‘Man, when confined to animal food, respire, like the carnivora, at the expense of the matters produced by the metamorphosis of organised tissues; and, just as the lion, tiger, and hyena, in the cages of a menagerie, are compelled to accelerate the waste of the organised tissues by incessant motion, in order to furnish the matters necessary for respiration and for animal heat, so the savage, for the very same object, is forced to make the most laborious exertions, and to go through a vast amount of muscular exercise. He is compelled to consume force, merely in order to supply matter for respiration.

‘Cultivation is the economy of force. . . . The unprofitable exertion of power, the waste of force in agriculture, in other branches of industry, in science, or in social economy, is characteristic of the savage state, or of the absence of cultivation.—pp. 76—78.

Nature furnishes one substance in the animal kingdom which is perfectly fitted to sustain life. It is milk, a mixture of caseine, sugar, fat, and salts with water. It is curious that the nearest approach to this in artificial food is bread, which is a mixture of vegetable fibrine (gluten) and starch, along with salts. Bread
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and water, it is well known, will support life permanently. Flesh will do so likewise—with the aid of severe muscular exertion. Thus the chief objects of our agriculture are found to be those substances which are most effectual, even when taken alone, in supporting animal life. The potato is not to be forgotten. It is not so rich in fibrine as wheat-flour, but it has enough, with the starch or respiratory matter it contains, to be a most valuable article of diet.

We must briefly notice another very interesting section of this work. It is that which treats of the action of medicines and poisons on the system.

The first class of such agents is that of substances which produce a very marked effect, without their elements taking a direct share in the changes which ensue. These bodies originate, as it were, an action, which is subsequently propagated from particle to particle. They are uniformly substances in a state of change or transformation, and appear to act on the blood as yeast does on a solution of sugar. In this class appear miasms, contagions, and the singular sausage-poison of Würtemberg. The latter is an excellent example. Sausages, made in a peculiar way, are much used in that country. When ill prepared, they become poisonous, and their effects are invariably fatal. The patient gradually dries up into a sort of mummy, and after weeks or months of misery, death closes the scene. But there is no poisonous substance to be detected in the sausage. It is, according to our author, in a peculiar state of fermentation, which is not checked by the action of the stomach, and which unfortunately is communicated to the blood. It never ceases till every part capable of solution has been destroyed, and death, of course, must follow. But as it appears that the poisonous sausage may be rendered quite safe by boiling, and by other simple means of arresting fermentation, we may hope that the true theory of the poison will lead to a successful treatment of this frightful accident, which unhappily is very frequent. Miasms and contagions act on the very same principle; and the reason that all are not affected by them seems to be, that they require the presence of a peculiar compound in the blood, which enters into decomposition, and when the whole of this peculiar matter is destroyed, the disease disappears. If there be much, the case is severe—if little, the case is mild; and apparently, in many contagious diseases, the peculiar decomposable matter, once destroyed, can never be renewed; so that these diseases occur but once.

The second class of these agents consists of those whose elements take a share in the changes produced. This class is subdivided into orders, of which the first includes the metallic poisons.

poisons. These enter directly into combination with the tissues, and if the vital force cannot destroy the compounds thus formed, death ensues. The second order contains empyreumatic and antiseptic substances, which act by checking the vital transformations; just as, out of the body, they check fermentation or putrefaction.

The third order consists of substances whose elements take a share in certain vital processes of secretion or excretion, and thus excite abnormal appearances, either accelerating, disturbing, or retarding the functions. These may be divided into azotised and non-azotised.

It is very remarkable that no medicinal agent devoid of nitrogen is poisonous in moderate quantity; while those containing nitrogen, all except three, are poisonous in a very small dose. This last division includes the vegetable alkalis, morphia, quinine, strychnia, &c.

Professor Liebig remarks that—

‘ We shall never be able to discover how men were led to use the infusion of a certain leaf (tea), or the decoction of a certain seed (coffee). But some cause there must be, which has induced whole nations to make the practice a necessary of life. And it is surely still more remarkable, that the peculiar effects of both plants on the health must be ascribed to one and the same substance; the presence of which in two vegetables belonging to different natural families, and the produce of different quarters of the globe, could hardly have presented itself to the boldest imagination. Yet recent researches have demonstrated that caffeine, the active principle of coffee, and theine, that of tea, are, in all respects, perfectly identical.

‘ It is not less worthy of notice, that the American Indian, living entirely on flesh, discovered for himself, in tobacco smoke, a means of retarding the change of matter in the tissues of his body, and thereby of making hunger more endurable; and that he cannot withstand the action of brandy, which, acting as an element of respiration, puts a stop to the change of matter by performing the function which properly belongs to the products of the metamorphosed tissues, when the diet is entirely animal. Tea and coffee were originally met with among nations whose diet is chiefly vegetable.

‘ Without entering minutely into the medicinal action of caffeine (theine), it will surely appear a most striking fact, even if we chose to deny its influence on the process of secretion, that this substance, with the addition of oxygen and the elements of water, can yield taurine, the nitrogenised compound peculiar to bile.*

‘ A similar relation exists in the case of the peculiar principle of asparagus and of althæa, asparagine; which also, by the addition of oxygen and the elements of water, yields the elements of taurine.*

* We omit the elaborate tables of equations appended to these statements. They would only be intelligible to readers who are sure to study the original work.

'The addition of the elements of water and of a certain quantity of oxygen to the elements of theobromine, the characteristic principle of the cacao-bean (*theobroma cacao*), yields the elements of taurine and urea, of taurine, carbonic acid, and ammonia, or of taurine and uric acid.

'To see how the action of caffeine, asparagine, theobromine, &c., may be explained, we must call to mind that the chief constituent of the bile contains only 3·8 per cent. of nitrogen, of which only the half, or 1·9 per cent., belongs to the taurine.

'Bile contains, in its natural state, water and solid matter, in the proportion of 80 parts by weight of the former to 10 of the latter. If we suppose these 10 parts by weight of solid matter to be choleic acid, with 3·87 per cent. of nitrogen, then 100 parts of fresh bile will contain 0·171 parts of nitrogen in the shape of taurine. Now this quantity is contained in 0·6 parts of caffeine; or $2\frac{5}{6}$ ths grains of caffeine can give to an ounce of bile the nitrogen it contains in the form of taurine. If an infusion of tea contain no more than the $\frac{1}{10}$ th of a grain of caffeine, still, if it contribute in point of fact to the formation of bile, the action, even of such a quantity, cannot be looked upon as a nullity. Neither can it be denied that, in the case of an excess of non-azotised food and a deficiency of motion, which is required to cause the change of matter in the tissues, and thus to yield the nitrogenised product which enters into the composition of the bile—that in such a condition, the health may be benefited by the use of compounds which are capable of supplying the place of the nitrogenised product *formed* in the healthy state of the body, and essential to the production of an important element of respiration. In a chemical sense—and it is this alone which the preceding remarks are intended to show—caffeine or theine, asparagine, and theobromine, are, in virtue of their composition, better adapted to this purpose than all other nitrogenised vegetable principles. The action of these substances, in ordinary circumstances, is not obvious, but it unquestionably exists.

'With respect to the action of the other nitrogenised vegetable principles, such as quinine, or the alkaloids of opium, &c., which manifests itself, not in the processes of secretion, but in different phenomena, physiologists and pathologists entertain no doubt that it is exerted chiefly on the brain and nerves. This action is commonly said to be dynamic—that is, it accelerates, or retards, or alters in some way, the phenomena of motion in animal life. If we reflect that this action is exerted by substances which are material, tangible, and ponderable; that they disappear in the organism; that a double dose acts more powerfully than a single one; that, after a time, a fresh dose must be given, if we wish to produce the action a second time,—all these considerations, viewed chemically, permit only one form of explanation: the supposition, namely, that these compounds, by means of their elements, take a share in the formation of new, or the transformation of existing, brain and nervous matter.

'However strange the idea may, at first sight, appear, that the alkaloids of opium or of cinchona bark, the elements of codeine, morphia, quinine,

quinine, &c., may be converted into constituents of brain and nervous matter, into organs of vital energy, from which the organic motions of the body derive their origin; that these substances form a constituent of that matter, by the removal of which the seat of intellectual life, of sensation, and of consciousness, is annihilated: it is, nevertheless, certain, that all these forms of power and activity are most closely dependant, not only on the existence, but also on a certain quality of the substance, of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves; insomuch, that all the manifestations of the life or vital energy of these modifications of nervous matter, which are recognised as the phenomena of motion, sensation, or feeling, assume another form as soon as their composition is altered. The animal organism has produced the brain and nerves out of compounds furnished to it by vegetables: it is the constituents of the food of the animal, which, in consequence of a series of changes, have assumed the properties and the structure which we find in the brain and nerves.

‘ If it must be admitted as an undeniable truth, that the substance of the brain and nerves is produced from the elements of vegetable albumen, fibrine, and caseine, either alone, or with the aid of the elements of non-azotised food, or of the fat formed from the latter, there is nothing absurd in the opinion that other constituents of vegetables, intermediate in composition between the fats and the compounds of proteine, may be applied in the organism to the same purpose.

Brain and nervous matter is, at all events, formed in a manner similar to that in which bile is produced; either by the separation of a highly nitrogenised compound from the elements of blood, or by the combination of a nitrogenised product of the vital process with a non-azotised compound (probably, a fatty body). All that has been said in the preceding pages on the various possible ways by which the bile might be supposed to be formed, all the conclusions which we attained in regard to the co-operation of azotised and non-azotised elements of food, may be applied with equal justice and equal probability to the formation and production of the nervous substance.

‘ We must not forget that, in whatever light we may view the vital operations, the production of nervous matter from blood presupposes a change in the composition and qualities of the constituents of blood. That such a change occurs is as certain as that the existence of the nervous matter cannot be denied. In this sense, we must assume, that from a compound of proteine may be formed a first, second, third, &c., product, before a certain number of its elements can become constituents of the nervous matter; and it must be considered as quite certain, that a product of the vital process in a plant, introduced into the blood, will, if its composition be adapted to this purpose, supply the place of the first, second, or third product of the alteration of the compound of proteine. Indeed it cannot be considered merely accidental, that the composition of the most active remedies, namely, the vegetable alkaloids, cannot be shown to be related to that of any constituent of the body, except only the substance of the nerves and brain. All these remedies contain a certain quantity of nitrogen, and, in regard to their composition,

position, they are intermediate between the compounds of proteine and the fats.

‘ In contradistinction to their chemical character, we find that the substance of the brain exhibits the characters of an acid. It contains far more oxygen than the organic bases or alkaloids. We observe, that quinine and cinchonine, morphia and codeine, strychnia and brucia, which are, respectively, so nearly alike in composition, if they do not produce absolutely the same effect, yet resemble each other in their action more than those which differ more widely in composition. We find that their energy of action diminishes, as the amount of oxygen they contain increases (as in the case of narcotine), and that, strictly speaking, no one of them can be entirely replaced by another. There cannot be a more decisive proof of the nature of their action than this last fact: it must stand in the closest relation to their composition. If these compounds, in point of fact, are capable of taking a share in the formation or in the alteration of the qualities of brain and nervous matter, their action on the healthy as well as the diseased organism admits of a surprisingly simple explanation. If we are not tempted to deny, that the chief constituent of soup may be applied to a purpose corresponding to its composition in the human body, or that the organic constituent of bones may be so employed in the body of the dog, although that substance (gelatine in both cases) is absolutely incapable of yielding blood; if, therefore, nitrogenised compounds, totally different from the compounds of proteine, may be employed for purposes corresponding to their composition; we may thence conclude that a product of vegetable life, also different from proteine, but similar to a constituent of the animal body, may be employed by the organism in the same way and for the same purpose as the natural product, originally formed by the vital energy of the animal organs, and that, indeed, from a vegetable substance.

‘ The time is not long gone by when we had not the very slightest conception of the cause of the various effects of opium, and when the action of cinchona bark was shrouded in incomprehensible obscurity. Now that we know that these effects are caused by crystallizable compounds, which differ as much in composition as in their action on the system; now that we know the substances to which the medicinal or poisonous energy must be ascribed, it would argue only want of sense to consider the action of these substances inexplicable; and to do so, as many have done, because they act in very minute doses, is as unreasonable as it would be to judge of the sharpness of a razor by its weight.

‘ Thus, as we may say, in a certain sense, of caffeine or theine and asparagine, &c., as well as of the non-azotised elements of food, that they are food for the liver, since they contain the elements by the presence of which that organ is enabled to perform its functions, so we may consider these nitrogenised compounds, so remarkable for their action on the brain and on the substance of the organs of motion, as elements of food for the organs as yet unknown, which are destined for the metamorphosis of the constituents of the blood into nervous substance and brain. Such organs there must be in the animal body, and if, in the diseased state, an abnormal process of production or transformation of the

the constituents of cerebral and nervous matter has been established ; if in the organs intended for this purpose the power of forming that matter out of the constituents of blood, or the power of resisting an abnormal degree of activity in its decomposition or transformation, has been diminished ; then, in a chemical sense, there is no objection to the opinion, that substances of a composition analogous to that of nervous and cerebral matter, and, consequently, adapted to form that matter, may be employed, instead of the substances produced from the blood, either to furnish the necessary resistance, or to restore the normal condition.

‘ An accurate investigation would probably discover differences in the composition of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves. According to the observations of Valentin, the quality of the cerebral and nervous substance is very rapidly altered from the period of death, and very uncommon precautions would be required for the separation of foreign matters, not properly belonging to the substance of the spinal marrow or brain. But, however difficult it may appear, the investigation seems yet to be practicable.’—pp. 178-190.

We consider these hints of the author's, for they are no more, on a most obscure subject, as worthy of careful investigation. We know, as he justly observes, that nervous matter is formed from our food, which does not contain a trace of it ; and there is no absurdity in supposing that an organic compound, of appropriate composition, may exert an influence of one kind or other on its formation.

Another very important section treats of the nature of the vital force, of that power which regulates all the operations of the body, and which impresses on them their peculiar character. The Professor first points out those particulars in which the vital force, in its manifestations, agrees with other causes of motion or change. He shows that although we cannot hope ever to know what vitality is in its essence, yet it is in our power to trace the laws by which its action is regulated. These laws he proceeds to investigate ; and in a most ingenious dissertation he traces many analogies between the vital force and the forces of gravitation, cohesion, chemical attraction, and electricity. He arrives ultimately at the conclusion that the vital force is a force *sui generis*; in some respects analogous to, yet distinct from, all the forces just enumerated. We endeavour in vain to penetrate the veil that conceals the mystery of life from our sight ; but in tracing, as far as we are permitted to do so, the causes of motion in the animal body, we come ultimately to chemical attraction, modified in a very remarkable manner by the unknown force. We have seen that chemical attractions explain the change or waste of matter, and the animal heat ; and we may add here, that the nervous influence appears to depend, in some way, on chemical changes in the substance of the brain. It is certain, at least, that the exercise of the functions

tions of the brain is attended by waste of its substance, just as the use of the muscles is attended by waste of their substance. Mr. Liebig regards the nerves as conductors of the vital force, by means of which an equilibrium of force may be established; or available vital force may be conveyed from one part where it is not wanted, to another where it is rapidly consumed in producing motion. As the involuntary muscles never cease their motions, sleep is necessary that the waste in the voluntary as well as the involuntary muscles may be supplied. In the waking state, one voluntary muscle may be acquiring new matter, while another which is exercised is undergoing waste. In pursuing this investigation, we find that the waste of matter, the supply of oxygen, and the amount of force, mechanical or otherwise, exerted in the body, are most closely connected together. In plants, for want of nerves, the vital force cannot be conducted away from the point where it is produced; it therefore manifests itself in an unlimited growth or increase of mass. In animals the presence of nerves permits the vital force to assume at one time the form of chemical attraction, at another that of mechanical force; and when the nerves lose, wholly or partially, their conducting power, we have paralysis, syncope, or apasm. But we feel the impossibility of giving anything like an accurate notion of this most interesting section, unless we were to quote the whole of it. Recommending it, therefore, to the physiologist, we shall merely transcribe the concluding paragraph:—

‘In what form, or in what way, the vital force produces mechanical effects in the animal body is altogether unknown, and is as little to be ascertained by experiment as the connection between chemical action and the phenomena of motion which we can produce with the galvanic battery. All the explanations which have been attempted are merely representations or descriptions, more or less accurate, of the phenomena, and comparisons of known phenomena with these unknown ones. In this respect we resemble the ignorant man, to whom the motion of an iron piston-rod in a cylinder, in which the eye can detect no visible agent, and its connection with the turning of thousands of wheels at a distance from the piston-rod, appear incomprehensible.

‘We know not how a certain something, in itself invisible and imponderable, namely, heat, gives to some bodies the power to exert an enormous pressure on surrounding objects; we know not even how this something is produced, when we burn wood or coal.

‘So it is with the vital force, and with the phenomena presented by living bodies. The cause of these phenomena is not chemical attraction; it is not electricity—nor magnetism: it is a force which possesses the properties common to all causes of motion and of change in the form and structure of matter; and it is a peculiar force, because it exhibits manifestations not to be found in any of the other forces.’

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The remaining sections contain the application of the principles developed in this one to the investigation of the modifications in waste and supply which characterise the vital processes in infancy, in adult age, and in old age; they offer to us besides a theory of health and of disease, in the most general sense; and finally an elaborate research into the means by which the blood in the lungs is enabled to absorb oxygen and to convey it to those parts where it is to be employed in the vital transformations. These sections are probably the portions of the work which will attract the greatest share of attention among physiologists, but it would be unfair to the author to give an imperfect account of his striking and original views on such subjects; and more we could not attempt in this already too long article. The Appendix contains a large number of the most recent and accurate analyses, which constitute the evidence on which the conclusions of our author are founded. Among other things it includes extracts from a most ingenious paper by Gundlach, on the production of wax from sugar by the bee. Professor Liebig has throughout been most conscientious in quoting his authorities, and in giving due credit to his predecessors and contemporaries.

While we have given but a very imperfect sketch of this original and profound work, we have endeavoured to convey to the reader some notion of the rich store of interesting matter which it contains. The chemist, the physiologist, the medical man, and the agriculturist, will all find in this volume many new ideas and many useful practical remarks. It is the first specimen of what modern organic chemistry is capable of doing for physiology; and we have no doubt that, from its appearance, physiology will date a new era in her advance. We have reason to know that the work, when in progress, at all events the more important parts of it, were submitted to Müller of Berlin, Tiedemann of Heidelberg, and Wagner of Göttingen, the most distinguished physiologists of Germany; and without inferring that these gentlemen are in any way pledged to the author's opinions, we may confidently state that there is but one feeling among them as to the vast importance of chemistry to physiology at the present period; and that they are much gratified to see the subject in such able hands.

ART. V.—*Journal of a Tour in Greece and the Ionian Islands.* By William Mure of Caldwell. 2 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh and London. 1842.

GOOD sense and good taste will enliven the most barren, and freshen the most worn-out, subject. Mr. Mure's *Journal* is not only the work of a shrewd and intelligent observer, and of a sound though modest scholar, but withal a very pleasant book. He is neither too rapid nor too elaborate in his descriptions; his classical illustration is apposite and copious, but without pedantry; and his glimpses of the existing state of things in the new Hellenic kingdom apparently just and discriminating. He is no romantic Philhellene, yet inclined to judge the leaders in the war of freedom, as well as the young kingdom of Greece, with fairness and candour.

Travels in Greece are now inevitably doomed, like the country itself, to this singular and ill-harmonised contrast of the grey and venerable Ancient with the glaring and unimposing Modern. The ruins were doubtless far more solemn and picturesque when nothing was seen but an indolent and turbaned Turk reclining among shattered pediments and fallen pillars, not disturbing the grave stillness, but with the contrast of his barbaric costume heightening, as it were, the classic grace of the broken statues or mutilated reliefs, and almost deepening, by showing into what hands Greece had fallen, the melancholy emotions of decay and desolation. The associations which stirred within at the thought of what Greece had been—Greece, the wreck of whose religion appeared in those pillars of unrivalled height or exquisite proportion—Greece, the sculptor of those living forms, fragments of which strewed the ground—Greece, whose history was crowding on the memory with all its stately and heroic names, whose poetry was sounding within our hearts, and whose philosophy perhaps had been our favourite study—what that Greece had been was more forcibly displayed by what it was, the dominion of that utterly unintellectual Barbarian, the possession of a rude iconoclastic Mahometan. We doubt whether all this was not far more congenial to the frame of mind in which he who was worthy to gaze on the ruins of Greece contemplated those memorials of the past, than now that they are peopled by the busy and bustling so-called descendants of the Athenian and the Spartan, or shown by guides and conservators appointed for the purpose by a Secretary of State. As to the actual remains of ancient buildings, they likewise were perhaps more safe under the contemptuous neglect of the Turk, his superstitious awe of those haunted places, or his jealousy of those supposed treasure-houses

of buried wealth, than when they are built about by modern dwellings, and enclosed perhaps in lines of regular streets. The Turk might occasionally use them as a quarry when he wanted stone, or pound their fragments into mortar; and if decay, storm, or accident threw them down, he would take no precaution to preserve them: but at least they escaped the greatest danger—restoration. In fact, desolation is the proper accompaniment of ruins; repose, silence, remoteness from the haunts of men, even difficulty of access, are required to give them their full influence over the mind. Even scenery which is hallowed by great events is desecrated and vulgarised by intrusive modern change. We have every ardent wish for the prosperity of the Græco-Bavarian kingdom; we hope that the subjects of King Otho, when they have thoroughly cast off the slough of their long servitude, may become a free, enlightened, and happy people; but, as lovers of elder Greece, and even as archæologists, we confess that we envy those who explored its wild oracular glens and fabled mountains, the sites of its dimly-discovered cities, and the wrecks of its often-misnamed temples, when all the mysterious gloom of centuries of devastation brooded over them,—when the region was, as it were, one vast Campo Santo, a land of hoary but sacred sepulchres, with scarcely a sound of life, and peopled only with the shadows of the mighty dead. No doubt we shall gain much in the accuracy of our knowledge. The German scholars, who are encouraged by the court of Athens, will explore every site, measure every building, and assign every temple to its proper god (and we are the last to speak disdainfully of this kind of erudition); but much, we fear, of the romance of classic pilgrimage (if we may couple such words) will be lost; we shall be less able to realize the Greece of older times; the imagination, the only restorer of the past, will be checked in its re-creative energies, and perhaps, knowing far more, we shall understand less of the Greece of our youthful adoration and our maturer reverence.

We shall endeavour to keep Mr. Mure's classical studies, as far as we may, apart from his observations on the present state of things in Greece. We are indebted to him for some very happy illustrations of ancient authors, especially of Homer. The first place, indeed, on which he trod the poetic region of Greece was Ithaca; and we looked not without interest to the opinions of a scholar, so sensible and well informed, on the great Homeric question connected with the kingdom of Ulysses. We acknowledged ourselves (some years since) somewhat disturbed by the arguments of a certain Professor Völcker, who had thrown very great doubts on the Homeric geography of these islands.* We

* Quarterly Review, vol. xlv. p. 161.

have since read the reply to those doubts by General Rühle von Lilienstern, which has in great degree restored our peace of mind, and brought us back to the orthodox Homeric faith; though we are still somewhat embarrassed by the disappearance of Dulichium. This indeed was a difficulty which had puzzled Strabo and Pausanias before us, and we presume we must content ourselves with placing it as part of, or as connected with, the mainland at the mouth of the Achelous. But we are now fully convinced that the ancient Ithaca need not be banished, as by Völcker, to the extreme west of the whole group of islands, but may be restored to its traditional site in the island which has so long borne the name.

This is no trivial and unimportant question to those who feel, like ourselves, unexhausted interest in all which throws light on the history of the two great poems of antiquity, or rather on that of poetry itself. It is intimately connected with the personality of Homer, with the unity of the poetry, that is, its composition by one master-mind, the native place of the poet, and the parts of Greece in which the *Odyssey*, at least, if not the *Iliad*, was recited in the courts of the heroic kings. It involves the extent of the Greece of the heroic ages, the limits to which their early federation reached, the boundaries of their acquaintance with the circumjacent regions. Was Ithaca within or without these boundaries? If the descriptions in the *Odyssey* are altogether loose and inaccurate; if the relative situation of Ithaca with regard to the other islands, not according to strict geographical rule, but the ordinary observation of the common voyager, is entirely wrong; if the localities in the island itself, as they appear in the poem, are irreconcilable with the permanent form, structure, and character of the land; if there are no indenting bays; if the whole shore is a flat, level sand, where sea-nymphs could have found no rocks in which to form their grottoes; if there be no site for the city which would answer to the vivid description of the poet,—then Ithaca must be altogether excluded from the Greece with which his hearers were familiar: it was, if not an imaginary island, one the fame of whose existence had dimly reached the popular ear, and which was the lawful domain, we say not of poetic invention, but of any vague conception which the poet might form from common rumour, or the floating intelligence derived from adventurous voyagers. For, it must be borne in mind that Homeric poetry offers itself to the hearer as truth; truth, that is, within the limited sphere of the hearer's knowledge. The Muses are the daughters of memory, not of invention; the poet of those days is the sole historian, and, in great degree, amenable to the laws of history. The poetic privilege of unreality,

of avowed fiction, is altogether of a later period, when poetry has begun to be an artificial and conventional amusement. In everything, therefore, regarding common life, the work would be subjected to the most rigid, though intuitive, criticism. If the poet of the *Iliad*, among his warrior hearers, had represented a man slain outright by a blow, which they had often given and received in battle without being much the worse for it, he would have been silenced by the contemptuous clamours of the whole assembly; he would have been rejected as an impudent liar, rather than as a bad poet. So, if he described scenes and places well known to his audience, any important deviation from truth would have been resented as an attempt to abuse their faith, to impose upon them by an idle deception; and it would have been equally dangerous to have departed from the received historic traditions. These, indeed, might receive some poetic elevation; the heroes might be raised to a higher eminence of power, valour, or dignity, and their honoured descendants would not be too nice in their reception of this more or less delicate or ingenious flattery. The founder of a lineage might be brought down from the gods, or carried up to them, without any remonstrance on their part against the poetic apotheosis. But still they would require adherence to the well-known outlines of his deeds, strict accuracy in the genealogical tree, and fidelity to all the more memorable transactions of their ascertained ancestors' lives. In religious matters the poet would be allowed a wider range. From the infinite richness of mythological legend he might adopt what would suit his purpose; and, however wonderful the fable, religious awe would forbid the hearer from supposing but that it *might* be true. Gods mingling in the affairs of men, gods with human passions, and not impassive to wounds from human hands, were within the range of popular belief, and no man would venture to take offence at the *improbability* of such stories. Such an unnatural and untimely sceptic would have been in danger, like Socrates at a later period, of a charge of infidelity and atheism. Provided the true mythic character of each deity was preserved—the attributes assigned according to the general traditionary faith—provided no foreign gods were introduced into the legitimate host of Olympus—the field of wonder and of preternatural power lay open to the poet; and in one sense, therefore, Homer might indeed be, as he is said to have been, the inventor of the Grecian mythology, not as having created a single deity, or, unless as bearing on the direct action of his poems, attributed a single act, unauthorised by traditionary acceptance, to any one of the acknowledged deities; but as having popularised and made common to the whole of Greece the tutelary deities of the separate states

states and races, as having moulded up the countless local traditions and national legends into something like a general system; as having collected all the scattered divinities of the whole region into one Olympus.

So likewise, all beyond the geographical boundaries of Grecian knowledge would be the realm, we say not of acknowledged fiction, but of imagination, which might mythicise any report of a wandering voyager, or greedily catch at any monstrous yet stirring tale of

‘Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.’

It is curious that the few circumstances which had reached Homer relating to the Eastern and civilised part of the ultra-Grecian world are mainly correct—the hundred gates of Thebes, the manufactures of Sidon; but the western coast of Africa, and the yet scarcely discovered Sicily,—everything indeed west of Ithaca,—is peopled with lotus-eaters, Cyclopes, with half-divine nymphs, and dim swarms of departed spirits.

In which world then does Ithaca lie—in the realm of Greek familiar knowledge, or in the wide and undiscovered ocean? When the poet of the *Odyssey* described the bays, the havens, the landing-places, the city of this island, did he draw directly from nature, or remotely from imagination? Were his hearers as ignorant, generally, of the situation of these islands, and of their outline and character, as of the coasts of Sicily or Italy? If either the one or the other had ever visited this region, the general features will be found consistent with truth. If they are utterly and inexplicably wrong both as to its situation and its permanent outline, the author of the *Odyssey* may have been a Peloponnesian, or at least have repeated his poems at the courts of the Peloponnesian kings; but the commerce with these islands must have been precarious and unfrequent—they must have lain beyond the usual coasting adventure of the young navigators of the mainland.

But there can be no reasonable doubt that the modern Theakí is the Ithaca of Homer. Let us hear the opinion of Mr. Mure, the latest, and certainly not the least intelligent and impartial, writer who has brought his personal observation to bear upon this question:—

‘The impression which a personal visit to this island can hardly fail to leave on the mind of the impartial student of Homer is, that, so great is the general resemblance between its natural features and those of the one described in the *Odyssey*, the difficulty is, not so much to discover in each case a bay, rock, cavern, or mountain answering to his description, as to decide, among the many that present themselves, on the precise one which he may happen to have had in view. In estimating the

the amount or value of this correspondence, he will also bear in mind how unreasonable it were to exact from the poet of any age, although possessed of the closest personal familiarity with the district selected for his scene of action, the rigid accuracy of the land-surveyor, or to deny him the privilege of his profession, even in his description of real objects, to depart a little from the truth, where a slight variation of site or appearance was necessary to their full effect. To pronounce, therefore, as some have done, in the face of so great a mass of general evidence to the contrary, that Homer had no personal knowledge of Ithaca, because the more fastidious commentator may find difficulty in arranging on his classical atlas, consistently with existing appearances, the hut of Eumæus, the fountain of Arethusa, or the port of Phorcys, were almost as unreasonable as to deny the "Author of Waverley" any personal knowledge of Scotland, because of an equal difficulty of identifying the bay of Ellangowan or the castle of Tillietudlem.

'Equally unwarrantable, on the other side, are the attempts of the more orthodox school of Homeric interpreters to force on existing objects or localities a closeness of harmony with his descriptions, such as was, doubtless, as little congenial to his own taste as conducive to the interest of his poem; and this over-subtilty, as displayed in the elegant but not very critical work of Gell, the patriarch of modern Ithacan topographers, is among the chief causes that have led some of his successors into the opposite extreme. For my own part, I confess that, while nothing can be more delightful than to recognise a strong general resemblance between the descriptions of scenery contained in any poetical work of deep interest, and the real localities to which they refer, it would tend but little to enhance this pleasure could I be convinced of the accuracy of all their minutest details, even to the back-door, kitchen-offices, and draw-well of the hero's dwelling.'—vol. i. pp. 60, 61.

We are, perhaps, inclined to allow less latitude to the actual fiction of which a poet, like Homer, might claim the privilege; but we think that, especially in the more distant and, as it were, outlying parts of his picture, he might content himself with appearances, and these appearances as surveyed by a poetic vision, disposed to find what might suit the exigencies of the story. So, with regard to the main difficulty, the island of Asteris, where the suitors concealed their galley as they lay in ambush for Telemachus in the strait between Cefalonia and Ithaca. There is, it seems, a rock called Dyscallio, but it is small and low; and, instead of having a port on each side, has no harbour whatever. Now we can perfectly understand that Homer, however familiar with Ithaca, may never actually have sailed round Dyscallio; and, even if his songs were recited in Ithaca, may have surmised that the Ithacans in general, though constantly in sight of the island, might have known no more of its actual conformation. It is perhaps no violent liberty—(less so we think than to make Asteris, from A and $\Sigma T E P$ = *unsteady*—a floating island, created by Homer

Homer for the occasion, as Mr. Mure proposes)—to conjecture that Dyscallio in the bard's days may have been somewhat larger and better suited to his description. This is Strabo's opinion, who would rather have recourse to this kind of natural change than to the ignorance or the licence of poetic fiction, *κατάψευσιν τῶν τόπων κατὰ τὸ μυθῶδες*. But if this be inadmissible, the hollowing out, as it were, of a port with two entrances, or a kind of open roadstead, the *λιμένες ναύλοχοι, ἀμφίδυμοι*, under the lee of that *small rocky* island, as it is described by the poet, *πετρήεσσα—οὐ μεγάλη*—would be no unpardonable deception of the poetic eyesight, a stretch of the fancy which would hardly be detected by the hearer best experienced in the navigation of these straits. We admit that Dyscallio actually lies rather too far to the north; but even this, if we consider the manner in which these small rocky islands loom upon the sight, when seen from different points; and perhaps allowing for the clearness of the atmosphere, which would enable the ambushed suitors to descry the bark of Telemachus immediately that it put forth from the shore,—this, with but a little voluntary or involuntary ignorance in the poet, a little intentional or unintentional self-deception by the fancy, would account fully for the slight inexactitude, without seriously impeaching either the general knowledge or the fidelity of the historical poet.

With regard to the mountains of Ithaca—the Neritos and the Neios—there is little difficulty in their identification. Even Mr. Mure's more sober judgment was struck with the singular coincidence of the spot assigned by Sir W. Gell for the residence of the swineherd Eumæus.

‘On the summit of the cliff is a small rocky plain, interspersed with olive-groves and straggling “kalyvia,” or farm-cottages. As a site for the dwelling of Eumæus, the spot corresponds well with the Belvedere, or “place of open prospect,” which Homer assigns to that establishment. The face of the cliff is also hollowed out at its summit in various places, partly by nature, partly perhaps by art, into open cavities or sheltered terraces, where we might figure the swineherd reposing as the poet describes him:—

“Encircled by his cloven-footed flock,
From Boreas safe beneath the hollow rock.”

The proposal to place the residence of Eumæus on the little plain above the precipice also realizes in a very lively manner to the apprehension the spirit of Ulysses' protestation to the old man, that, if his tale turned out to be false, he might punish him by throwing him from the top of the neighbouring cliff. Gell's account of the exact correspondence of the present generation of rustic dwellings to the poet's description of that of the swineherd is probably itself a little poetical. Yet even those I saw presented, it must be allowed, some curious points of resemblance. They consist of one, or at the most two, oblong cottages, sometimes with
a “circular

a "circular court" contiguous, surrounded by a fence, which, although neither "lofty," "large," nor "beautiful," corresponds closely in other respects to that described by Homer; being a rude wall, "built with loose stones," and "crowned" with a *chevaux de frise* of "dead thorns," or other prickly plants. The same style of fence is still very generally used both in Greece and Italy: in the latter country, for example, it is common round the vineyards in the retired parts of the interior of Rome.'—vol. i. pp. 68-70.

We are indebted to Mr. Mure for the more distinct and satisfactory solution of the most important of the Homeric geographical problems as relates to Ithaca—the situation of the city of Ulysses. On which side of the island was it to be placed? There are strong arguments for the east and for the west. It was, in fact, quietly observes Mr. Mure, on both:—

'The ruins of the city of Ulysses are spread over the face of a precipitous conical hill, called Aetó, or the "eagle's cliff," occupying the whole breadth of the narrow isthmus which connects the two main subdivisions of the island, and which is here not more than half a mile across. The walls stretch from N.W. to S.E.; their form is that of an irregular triangle, the apex of which is the acropolis, or castle of Ulysses, by pre-eminence, crowning the extreme summit or peak of the mountain, and about as bleak and dreary a spot as can well be imagined for a princely residence. There can, therefore, be little doubt that this is the place to which Cicero so emphatically alludes as the city of Ithaca, in eulogising the patriotism of the hero:—"Ut Ithacam illam, in asperimis saxis tanquam nidulum affixam, sapientissimus vir immortalitati anteponeret,"—"That wisest of men, who preferred his own Ithaca, perched like a bird's-nest among the most rugged of precipices, even to immortality."

'On each side of the isthmus is a port. That of Opíso Aetó, towards Cefalonía, is the best which the channel shore of the island supplies. The hill of Aetó is separated by two small valleys, connected by a narrow neck at their upper extremities, from the ridge of Stefano, already noticed as the highest of the southern division of the island, and identified by Gell with the ancient Neîus. Admitting the accuracy of this view, nothing can be more appropriate than the epithet "Under-Neîus" (*ὑπονηϊον*), applied by Telemachus to his residence; for the mountain, in fact, covers Aetó to the south and east, which consequently may be said to "lie under it," both as regards shade and shelter.

'In this way, too, a singular degree of reality attaches to a fine scene of the Odyssey, where, during the debate in the agora, a pair of eagles suddenly descend from the mountain, and, after hovering with ominous cries and gestures above the assembly, rush screaming through the air, over the habitations of the city to the right. The right hand, in the primitive language of Hellenic divination, is synonymous with the east or south-east. Supposing, therefore, the agora to have been situated in the centre of the city, the course of the eagles over the houses to the right would have lain directly towards their native mountain, whither, after

after executing their divine commission, they might naturally be expected to return.

'The walls are in many places well preserved, especially those of the citadel, which remain to a considerable height in almost their whole circumference. They are chiefly of polygonal masonry, with a tendency here and there to the ruder Tirynthian or Cyclopiian style. In several portions of the area both of the city and acropolis, the line of the streets, and the form of the buildings, are also distinctly traceable, in rows of contiguous square compartments, chiefly of the last-mentioned ruder style of structure.

'The peculiarities of this situation seem to mark it out by nature as the spot which the lord of the Cefalonian isles, if he preferred Ithaca as his place of residence, would have selected as, in a military point of view at least, the most appropriate for his seat of government. On a narrow isthmus, connecting, or rather separating, the two subdivisions of the island, it commands the channel, together with a prospect of the whole east coast of Cefalonía, and possesses a tolerable port on each side, giving ready and speedy communication with both the eastern and western portions of his little empire.'—pp. 71-74.

We must not, however, linger upon Ithaca, though we have not yet exhausted Mr. Mure's Homeric illustrations. It was certainly a happy adventure for a genuine worshipper of the old bard to find himself, in these days of steam-boat rapidity, or at least of bold British seamanship, navigating, as Mr. Mure did at a later period of his travels, a part of the Grecian seas, with all the delay, the timidity, of old Ulysses himself, vainly struggling with baffling or adverse winds, making some way, then driven back, coming to an anchor every night, and disembarking on every shore. We trust that our traveller at the time derived as much amusement and consolation from his poetic reminiscences as he imparts to his reader, and that his parallel of Homeric and modern Greek navigation compensated for the severe trial of his patience. The whole passage (vol. ii. p. 33) is full of interest to the classical student.

There are, however, one or two more minute illustrations of the Homeric poetry which we are unwilling to withhold from our readers. The following extract contains one of these, which we select the more willingly because it relates to a passage in the *Iliad*. It is well known that all the scepticism with regard to the unity and the authorship of these two great poems rests on the subtle observation of minute points, betraying either that discrepancy of design, of opinions, of manners, and of age, which separates each poem into discordant fragments of different bards and different times; or, according to the view of more modest doubters, assigns different though individual authors to each poem, and considers one, perhaps, an Ionian or an Æolo-Thessalian, the other

other a Peloponnesian, at least an inhabitant of European Greece. It is fair, therefore, that all the slight incidental touches which seem to indicate similarity as to mode of life, habits, and feelings, in the poet of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and so to re-assert the one Homer, should be collected with the same industry, and exhibited with the same fullness. Now, if there were one author of the *Odyssey*, it is quite clear that he was well-skilled, and, it should seem, personally versed, in the navigation of his day: he could not possibly have ventured constantly, before an audience many of them no doubt (mariners, and probably 'honourable pirates,' to be so minute on nautical matters, on everything relating to the ship, its rigging, its management, its perils, and its escapes, if he had not been perfectly confident in his own acquaintance with seamanship. Of course of these matters there is much less in the *Iliad*; but any observation which indicates familiarity with the sea will, as far as it goes—and we admit that the present illustration does not go far—tend to show that the poet of the *Iliad* was no idle, luxurious landsman, but that he too had occasionally, at least, ploughed the dark-blue waters of the *Ægean* or the *Ionian* sea :—

' We sailed about eight on the morning of the 27th, and for the first few hours were becalmed, being indebted for what little progress was made to the oars of three men and a boy, who composed the crew of the *caïque*. The water at first was level and smooth as glass; but on advancing a mile or two into the open sea, although there was still not a breath of wind, the tranquillity gave place to a heavy-rolling swell. While considering what could be the cause of this sudden agitation of the water amid the perfect stillness of the atmosphere, I observed towards the south, at some miles' distance, a dark line on the surface of the sea, gradually spreading in the direction of our vessel, and in a quarter of an hour a fresh breeze filled the sails. This phenomenon was new to me, and I was the more struck with it, from its bringing home to my mind at once the full power of a fine simile of Homer, which hitherto I had never properly understood or appreciated. The veteran hero, Nestor, while engaged with a wounded comrade in his tent, hearing the tumult of battle thickening around the Greek intrenchment, goes forth to reconnoitre; and the effect produced on his mind by the dismal spectacle of national discomfiture that presents itself is thus figuratively illustrated :—

ὥς δ' ὅτε πορφύρῃ πέλαγος μέγα κύματι κωφῷ,
ὀσσόμενον λιγέων ἀνέμων λαιψήρᾳ κέλευθα,
αὐτῶς, οὐδ' ἄρα τι προκυλίνδεται οὐδ' ἐτέρωσε,
πρὶν τινα κεκριμένον καταξέμεναι ἐκ Διὸς οὔρον.—*Il.* xiv. 16.

" So doth the darkly-rolling sea presage,
With hollow swell, the coming tempest's rage;
While yet nor here nor there its waves are driven,
Till Jove send down the threaten'd gale from heaven."

' The

'The effect here described is precisely what I now witnessed. It is one of familiar occurrence in narrow seas and archipelagos. The wind which freshens in one portion of a maritime region of this nature—often, perhaps, behind a cape or island, and at such a distance as to be unobserved by the navigator in another—sends across the otherwise smooth surface of the water the sort of undulation so aptly described by the phrase rendered *hollow swell*, literally *mute wave*, in the above passage. The whole phenomenon has been dramatised, as it were, by Homer, under the admirable figure of the sea itself darkly foreboding, by the heaving of its bosom, the coming disturbance of its waters, while yet uncertain as to the direction in which they are to be impelled; as the old hero gloomily presages the approach of the adverse tide of war, though as yet doubtful as to the mode in which he may be affected by it, or the measures to be adopted for stemming its course. It was the more gratifying to have the full value of this fine image realized to the senses on the very spot, perhaps, where it may have been first presented to the poet.'—pp. 82-84.

Our second illustration is more homely, but curious in its minute truth, and may be inserted for the benefit of future travellers in Greece, who, like Ulysses and Mr. Mure, may run the danger of being worried by the inhospitable dogs of the country:—

'Among the numerous points of resemblance with which the classical traveller cannot fail to be struck, between the habits of pastoral and agricultural life as still exemplified in Greece, and those which formerly prevailed in the same country, there is none more calculated to arrest his attention than the correspondence of the shepherds' encampments scattered here and there over the face of the less-cultivated districts, with the settlements of the same kind whose concerns are so frequently brought forward in the illustrative imagery of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Accordingly, the passage of Homer, to which the existing peculiarity above described affords the most appropriate commentary, is the scene of the latter poem where the hero, disguised as a beggar, in approaching the farm of the swineherd, is fiercely assaulted by the dogs, but delivered by the master of the establishment, who pelts them off with stones. Pope's translation, with the exception of one or two expressions, here conveys with tolerable fidelity the spirit of the original:—

"Soon as Ulysses near the enclosure drew,
With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew;
Down sat the sage, and, cautious to withstand,
Let fall the offensive truncheon from his hand.
Sudden the master runs—aloud he calls,
And from his hasty hand the leather falls;
With showers of stones he drives them far away,
The scatter'd dogs around at distance bay."—*Odys.* xiv. 29.

This whole scene, together with many others that follow, both as regards the character of the establishment and the habits of its inmates, corresponds very closely to many a one which I myself have witnessed
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in the course of my journey. But there is one curious point in the description which more especially demands attention ; where Ulysses, alarmed at the fury of the assault, is said to have "sat down, cunningly dropping the stick from his hand." I am probably not the only reader of the poem who has been puzzled to understand the object of this manœuvre on the part of the hero. I was first led to appreciate its full value in the following manner. At Argos, one evening, at the table of General Gordon, then commanding-in-chief in the Morea, the conversation happened to turn, as it frequently does where tourists are in company, on this very subject of the number and fierceness of the Greek dogs ; when one of the company remarked that he knew of a very simple expedient for appeasing their fury. Happening, on a journey, to miss his road, and being overtaken by darkness, he sought refuge for the night at a pastoral settlement by the wayside. As he approached, the dogs rushed out upon him, and the consequences might have been serious had he not been rescued by an old shepherd (the Eumæus of the fold), who sallied forth, and, finding that the intruder was but a benighted traveller, after pelting off his assailants, gave him a hospitable reception in his hut. His guest made some remark on the watchfulness and zeal of his dogs, and on the danger to which he had been exposed from their attack. The old man replied that it was his own fault for not taking the customary precaution in such an emergency ; that he ought to have stopped and sat down until some person whom the animals knew came to protect him. As this expedient was new to the traveller, he made some further inquiries, and was assured that if any person in such a predicament will simply seat himself on the ground, laying aside his weapon of defence, the dogs will also squat in a circle round him ; that as long as he remains quiet they will follow his example ; but that as soon as he rises and moves forward they will renew their assault. This story, though told without the least reference to the *Odyssey*, with which it had not connected itself in the mind of the narrator, at once brought home to my own the whole scene at the fold of Eumæus with the most vivid reality. The existence of the custom was confirmed by other persons present, from their own observation or experience. I never, myself, happened to be under any necessity of putting its efficacy to the test.—vol. i. pp. 98-100.

Mr. Mure entered the mainland of Greece by the mouth of the Achelous, and thus traversed the Homeric Dulichium, whether we place the wealthy kingdom of Penelope's most powerful suitors on the islands at the mouth of the river or on the continent. His own observation, and the intelligence which he obtained from his boatmen, induced him to concur with Colonel Leake in doubting the formation of new land, or the junction of the islands (the Echinades) to the continent, by the accumulation of the deposits of the Achelous.

' I saw no spot of land, at least on this part of the continent, the natural features of which could justify the hypothesis of its ever having belonged to the group of islands that extend along its shore ; existing appearances

appearances would seem to corroborate the testimony of our mariners, in spite of the strong argument which the general conviction of the ancients, and the amount and nature of the alluvial deposit, afford to the contrary.'—vol. i. p. 86.

He visited the extensive ruins of Cēniadæ, his engravings of which are chiefly remarkable as showing the repeated occurrence of the arch in buildings unquestionably of ancient Grecian structure. This assertion of Mr. Mure, as tending to prove that it was not from ignorance of its principle, or difficulty as to its construction, that the Greeks neglected or declined to employ this great element of later architecture, runs directly counter to general opinion. This, however, is not the only instance which he has adduced in his text and illustrated by his drawings. In the second volume of his work he describes a still more curious, and, we may add, very picturesque arched bridge, over a tributary of the Eurotas :—

'No entire ancient bridge of any kind—still less an arched bridge of a genuine Hellenic period—had hitherto been known to exist within the limits of Greece; and even the ability of the Greek masons to throw an arch had been very generally questioned. Here I saw an arched bridge of considerable size and finished structure, and in a style of masonry which guarantees it a work of the remotest antiquity—probably of the heroic age itself. This monument, therefore, while it tangibly connects us with a period of society separated from our own by so wide a blank in the page of history, realizes to our senses a state of art to all appearance proper and peculiar to itself; and which, but for the existence of this and a few other venerable remains of the same class, might be considered (as the men by whom they were constructed have been, by some modern schools of sceptics) to be but the unreal visions of a poetical fancy. The beauty of its situation adds much to its general effect. It is built just where the stream it traverses, a respectable tributary of the Eurotas, issues from one of the deepest and darkest gorges of Taygetus. I could learn no other name for this river than that of the neighbouring village on its banks, which is called Xerókampo (Dry-field). It brings down a considerable body of water, dammed up immediately below the bridge for the supply of the village fountain. The masonry of the arch, the piers, and the portions of wall immediately connected with either, are ancient, and in good preservation. The parapet is modern, of poor rubble work, and where the outer Cyclopiān facing of the retaining wall at the extremity of each flank has fallen away, traces are also visible of Turkish repairs. The span of the arch is about twenty-seven feet; the breadth of the causeway, between the parapets, from six to seven. Each parapet is about one foot three inches in thickness, giving nine or ten feet for the whole breadth of the arch. There are no visible remains of pavement. Although the precipitous nature of the ground rendered it impossible to obtain any full view of the upper or western front of this monument, I was yet enabled

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to ascertain that the masonry is at least as well preserved on that side as on the one represented in the annexed engraving.

'The largest stones are those of the arch: some of them may be from four to five feet long, from two to three in breadth, and between one and two in thickness. In size and proportions they are nearly similar to those which form the interior lining of the heroic sepulchres of Mycenæ, and the whole character of the work leads to the impression of its being a structure of the same epoch that produced those monuments. Even those who may not be willing to acquiesce in this view will scarcely venture to dispute its genuine Hellenic, or rather Spartan, antiquity. Apart from the style of the masonry, it is hardly in a situation to admit of its being a work either of the Macedonian or Roman periods; lying as it does in this remote corner of the peninsula, where in later times it is little likely there could have been a thoroughfare of sufficient importance to warrant such expensive undertakings. Its existence, therefore, seems sufficient in itself to establish the use of the arch in Greece at a very remote epoch.' *—vol. ii. pp. 248, 249.

This is still more remarkable if, according to Mr. Mure's arguments, in a paper to which he refers in the *Annals of the Roman Archæological Institute*, the 'Treasury' of Minyas at Orchomenos was vaulted on the principle of the arch of concentric layers. If the arch was well known and thus applied—(it must be remembered that Sir G. Wilkinson has clearly shown its occasional use in very early Egyptian buildings)—in the first, the Pelasgic period of Greece, it should seem to have been deliberately declined by later architects in favour of their more simple principle of supporting the roof. Was it from the fine and intuitive perception of its general incongruity with the character of their architecture, the bold, long, horizontal lines, reposing in all their massy weight on tall straight columns? The debased character of the Roman-Grecian buildings of the empire is clearly attributable to the introduction of this uncongenial element into the regular Grecian form; and it will be curious if, at

* This discovery of Mr. Mure's, if he be right, as he apparently is, as to the antiquity of this bridge, will require a correction in the two articles ARCH and BRIDGE in the new 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.' In the latter it is distinctly asserted that 'the Romans were undoubtedly the first people who applied the arch to the construction of bridges.' We mention this, however, rather to give ourselves an opportunity of recommending this excellent work, edited by Dr. Wm. Smith, with the assistance of Mr. George Long, Mr. Donaldson, and other well-known scholars, and published by Messrs. Taylor and Hessey. We do not pretend to have examined this Dictionary throughout; but the articles which we have consulted appear to us admirably done: they are terse in style, and pregnant, yet not cumbrously so, with accurate knowledge;—the best and *latest* authorities are constantly cited; even Mr. Mure is appealed to in some of the later articles; the slight illustrative engravings are numerous, well chosen, and well executed. It was a work much wanted, will be invaluable to the young student, and, as a book of reference, (it is a single handsome double-columned 8vo.) will be most acceptable on the library table of every scholar.

the sacrifice of occasional strength and solidity of structure, the Greeks at this very early period repudiated, on pure æsthetic grounds, that which might have been fatal to the majesty and the beauty of their peculiar style.

We must not, however, leave this bridge—at which we have arrived by this architectural connexion, rather than by following the course of Mr. Mure's journey—without reference to another Homeric illustration. This bridge lies upon the only road by which Telemachus could have performed the journey assigned to him from the court of Nestor, at Pylos, to that of Menelaus, at Sparta. From Navarin (Pylos), the dwelling of Nestor, to Calamata (Pheræ), is a day's journey, which might be performed by Nestor's fine horses—particularly, we may observe, as the prudent housekeeper put into the carriage a good store of provisions, such as Jove-trained kings might condescend to eat—

Ἐν δὲ γυνὴ ταμὴν σῖτον καὶ οἶνον ἔθηκεν,
Ὅψα τε, οἷα ἔδουσι διοτρεφεὲς βασιλῆες—

But the second day's journey from Pheræ to Sparta is more difficult. The direct road, according to Mr. Mure, would lie over the loftiest, the most rugged summit of Taygetus. This line in his opinion would be impracticable for a carriage, even for the chariot of Nestor, though probably accustomed to rude encounters, even where the roads—as appears sometimes, at least in later times, to have been the case—were grooved for the wheels. At any rate, the ascent and descent would have occupied longer time. A more circuitous, yet more level road, practicable for a chariot, and now used as a bridle-road down into the plain of Elis, led over this bridge and through a lateral valley.

‘There can, therefore,’ observes Mr. Mure, ‘be little doubt that this is the line of route which Homer makes Telemachus travel; and everything warrants the belief that the poet himself, if not his hero, may have passed over this very bridge. The distance to Calamata by this line may be about fifteen hours, or near forty miles; a long journey, no doubt, in such a country, but not probably beyond the force of a pair of steeds from the mews of the “Gerenian horseman, Nestor.”’—vol. ii. p. 254.

This journey of Telemachus, as usual in Homer, is very rapidly despatched. Whether up hill or down hill, the speed of the horses might seem to be unchecked—τῷ δ' οὐκ ἄκοντε πετέσθην. Of the mountain-pass, whether more or less difficult, there is not a word—unless it is intimated on their arrival on the ‘corn-bearing plain,’ where they finished their course—

Ἴξον δ' εὖσπεδιόν κρηφῶρον; ἔνθα δ' ἔπειτα
Ἦγον δδόν—*Odyss.* iii. *sub fin.*

We

We revert to the order of Mr. Mure's journey, but reluctantly pass over his descriptions of many celebrated places—Delphi, Chæronea, Thebes, Platea. The manner in which these scenes; hallowed by such lofty associations, crowd upon the traveller, is thus strikingly brought before us:—

‘We are habituated from our schoolboy days to consider as one of the most interesting features of the history of Greece the contrast between the narrow limits of the country and the boundless influence on the destinies of mankind; the surpassing glory that encircles not only the tiny land herself in her integrity, but many of her petty subdivisions; the number and celebrity of the great men she produced, and the magnitude of the events enacted on so confined a theatre. It is, however, only through the medium of a visit to the country that the full force of this reflection can be brought home to the mind; when one actually sees clustered, within the ordinary distance of English market-towns from each other, the ruins of cities far better known to fame than many a mighty empire, with its countless myriads of square miles or of population. A ride of less than twelve hours, at a foot-pace, enabled us to visit at least four places of distinction in Homer's age, with an ease and rapidity which cannot be better represented than by the flowing lines in which he has recorded their names:—

—“Πυθῶνά τε πετρήεσσαν,
Κρῖσάν τε ζαθῆην, καὶ Δαυλίδα, καὶ Πανοπῆα.”

“The rocky Delphi, Crissa the divine,
Daulis, and Panoepa.”

The three succeeding days would have sufficed a traveller more favoured by the elements than myself to traverse, with the same equipage, at the same pace—besides numerous other small states of less distinction—the territories of Thebes, Platea, Eleusis, and Athens. Argos, Mycenæ, and Tiryns—the cities of Danaus, Hercules, Perseus, Agamemnon—with their colossal walls, bearing living testimony to the gigantic energies by which those heroes so well deserved the renown that still attends their names—are all within the compass of a pleasant day's walk to a tolerable pedestrian. The whole population of the state of Athens, in its best ages, is computed to have been about one-third of that of London; while the whole of that of Greece proper at the present day, which during eight years resisted the concentrated energies of the Mahomedan empire, is considerably less than that of Constantinople.’—vol. i. pp. 210, 211.

We proceed to Athens, where it is impossible any longer to preserve inviolate our classical reminiscences—where, between the enthusiastic student of antiquity and the shades of Themistocles, Socrates, and Demosthenes, arise the unidealized forms of King Otho, his ministers, and his German professors. Modern buildings, too, are springing up amid the sacred ruins of the great days of Athens; the commencement at least of a large marble palace confronts, though at a respectful distance, the hallowed Acropolis,

Acropolis, with its Parthenon and other majestic relics of antiquity. We are disposed to agree with Mr. Mure in the regret which he expresses that Athens was chosen to be the metropolis of the Græco-Bavarian kingdom. There is no inconsiderable danger in provoking the glorious reminiscences of the past. The new Rome, which was built upon, or rather by the side of, the old, was still the mistress of the world: she ruled by another authority, she swayed the world by other arms; but, in fame, in wealth, in power, she was still the metropolis of the civilised nations: even as regards the arts, the Rome which could build St. Peter's might look without shame upon the ruins of the Coliseum. But will not modern Athens appear like a foreign usurper, awakening unwelcome and humiliating thoughts of the Athens of old? She must crowd and choke up the venerable remains of antiquity by new and staring edifices; however skillfully she may adopt the style of Attic architecture, she will at best be but a tame and servile imitator: if she departs from it, all will become incongruous. The remains of the Periclean edifices will stand in their simple majesty as a perpetual reproof to rivals, which cannot surpass, and probably will scarcely aspire to equal them: at all events, there will be that constant jarring discordance between the two periods which will desecrate the older and more venerable, and disparage whatever real architectural merit may be attained by the new. Let us hear Mr. Mure's sober and dispassionate judgment:—

‘The selection of Athens as the capital—a tribute partly to her pre-eminence in ancient history, partly, no doubt, to the number and beauty of her extant remains—was not probably, in any point of view, the most fortunate that could have been made. That it was not so in either a political or military respect is a common, if not a universal, opinion among those best qualified to judge in such matters, upon grounds which it were foreign to our purpose to recapitulate. But to the antiquary or the artist the selection is still more to be deplored. At the conclusion of the war the whole area of the city was one heap of rubbish, strewed over the surface of a soil composed, in many places perhaps to the depth of thirty or forty feet, of fragments of ancient Athenian magnificence. There was never so favourable an opportunity offered on so favourable a spot for antiquarian discovery; and a well-conducted series of excavations, however slowly carried into effect, would not only have brought to light many treasures of ancient art, but have uncovered to a great extent the plan of the ancient city, its streets and principal edifices. Here the circumstances are far more propitious than in the waste grounds of Rome. In her case, after the destruction of the old city, the inhabitants removed to the open space of the Campus Martius, and the ruins of their former habitations became, and have more or less remained ever since, a quarry for the materials employed in the construction

struction of a large and splendid modern city. At Athens, on the other hand, as the buildings of the old city mouldered into ruins, the hovels of the modern town sprang up on the same site; and as the lightest materials were preferred in their construction, it is to be supposed that the more valuable remains of antiquity have been allowed to lie in a great measure undisturbed. The selection of Athens as the seat of government, followed up by the draught of a plan for a new town, and the rapid spread of new structures over the portion of the ancient site where the noblest edifices were formerly accumulated, has permanently extinguished all hopes of profiting by these favourable circumstances. As regards the Acropolis, it may further be remembered that the natural features of this rock have at all periods rendered its summit a dangerous position for the monuments that adorn it; and the wonder is, perhaps, how any portion of them should have survived the vicissitudes to which they have already been exposed. As long as the capital of the country surrounds its base—in spite of all the present schemes to convert it into a great museum of art—an Acropolis, in the military sense of the word, it must still remain. While Greece continues to enjoy the uninterrupted blessings of peace, the improvements of Signor Pittákys may continue to be successfully prosecuted; but should she, as can hardly fail to be the case at no very distant period, again become the theatre of war, foreign or domestic, the site of the Parthenon will probably be one of the first victims of its ravages. On the approach of an enemy, by sea or by land, it can hardly fail to become, if not the chosen stronghold of a faction, a place of refuge for persons and goods. Motives of public or personal security will then outweigh all considerations of taste and virtue; its museums and temples will afford, even in its present dismantled state, too convenient a material for its re-fortification; and will again be converted into magazines or bastions, and their valuables into weapons of defence.

‘The best mode of promoting the interests of Greek art, as concentrated around Athens, would have been to have made her, not the London or Paris, but the Windsor or Versailles of the new court. The seat of government might have been fixed at Nauplia, or in whatever other position was considered most central and convenient: Athens might have become the favourite villa or country residence of the sovereign. The town, being then limited to such buildings as were requisite for the accommodation of his court, might have been so planned as to encroach as little as possible on the area of the ancient city, which would thus have been left as one extensive field for the prosecution of the most interesting of all researches.’—vol. ii. pp. 74-76.

The late war, it is remarkable, seems hardly to have injured any of the great, or even of the smaller, monuments of antiquity:—

‘There is indeed nothing which conveys a more distinct idea of the excellence of the ancient masonry than the almost complete state of preservation in which we still find every fragment that existed at the commencement of the revolution, amid the total and often reiterated ruin of the surrounding modern edifices with which they were in many cases connected as integral parts, and in common with which they have been exposed

exposed to all the recent vicissitudes of fire, battery, bombardment, and wilful dilapidation. Yet there they stand, both at Athens and elsewhere, each in its place, fresh and entire, as drawn by the last generation of travellers. I scarcely think I missed a single ruin, or even a single stone, noted by either Dodwell, Gell, or Leake, on our line of route, with the exception of such as have been carried off by antiquarian plunderers. During the various sieges of Athens at least 6000 cannon-shot or shells were aimed at the Acropolis; yet, by a strange enough fatality, the only very serious damage its buildings sustained, the fall of the porch of the Erechtheum, was caused, not by the shot, but by the precautions taken by Gouras, the chief of the garrison, to render it harmless. Having selected this edifice as his own quarters, he attempted to render it bomb-proof by heaping earth on its roof, which, after his own death, sinking beneath the weight, buried under its ruins his widow, so distinguished for her beauty and virtue, together with some of the principal ladies of Athens, who had sought the same place of refuge during the bombardment. In a large number of cases, indeed, the desolation of the war has been, in so far, beneficial to the present race of antiquaries by disencumbering ancient relics of the Turco-Greek habitations under which they were concealed. The successive sacks and sieges have here performed the same service, in stripping them of these unseemly appendages, as the aquafortis in cleansing the surface of a gem or vase from the filth with which it had been encrusted in its subterranean abode. Among the more pointed illustrations of these remarks may be quoted, in addition to this elegant monument [the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates], which, from its diminutive size, tended more immediately to suggest them, the neighbouring Tower of Andronicus Cyrrhestes and the Doric Temple of Corinth. By reference to the old drawings of these remains it will be seen that, previous to the war, both were in a great measure encased in modern masonry. Both now stand in the centre of a considerable extent of free space.'—vol. ii. pp. 93, 94.

If the Turks and Greeks had been better skilled in the arts of attack and defence, the result might not have been so favourable; and there is little security that future convulsions will be conducted with such feeble and ill-concerted measures. War has no æsthetic reverence for works of art—a chance bomb first made the fatal breach in the Parthenon, which had defied centuries of ordinary decay; and should the Acropolis ever endure a *civilized* battering, the subsequent traveller would speak gently enough of 'antiquarian plunderers.'

We will hope indeed that these are but remote dangers; and we confess we look with more immediate apprehension to the questionable proceedings of restoration which have been adopted—and are, it seems, to be carried much farther—doubtless from the best motives, by the present government. As yet these operations have been confined to the Acropolis. There can be no doubt of the general propriety of the recent proceedings as far as

regards disencumbering the ancient ruins on this spot from modern structures. Mr. Mure, however, pleads eloquently, and we think successfully, for one which forms a main feature in all the views of the Acropolis, the great square Frank tower on the southern side :—

‘It is built almost entirely of solid blocks of marble, from the ruins of the Propylæa, or of other ancient buildings in the neighbourhood. While its materials, therefore, are the same, its masonry is also so compact and substantial, as to require a somewhat close examination before any great difference can be perceived between its style or merit and that of the contiguous works of the Periclean age. It forms, whether as seen from the interior of the Acropolis or the immediate environs, a great addition both to its dignity as a fortress, and to its picturesque beauty; and in the distance gives its whole outline a relief and effect which the other more classical edifices on its summit fail to impart. The ancient building on which it is erected, the right wing or bastion of the Propylæa, is confessedly but an unimportant constituent part of that edifice, being much smaller than the one on the opposite side, containing the Pinacothek; nor is there good reason to suppose that the materials of the tower itself comprise any valuable remains of antiquity. Under all these circumstances I cannot but think that its demolition would be an act of Gothic barbarism, little short of that of which its constructors may have been guilty in the robbery of the neighbouring buildings to procure materials for their work.’—vol. ii. p. 66.

No one unquestionably can object to the reconstruction of the small Temple of Victory, which had *totally* disappeared since the days of Spon and Wheler, and which has been completely recomposed from its old materials. The walls, the porticoes, the entablature, with its reliefs, belonging to a very perfect period of Grecian art, were found almost in a perfect state of preservation, and replaced with great skill:—the whole temple has reappeared like a new edifice; its white marble columns and walls stand glittering in the sun with a splendour little short of that which they displayed when fresh from the chisels of their original constructors. Many fragments, likewise, of the Erechtheum have been disinterred and replaced, and to this there can be no objection, though we have great doubt as to the new Caryatis, which is in process of execution by a Swiss sculptor. But against the restoration of the Parthenon we enter our strongest protest; even if, and that is most improbable, the proportions of every restored part should be perfect; even if time—and in that atmosphere it would require a very long time—should harmonise the new and the old work so as to soften away the patched and mended appearance; should the sculptures be copied by accurate casts from those in England and elsewhere—it will not, it cannot be the Parthenon of the Athenian republic; Signior Pyttákys cannot be Phidias, or
King

King Otho—Pericles. All may look smooth and bright, and finished—the columns may stand in their ancient regularity, and a well-poised roof protect us from the weather—a marble pavement may be agreeable to the tread—but the temple in which Aristides, and Socrates, and Demosthenes worshipped is gone; the temple (let us revert to our own sacred associations) on which St. Paul gazed from the Areopagus is no more: we say nothing of the loss of the picturesque effect of the ruins—which Mr. Mure, looking upon their yet unviolated outlines, is so feelingly anxious to preserve; but we plead for all the deep and indelible associations, which are more to us even than the highest architectural majesty and beauty. That we should have the Parthenon as it was, is now impossible; but let us still indulge the undisturbed conviction that all which we do see belongs to the real, the Periclean, the Phidian Parthenon.

We are unwilling to leave the subject without some notice of the curious discoveries made in the excavations in the Acropolis, the legitimate spoils of which have already filled one museum, and require another. Of this museum Mr. Mure writes,—

‘ Among its more interesting contents are the architectural fragments of the old Hecatompedon or primitive Parthenon, destroyed by the Persians; which were found imbedded in the rubbish employed, after the completion of the new structure, to level the surrounding area. They are of stone, of not very fine quality, covered with stucco, on which the ornamental portions are painted of various colours, chiefly blue, red, and yellow.* There have also been discovered, similarly buried, numerous large blocks of marble, wrought and unwrought, among which are some colossal drums of columns, originally destined for the peristyle of the new temple, but thrown aside from some defect in the material or the execution. A large portion of the rubbish in which they are imbedded consists of marble chippings, the same doubtless that once strewed the workshops of Ictinus and Phidias. From the midst of it have also been culled many of that minor class of relics, which, by their very homeliness, realize more effectually to the imagination the epoch from whence they have been preserved, and thus speak more directly and powerfully to the sympathies, than gigantic ruins or high-wrought works of finished art. Such are the fragments of the tools handled by the workmen, or even perhaps by the great masters themselves, to whom these precious models of the perfection of art are indebted for their existence; the lead pencils employed in sketching the design, the chisel and mallet in its execution; the

* No doubt most of our readers have seen some of the masterly drawings and paintings of Egyptian temples, &c., executed during a recent tour by Mr. Roberts, R.A. The splendid *colouring* of the pillars and interior walls of those edifices had not been seen with careless eyes by the old Greek travellers. We are glad to observe that Mr. Roberts is publishing a series of engravings from his delineations, both of these Egyptian remains and of the most interesting architectural monuments of the Holy Land: two numbers of the work have reached us, and most beautiful they are.

wooden dovetails that connected the drums of the columns, and other contiguous blocks of the masonry of the Hecatompedon; pieces of charred wood, still fresh from the flames of the Persian conflagration; besides small bronze images, and other coeval fragments of the inferior departments of art.'—vol. ii. pp. 77, 78. *

We may here break off our account of Mr. Mure's observations on the antiquities of Greece, which we have kept as much as might be apart from other subjects, at the same time strongly recommending our readers to follow him in his Peloponnesian tour to Corinth, Argos, Mycenæ, Lacedæmon, and Olympia. Mr. Mure surveyed the existing state of things in this young kingdom, we have said, with dispassionate impartiality; our general impression of the measures of the government from his journal would not be altogether favourable, but he gives a striking summary of its peculiar difficulties. His general principle seems to be, that, with its limited resources, the primary object should be to promote that which is clearly and practically useful, rather than to enter into larger and more magnificent schemes. He doubts the wisdom of making great roads, at very considerable cost, where there is no traffic, and where the communication of this kind does not seem to be demanded by public convenience. This, however, we cannot but think questionable censure. He is chiefly opposed, however, to the erection of the vast marble palace for the king, while the exigencies of the state are so considerable, and even the streets of Athens are unpaved, filthy, and inconvenient. We have an engraving of this palace, as the frontispiece of a work which we have received and read with much interest, though of course, as regards the opinions of the writer, not with entire and unquestioning confidence. We allude to Mr. Strong's official, and, it should seem, authorised account of 'Greece as a kingdom.'† It presents the statistics of Greece from the government returns in as ample and various forms, though in a far more compendious shape, than that vast pile of blue books which annually accumulate on the floors of an English member of parliament, and over which Joseph Hume sits brooding with parental solicitude. We

* A Russian traveller of large fortune, M. Davidoff, who received part of his education in this country, and is now, we believe, in the diplomatic service of the Emperor Nicolas, published a few years ago in his own language a magnificent work on the remains of Greek Architecture, the engravings of which we can understand rather better than the text. These afford far minuter details of the actual working of the ancient builders and masons than can be found in any other work whatever. The section on the Parthenon is especially curious and valuable, and we are surprised it at least has not been rendered accessible to the European public by a translation either into French or English.

† 'Greece as a Kingdom; or, a Statistical Description of that Country, from the Arrival of King Otho, in 1833, down to the Present Time. Drawn up from Official Documents and other Authentic Sources. Dedicated by express permission to His Majesty the King of Greece. By Frederick Strong, Esq., Consul at Athens for their Majesties the Kings of Bavaria and Hanover.' London. 1842.

are disposed to make some extracts from this work, which in a literary point of view is very well executed, in order to show, more clearly than we could from any other quarter, the actual state of things in the kingdom of Otho. The Grecian dominions, according to the boundaries finally established by the intervention of the great powers, contain 'in all 13,887,100 British geographical square miles—which are equal to about 12,000,000 acres; of these not one-ninth part is private property, by far the greater portion belonging to the state.'

'The following Tables will show the statistics. The figures represent stremas, one of which is 1000 square peeks, or as many French square metres.

No. 1.—*General Division of the Land.*

	Morea.	Continent.	Islands.	Total.
Mountains and rocks . . .	5,000,000	5,000,000	5,967,226	15,967,226
Rivers and lakes . . .	1,500,000	2,000,000	..	3,500,000
Forests	3,000,000	4,000,000	..	7,000,000
Arable land	11,436,409	8,171,949	300,000	19,908,358
Gardens	35,000	69,000	115,000	219,000
Vineyards	240,000	186,000	324,000	750,000
Currant plantations . . .	14,440	2,120	..	16,560
Olive groves	12,551	21,455	7,604	41,610
Lemon and mulberry groves	260	116	110	486
Towns and villages . . .	157,340	47,360	7,060	211,760
Total stremas	21,396,000	19,498,000	6,721,000	47,615,000

No. 2.—*Table of the Description of Land available for Cultivation.*

	Morea.	Continent.	Islands.	Total.
Arable land	11,436,409	8,171,949	300,000	19,908,358
Gardens, vineyards, &c.	959,591	326,051	453,774	1,739,416
Total stremas	12,396,000	8,498,000	753,774	21,647,774

No. 3.—*Table of the Number of Stremas available for Cultivation.*

	Morea.	Continent.	Islands.	Total.
Cultivated	4,960,000	2,917,812	703,774	8,581,586
Not cultivated	7,436,000	5,580,188	50,000	13,066,188
Total stremas	12,396,000	8,498,000	753,774	21,647,774

No. 4.—

No. 4.—*Table of cultivated Lands belonging to Government and Individuals.*

	Morea.	Continent.	Islands.	Total.
Government lands .	4,000,000	2,018,020	50,000	6,068,020
Private property .	960,000	899,792	653,774	2,513,566
Total stremas	4,960,000	2,917,812	703,774	8,581,586

No. 5.—*Table of uncultivated Lands belonging to Government and Individuals.*

	Morea.	Continent.	Islands.	Total.
Government lands .	6,000,000	4,000,000	40,000	10,040,000
Private property .	1,436,000	1,580,188	10,000	3,026,188
Total stremas	7,436,000	5,580,188	50,000	13,066,188

The number of inhabitants to the square (British) mile was, according to the census of 1836, in the Morea 63; on the continent 26; in the islands 35. The total population had risen between the returns of 1836 and 1840, from 751,077 to 856,470. Mr. Mure gives the population at only 560,000 before the war, but thinks this a high estimate: he quotes however a government return in 1837, as giving 926,000: differing from Mr. Strong, whose returns show less than that amount in 1840. The population of Athens is 26,237, including the garrison, 1367, and foreigners, 3573. The price of provisions is tempting. We subjoin a few items. Beef, in British money, is $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ the British pound; mutton, $2\frac{3}{4}d.$ Vegetables are very cheap; and the fruit, apricots, figs, and even peaches, are cheaper than apples and pears, at $1d.$ or $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ To return to the population: throughout the kingdom the small number of illegitimate children speaks favourably for the state of morality in Greece. In several entire provinces there are none at all, in others only one or two. The proportion is considerably less than 1 per cent. on the whole amount of births. The climate appears unfavourable to the rearing of children. One-half of the deaths take place at a very tender age. Teething appears to be a very difficult process.

As to the constitution, the king is a monarch in the highest sense, and, considering the large proportion of the land which is in the actual possession of the state, it is impossible to conceive authority more fully vested in the sovereign. He is assisted by a council of state, now consisting of about twenty members nominated by himself. The whole territory is divided into communes

(Δημοί)

(*Δημοί*) of three classes: 1st, containing a population of 10,000 and upwards; 2nd, from 2000 to 10,000; 3rd, of less than 2000.

The communes of the first class are governed by a mayor (*Δημαρχος*), forty-six aldermen (*Παρεδροι*), and a municipal council (*Δημοτικόν Συμβούλιον*) of eighteen members. In the smaller communes there is a *Δημαρχος*, but proportionably fewer aldermen and a less numerous council. The demarchos is the 'great unpaid': his office is purely honorary; he receives no salary, and has no exemption from public imposts: he is guaranteed, however, the expenses of his office. He administers, with the advice and assistance of his *Παρεδροι* and council, the whole local government of the district. All the municipal officers are elected by the commune. The privilege of election is, with some restrictions, in all male inhabitants above twenty-five years of age. Before they poll they take a bribery-oath, which we are bound to insert, partly as a specimen of the current official language, partly as it may afford some hint to Mr. Roebuck in his Catonian plans to *restore* the immaculate virtue of our ten-pound voters. If it were administered in its original Greek among the constituencies of Sudbury, Harwich, or Ipswich, could its awful sounds be without effect?—

Ὅρκίζω εἰς τὴν Ὑπεραγίαν καὶ Ἀδιαίρετον Τριάδα καὶ εἰς τὸ Ἱερὸν Εὐαγγέλιον, ὅτι θέλω δώσει τὴν Ψφὸν μου κατὰ συνείδησιν, καὶ ἔχων πρὸ ὀφθαλμῶν μόνον τὰ πρὸς τὸν Βασιλέα μου, πρὸς τὴν Πατρίδα, καὶ πρὸς τὸν Δῆμον μου χρέη, ἐλευθερὸς ἀπὸ πάσαν ξένην ἐπιβροήν, κατ' ἰδίαν μου πεποίθησιν, καὶ ὅτι δέν ἐδέχθην, οὔτε θέλω δεχθῆ ποτὲ ἐπὶ τούτῳ δῶρα ἢ ὑποσχέσεις ἀμέσως ἢ ἐμμέσως.

'I swear by the Most Holy and Undivided Trinity, and the Holy Gospels, to deliver my vote conscientiously, and with due regard to my king, my country, and my commune, to the best of my conscience, independently and free of any foreign influence; and further, that I have not received, nor will I ever receive, any money, present, or bribe from any one whatsoever, either directly or indirectly, for the purpose of influencing me in my vote.'

Every commune is responsible for the acts of violence and of robbery committed within its jurisdiction. It is bound to the restitution of property, and to indemnify persons wounded by violence, or, in case of their death, their wives and families. Some of Mr. Mure's adventures, and others which he relates, intimate pretty clearly that this law has not yet been found quite effective to correct the kleftic or *heroic* habits of centuries.

Commerce and agriculture, but chiefly the latter, must be the conservative, or rather the civilising, elements of modern Greece. On the commerce, as well as on all other points, the work of Mr. Strong affords ample details: we will only observe that the mercantile

cantile navy of Greece, according to the returns, exhibits a progressive increase in the total of the tonnage employed in commerce. In 1841 it amounted to 111,201 tons, employing 18,609 mariners. The number of persons employed solely in agriculture is about 100,000, being nearly one-half of the male (adult?) and about one-eighth of the total population of the kingdom. But though possessing such an extent of fertile and uncultivated land, Greece still imports corn, chiefly from the ports of the Black Sea. The two great practical defects in Grecian agriculture are, the awkwardness of their implements, which have hardly improved since the days of Hesiod,* and the want of cattle to work the ground—in other words, of capital. Mr. Gropius, the Austrian Consul, once said to Mr. Strong, that if the Bavarian government would send into Greece a couple of thousand of oxen, it would benefit the country more than twice as many bayonets. ‘Greece,’ says Mr. Strong, ‘could easily find room for five millions of inhabitants, and furnish food for them all.’ Mr. Strong, indeed, looks forward to fill up this want of cultivators in proportion to the productive capabilities of the country, not merely by the regular increase of the native Greek population, but by extensive immigration.

‘The tide of emigration, from the over-peopled states of northern Europe, has for many years flowed towards America; latterly, it has taken a turn in the direction of Australia, but, by and by, it may alter its course, and set in towards the shores of Greece, which offers many inducements to colonists. In the first place, the fineness and salubrity of its climate render a house almost superfluous for nine months of the year, and the settlers, on their arrival in the spring, might, without any hardship, live in tents till they had finished their agricultural labours for the season, and then be able to construct their habitations, for which there is abundance of materials, before the commencement of the periodical rains. Secondly, they would not have to encounter such difficulties as meet them in North America, of clearing the ground by incalculable labour, felling tree by tree, and then digging out the roots; but on the first day of their arrival in Greece, by setting fire to the shrubs and bushes, they could clear as much land as they require, and commence ploughing the next morning. The only beasts of prey they would find would be the harmless jackals, which, at the utmost, might make a midnight attempt on their poultry. Lastly, they would find every facility afforded them by the government. All religions are freely tolerated;† and foreign colonists, coming to Greece with the intention of

* We may here refer to the new ‘Dictionary of Antiquities’ already noticed, for a series of articles on the agricultural operations and implements of the Greeks and Romans, executed with remarkable care, and illustrated by most curious engravings.

† The Greek Church has declared itself independent of the Patriarch of Constantinople. The old love of controversy has already revived: we have seen several theological publications, of small compass indeed, printed at Athens in ancient Greek, on the whole not discreditable in style: one on the question of ‘Mixed Marriages,’ which has already begun to agitate the community.

purchasing land and establishing themselves in the kingdom, enjoy the privilege of importing free of duty,' &c. &c. &c.—*Strong*, p. 164.

(Here follows a *schedule*.)

A third great impediment, however, to the more successful cultivation of Greece is the want, or rather the partial distribution, of water. The catabothra, or emissaries, among the most curious and gigantic works of ancient Greece, and to which some attention was paid by the Turks, are now completely choked up, and vast plains of the most fertile land are become stagnant marshes, or the beds of shallow lakes. If land should rise in demand, the government, by a wise, even if costly, expenditure, on the cleansing out and restoring these vast drains, would no doubt amply repay themselves in the end for such an outlay. We quote Mr. Strong's observations on this emissary of the Lake Copais, as well on its own account, as for the passage which follows relating to the general change in the watercourses of the country since the flourishing days of Greece.

'That Lake Copais might be drained, there can be no reasonable doubt; the only difficulty would be to furnish the pecuniary means. Crates of Chalcis, an eminent hydraulic engineer in the time of Alexander the Great, perforated an artificial channel through the mountains, of sufficient size to admit of the passage of the waters, though increased by the winter rains, which were thus carried off into the sea, the mouth of this artificial channel being opposite the island of Eubœa. The length of the conduit was about an English mile; and in order to clean it in case of its becoming obstructed, upwards of forty vertical shafts were sunk at different stations from the surface of the mountain through which it passed, so as to permit of easy access to the part where the stoppage existed.

'This magnificent work is now completely choked up, but the vertical shafts still exist, and the whole might be cleared out, and thus drain the extensive plain of Copais. The inundations are very gradual. The water begins to rise in the winter, after the fall of the first rains, not with the boisterous impetuosity of an Alpine mountain torrent, tearing up trees and destroying houses, but so gently as to be almost imperceptible; and an ancient Hellenic causeway, which is annually submerged, appears again periodically without any visible damage or alteration, though one half the year under water.

'But the clearing out of the subterraneous water-courses, though the most efficacious and radical, are not the only means to be adopted; for as the water which covers the greatest part of the country is only about a couple of feet deep, a solid wall of not more than three feet in height would protect many thousands of acres from inundation, the waters of which are now only carried off and exhaled in the summer, when it is too late to cultivate the land.

'There is no doubt that in Greece the appearance of the country has changed most materially during the last twenty or thirty centuries; and though

though the position of mountains and rivers remain the same, even their aspect must have undergone a complete change. Herodotus says that the Athenians hunted bears in the forests on Mount Lycabettus, where now there is scarcely a shrub to be found a foot high. From other writers we know that Hymettus, Pentelicon, and Parnassus were covered with forests to their summits. They now present the appearance of skeletons of mountains, bare rocks without any vegetation, or only producing a few stunted trees, whose roots seek in vain for nourishment among the soilless crevices. The trees which formerly covered these mountains having died away by degrees, the soil kept together by their roots, and increased by the decomposition of their leaves, has, in the course of time, been washed down by the heavy periodical rains into the valleys, the level of which has, no doubt, considerably risen, as is abundantly proved by many antique ruins having been discovered in digging the foundations of modern houses. In the plain of Olympia the pedestals of the columns of the Temple of Jupiter, which have lately been discovered, are nearly twenty feet below the present surface of the ground.

‘That the rivers have shared the same fate is also easily proved. The Cephissus, for instance, has dwindled down to a little stream, not sufficient for irrigating the gardens in the plain of Attica; and yet, at one time, it was so deep as to form a barrier to the progress of Xerxes and his whole army, who, not being able to cross it, encamped upon its banks. The classical Ilyssus is now quite dry, though the buttresses of the magnificent bridge which connected the Athenian side of the river with the Stadium still exist, showing that the span of the arch was fifty feet; and, judging by appearances, the depth of water must have been at least twelve or fourteen feet. At Sparta are still to be seen the iron rings inserted in the stones forming the quays of the Eurotas, formerly used for the purpose of making fast the galleys. The water in that river now does not reach to the knee in any part; and the Inachus, which was formerly navigable up to Argos, is a dry torrent-bed except during the rainy season.’—*Strong*, pp. 167-169.

Artesian wells are proposed to remedy this defect, but the Greeks, according to Mr. Strong, are ignorant even of the common pump.

All such improvements, of course, must depend on the finances of the country. We find, however, from the abstract of income and expenditure, that there was in 1840—for the first time indeed—but still, if we may trust the figures, in that year, the last of which we have the financial statement, there was a surplus of 819,770 dollars. The revenue shows a regular and progressive increase, the expenditure appears to diminish. This, with the large and gradually available fund which the state possesses in the property of the soil, might offer, under prudent yet wisely speculative management, resources proportionately more hopeful than those of most European kingdoms.

For

For the rest of the details of the army, navy, and church establishment of Greece we must content ourselves with a general reference to Mr. Strong's book—not without rendering our thanks for the information afforded us.

When, indeed, we throw off the archæologist—when we consider Greece, not merely as a sacred treasure-house of the monuments and of the lofty reminiscences of antiquity, but look upon it as taking its place, however humble, in the great federation of European nations—we think that, as a Christian power, in its peculiar position, it may become of greater political importance than many may be at present disposed to allow. In this small kingdom a great man might, we think, at least lay the foundation of great things. If, by a wise and paternal administration, he could at the same time people the deserted fields, and cultivate them to their height; if, while thus fully developing the national resources, he could create a national spirit; if, confining her military expenditure to the defence of the country, Greece were to aspire gradually to become what nature seems to have destined her for, in her limited waters, and what she was in the palmy days of Athens, a maritime power, she might gradually grow in consideration. And when the time comes, as come it apparently must, sooner or later—when changes take place, in at least the European dominions of Mahometanism—when the waning Crescent may be compelled to retire to its native Asia—it might be convenient to have a small, indeed, but flourishing and well-governed Christian state, whose frontiers might be advanced without danger to the balance of Europe; and which, strong, not in her own strength, but in that of the great powers of Europe, who might find it their interest to put her forward, might receive accession of territory, of which no one could be jealous; and obtain by common consent a part of those spoils which might otherwise give rise to interminable wars.

But if Greece is to arrive at this glorious destiny, its sceptre must be wielded with a firm and vigorous hand; and whether it is now, or is likely to be, so wielded, is a question on which we must, at present at least, decline to enter. The scattered intelligence which reaches us seems by no means altogether of propitious omen; yet some highly intelligent countrymen of our own have of late, after deliberate examination, established their families in the capital of King Otho.

- ART. VI.—1. *Report of the Commissioners for Inquiring into the Condition of Children employed in Mines, &c., with two Appendices of Evidence.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. 3 vols. Folio. pp. 2022. London. 1842.
2. *History of Fossil Fuel, the Coal-trade and Collieries, &c.* London. 8vo. 1841. Second Edition.
3. *Speech of Lord Ashley in the House of Commons on the 7th June, 1842, on moving for leave to bring in a Bill to make Regulations respecting the Age and Sex of Children and Young Persons employed in Mines and Collieries.* London. 8vo. pp. 58.

ON this our fair Earth, with its canopy of air and cincture of waters, the prying mind of man observes a host of animated forms, which, with every apparent capacity for liberty and power of change, seem each in its kind to be tethered to its own region by invisible influences of such potency that to transgress them is to die. A certain zone is allotted to each of the four-footed races—a certain range and altitude to the bird—and a certain stratum of waters to the finny tribe; the surface and the caverns of the ocean have each their inhabitants, ever embraced by the same common element, yet ever remaining strangers to each other. Something of the same complexity and economy is visible in the ordering of that great moral universe, which is made visible here through the agency of man—who, whatever may be the capacity of the individual for intellectual advancement, has his brotherhood with his humbler companions of earth; and, like them, is chained to those regions where he can alone procure the conditions of physical existence. Practically, we always find, and have ever found, large sections of our race exhibiting grades and differences of action and suffering; so that we are compelled to acknowledge that that which is to sustain and perfect the social fabric, considered as a whole, is not one in form and shape—not found in one spot—but scattered over the earth—acquired by a variety of efforts under varying circumstances, but everywhere, and under all its varieties, taxing all the faculties of mind and body in the individual, that the great destinies of the race may be fulfilled.

Here, however, the parallel between the physical world and the social ceases. The author of both has ordained, in the former, that so long as each tribe of animals plays its appointed part, so essential to the great organism of nature, all its capacities for enjoyment shall be satisfied. To man alone he has intrusted the perilous duty of guarding his own happiness. Labour for sustenance is his lot, in common with all flesh; variety in the kind, and

and intensity in the degree of labour, is a necessary inheritance, on which the very existence of the social and moral system hinges. But whether or not he shall vindicate, in the midst of this, his nobler nature and destinies, depends greatly upon himself, and also in no small degree on the society in which his lot is cast.

Here, by three ponderous folios, we have disclosed to us—in our own land, and within our own ken—modes of existence, thoughts, feelings, actions, sufferings, virtues, and vices, which are as strange and as new as the wildest dreams of fiction. The earth seems now for the first time to have heaved from its entrails another race, to astonish and to move us to reflection and to sympathy.

Here we find tens of thousands of our countrymen living apart from the rest of the world—intermarrying—having habits, manners, and almost a language, peculiar to themselves—the circumstances surrounding their existence stamping and moulding mind and body with gigantic power. The common accidents of daily life are literally multiplied to this race of men a hundred-fold; while they are subject to others which have no parallel on earth. It is not, then, a matter for wonder that their minds should borrow from the rocks and caverns they inhabit something of the hardness of the one and something of the awful ‘power of darkness’ of the other; and that their hearts and emotions should exhibit the fierceness of the elements amidst which they dwell.

It is mainly to Lord Ashley, who has headed this great movement for the moral improvement of the working classes, that we are indebted for these volumes, issued apparently for the purpose of letting the public know the true condition of the mining population, and so forcing, by the weight of opinion and individual co-operation, society at large to attempt an amelioration.

The legislature of past years has undoubtedly been to blame in taking no cognizance of such a state of things as is now exhibited. But are they blameless who employ these men, and reap the benefit of labours which have induced a premature old age in their service? Have they, with so much in their power; fulfilled their duties—have they considered how to strengthen the connection of the master and the hireling by other ties than those of gain? Has our Church, clerical and lay, been diligent in civilising these rough natures? Have proprietors, enriched by the development of minerals, enabled the Church to increase her functionaries in proportion to the growth of new populations? These are questions which must be asked, and answered, before the burden of change is laid on a few, which should be borne by many. We feel that this benefit must be conferred by all; and the power of the state must be propped by the self-denial of the owner—and the mild, untiring energies of the Church must be aided

aided by the kindly influences of neighbourhood—before it can be hoped that such a race as the miners can be brought to abandon their rooted prejudices and brutal indulgences. Living in the midst of dangers—and on that account supplied with higher wages, and with much leisure to spend them—they unite in their characters all that could flow from sources which render man at once reckless and self-indulgent—a hideous combination, when unleavened by religion and the daily influences of society—little likely to be removed by Acts of Parliament alone, and never if Acts of Parliament find none but official hands to aid in enforcing them.

It is essential, before we attempt a rapid sketch of the lives of the hewers of coal that the reader should establish in his own mind some standard by which to test their actual condition; for a very unjust estimate will be formed if he forgets to divide what is from what is not essential to their lot. Each and every profession and calling has its dangers, which are peculiar to it, and to a certain degree inseparable from it; and hence the comparison must not be made between one class and another, so much as between what each class is, and what it ought to be.

There are many states more deadly than that of the miner, and very many where the amount of poverty and suffering is at least equal, if not greater. The army, in the discharge of its ennobling duties at home and abroad, exhibits a greater mortality. Many sections of our artisans and manufacturers are in these respects fully as deeply smitten—luxury and pampering send as many to the workhouse as privation and want. In the economy of the universe, life seems of infinitely small account, as compared with duties discharged: these have no direct reference to time, but to that duration of which time is but a fragment; these are as compatible with fewness of years as with length of days—and the award is pronounced to be not more for him who has toiled the whole day in the moral vineyard, than for them who had the opportunity of labouring but one hour. The simple test of each man's condition is whether he has all that is requisite for the due discharge of his duties in the sphere in which his lot is cast. 'Are his moral and physical energies duly fostered and directed? or are they abused and clouded by the insatiable avarice of those who employ him, crushed by their power, or converted from a service of freedom to slavery?' Let us take this criterion, and judge.

- The moment that a new colliery is to be *won* (*i. e.* established), the face of the country is changed—numerous ugly cottages spring up like a crop of mushrooms—long rows of waggons, laden with ill-assorted furniture, are seen approaching, and with them the pitmen and their families. This is the signal for the departure of the

the gentry, unless they are content to remain amidst 'the off-scouring of a peculiar, a mischievous, and unlettered race,' (p. 519, App. 1.) to see their district assume a funereal colour—'black with dense volumes of rolling smoke,' and echoing with the clatter of endless strings of coal-waggon.

Thus, morally and physically insulated, the collier becomes gregarious and clannish, and is rarely seen by any save those who traffic with him. A stranger, to obtain a view, must go for the express purpose, and at some hour either before they descend or when they emerge from the pit, when he cannot fail to be struck with the gaunt and sinewy form, the black grisly aspect, and peculiar costume of this singular race, who stalk across the fields, clothed in a short jacket and trousers of flannel, with a candle stuck in the hat, and a pipe in the mouth.

A more intimate knowledge of his peculiarities is a difficult task, requiring much tact and a circuitous approach. 'A prominent feature of his character,' says a commissioner, 'is deep-rooted suspicion of his employer—his master (he thinks) can have no desire to benefit him:' a trait which has arisen from the practice of the proprietor rarely being the worker of the mine; while the lessee has little interest in common with the men beyond the bond by which he is to obtain the most return of labour for the least expenditure. The lessee contracts with the 'butty' or *viewer* to bring up the coal; and he and his 'doggey'* hire the gang of pitmen, furnish them with tools, pay their wages, and superintend their work.

The entrance to most mines is by means of a well or shaft, varying in diameter from seven to fifteen feet, the sides of which ought to be, and generally are, lined with wood, iron, or brick-work, for a certain extent. They are of amazing depths in the region of the Tyne—and comparatively shallow in Staffordshire and Yorkshire. The shaft of Monkwearmouth Colliery would contain the Monument eight times piled on itself. Up and down this shaft the men are daily sent by means of machinery; each journey averaging from two to three minutes in the profound mine just mentioned; while in shallower shafts, of 600 feet, about a hundred men can be let down in one hour. The sensations in a similar attempt by a stranger are described as awful. The motion as the 'skip' (or basket of four) descends, is not in itself disagreeable—the light diminishing gradually until there is total darkness: when arrived at the bottom, 'all that could be seen of the heavens up the shaft seemed to be of the size of a sugar-basin' (p. 8)—and this in a

* This is a sobriquet given to the foreman, by a race who are individually better known to each other by similar appellations than by their proper names.

comparatively shallow mine. And now a new world is opened :—there are roads branching out for miles in every direction, some straight, broad, and even, others undulating and steep, others narrow, propped by huge pillars; the whole illuminated, and exhibiting black, big-boned figures, half-naked, working amid the clatter of carriages, the incessant movements of horses, the rapid pace of *hurriers*, the roar of furnaces, and the groaning and plunging of steam-engines. Perhaps in no community is there such an amount of restless and violent muscular activity—and it is literally incessant; for though the main body of workers ascend daily, still the economy of the mine requires constant superintendence on the spot. The community consists of men and boys—and, in some, of women—horses, and asses. Rats and mice find their way in the provender; and cats are brought down to keep these in check. The cricket is chirping everywhere; the midge, and sundry varieties of insects, are found. The chief, if not the sole, of the vegetable tribes, are fungi, such as mushrooms, which multiply near the manure.

The temperature of these regions is always warm, and in many mines oppressively hot, so that, even when there is no particular exertion, abundant perspiration flows from the body: this accounts for the nudity of the miner; who, however, in well-ventilated mines, is very sensible of the changes in the atmosphere above-ground. There is great variety in the accommodations, and we request the reader to bear this constantly in his mind. Where the seam of coal is large, as in Staffordshire, the underground works are such as to afford every facility of movement and posture; while, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, one of the sub-commissioners describes his exploration of some of the passages in words betokening a very lively reminiscence of his journey: ‘I had to creep on my hands and knees the whole distance, the height being barely 20 inches, and then I went still lower on my breast, and crawled like a turtle to get up to the headings.’ In others, Mr. Scriven was ‘hurried,’ i. e. pushed, by a miner, on a flat board mounted on four wheels, or in a corve (i. e. basket) ‘with his head hanging out over the back, and his legs over the front, in momentary anticipation of being scalped by the roof, or of meeting with a broken head from a pendant rock.’ These passages are of great length; for ‘at the Booth Pit (he says) I walked, rode, and crept 1800 yards to one of the nearest faces.’ (App. II. p. 62.) In many pits the drainage is bad, so that the men work in water—which in some is brackish—and in the Monkwearmouth Colliery produces boils on the skin of freshmen. There is, or ought to be, a most careful system of ventilation, otherwise the whole community are

are in imminent peril; and this is effected by means of another shaft placed within a short distance of the first, and connected with it by a passage, in shallow mines; or by dividing the longer shaft of the deeper ones into two or three perpendicular segments, and keeping up a large fire in one, so that the rarefied air in this sucks up the colder air which descends the others, and is made by means of doors to go into every part of the mine before it makes its exit. Thus the noxious gases—carbonic acid, or ‘choke damp’—and the carburetted hydrogen or wild-fire—‘fire-damp,’ ‘sulphur’—are diluted and carried off. The generation of these gases is, in the northern mines, incessant and rapid, so that one ventilating door neglected for five minutes is sufficient to cause an explosion. (App. I., p. 125.) Such is the habitation for twelve hours of each day—therefore, for half the years of his life—of the miner. Everything is adverse to him. His own ignorance and vice—too often the avarice of his employer—the light—which in winter is darkness to him from Sunday to Sunday—earth, air, fire, and water combine, and are ready to burst the chains which art has forged for them, and overwhelm him in the twinkling of an eye;—nevertheless, one Commissioner says—

‘The assemblage at dinner, which is in a large hall cut out in the coal, is the most lively, uproarious, and jovial I have ever seen.’—p. 9. And another—

‘Certainly, the miners are a set of brave men. As a class, the collier is exceedingly reckless and foolhardy.’

Let us now obtain a general idea of the miner at his work, as represented by several of the Sub-commissioners. The *coal-viewer* is the chief man of the colliery: as his duties consist in planning and conducting the great operations of the mine, he is supposed to be a person of great talents and acquirements as an engineer; and therefore entitled to the distinguished position he holds in society. The *under-viewer* has to settle and superintend the accounts of the workpeople.

The *overmen* and deputy-overmen may be said to be the mining police,—watchers over the due discharge of the work and the safety of the mine. The overman has risen from the lowest stations of his craft, by talent and conduct, to his present situation, yielding perhaps 100*l.* a-year. His is the general superintendence of the pit, while the deputy-overmen, his lieutenants, see that his orders are carried into effect: the latter measure off the quantity of work to each hewer: to the ‘putter,’ or lad who removes what has been hewed, they assign the number of ‘tubs’ to be taken from this or that hewer: they make out the accounts of the work of men and boys, and pay on reckoning-days: they are distributed over various parts of the mine during the working hour

for the purpose of ordering and controlling. It is their duty, when the main body of workmen have left the mine after their day's work, to see that all is right in the pit; to move the prop-pings and timbers, so as to ensure safety from falling in of the roof, &c. &c. At one o'clock in the morning the overman himself goes down to ascertain that the deputies have done their duty, and that the state of the noxious gases is safe.

The *trapper*, a child of eight years of age, awakened by his mother at half-past two A.M., puts on his clothes by the ever-blazing fire of a collier's cottage, fills his tin-bottle with coffee, and starts with a lump of bread for the pit:—he is let down the shaft, and walking in the bowels of the earth for more than a mile along the horse-way, he reaches the *barrow-way*, used by the young men and boys who push their trams with the tubs on rails to the *flats*—a debateable land, where the horse and barrow ways meet, and where the coals are transferred to the 'rolley,' or horse-carriage, to be ultimately delivered at the shaft by means of the quadruped, instead of the biped who had hitherto brought them from the hewer. The child takes his place on one of the barrow-ways, in a small hole scooped out for him of the size of a chimney-nook: his duty is to sit by the side of the 'door or trap,' which closes the way, and to open it the moment he hears the *putter* running up his tub: for twelve hours he squats down with the door-string in his hand, without light, and without daring to move from the spot. 'He sits solitary, and has no one to talk to him, for in the pit the whole of the people, men and boys, are as busy as in a sea-fight.' His father may have given him for the first week or two a candle, but the boy's daily wages of tenpence is soon not thought enough to spare threehalfpence for light. He may take to his coffee-bottle and bread, but should he fall asleep, a smart cut with the 'yard-wand' from a deputy-overman never fails to rouse him—a mild punishment as compared with that which the putter would have inflicted had he found the door closed, and his tram stopped: '*I got my hammers twice*,' means, I was twice so beaten. (App. I. p. 583.) Thus the young creature soon learns practically that on him depend the lives of the whole community: on the closing of the door the ventilation of the mine hinges. At four o'clock a cry of 'Loose, loose!' is shouted down the shaft, and carried on by signal voices for 'many miles' through the roads and passages, to the very extremity of the mine. The trapper hears it, but must wait until the last putter has passed with his tram, and then he pursues his journey to the foot of the shaft, waits his turn for ascent, and returning to his father's cottage, finds a dinner of potatoes and bacon, a large fire, and, it is hoped, a quiet home: he is then thoroughly washed in hot water and put to bed. He avoids

avoids a game with his coevals, lest he should fall asleep the next day at his trap. The Saturday after 'pay-Friday' is a holiday at the pit, which is spent by him in sleep till nine, and then in picking up horse-manure on the highways for his father's garden. Sunday is, in many places at least, devoted to his school, and to his church, to his walk with his playmates, and to his 'good dinner,' and his bed; and then comes Monday and the pit. After a few years he is promoted *honoris causâ*, from the barrow to the horse-way, where he now keeps the trap—but without additional pay. The doors on the rolley-way being heavier, require an increase of strength, supplied to him by increase of years. He is now more out of the way of the 'yard wand;' instead of which, any laxity or sleepiness is visited by a slash from the driver's thong—or, in the event of remonstrance or impertinence, a blow from his fist.

In the course of time the trapper becomes himself a *driver*. He now descends the shaft at four A.M., and finds his horse ready caparisoned for him by the horse-keeper; so that he has only to hook him to the carriage or rolley, and to attach two similar machines to the first; 'rejoicing in his horse, his carriage, his whip, and, most of all, in the candle by his side,' he starts to the termination of the horseway, where he is to receive loaded tubs from the 'putter:' these he mounts on his 'rolleys,' and, thus charged, he delivers them at the shaft: should he meet an empty train, the driver must give way to him; or should he find a sleeping trapper, 'he luxuriates in his new-born power.' (App. I., p. 131.) So is his first journey made; but before the day's work is over he will have thus traversed about 30 miles of ground, sitting on the limber of his rolley.

The *driver* in time becomes a 'putter,' a signal promotion in every way—his position in honour and emolument being greatly enhanced—his salary depending on his exertions, and his rank next to that of the *hewer*. He arrives with the drivers and trappers at the same early hour of the morning, and takes his tram, or small four-wheeled sledge, on which he places the empty tub, and proceeds to the spot indicated by the deputy-overman, where a 'hewer,' who has already been working two hours, has collected a heap of coal. By his help the tub is soon filled with six cwt.—the whole weight of carriage and all now being eight cwt., he has to 'hurry' or 'put' this to the 'flats,' or junction between the horse and barrow ways; and this is accomplished by his pushing forward, flinging himself into an elongated and stooping posture—both for the sake of the purchase and power he thereby gains, and to get through these galleries of three to four feet high without scalping himself: sometimes he pushes with his head—which he first pads by stuffing his 'loggers,' or footless stockings, into his cap. Every tub is marked down by the young man at the

the flats; and his rank and his profit urge his exertions: he has no time to eat. The hewer has had two hours' start of him, and is away early, leaving him alone to fill his own tub and do his own work: in his absence he holds the first rank among the workers in the mine. At last the signal is given, and 'Loose, loose!' being heard, the putter walks to the shaft, waits his turn, may have a word or two with the 'onsetter,' who loads the 'cage' or 'basket' for ascent, and soon finds himself at home, washed to the waist, and seated before his plentiful meal of potatoes and bacon. The exertions he has made secure speedy sleep, from which he is roused only by the 'callman's' rap at his window, to begin the duties of another day. His wages depend on the distance he goes and the number of tubs he brings. If the tram be 90 yards—as ascertained by the deputy-overman's 'yard wand'—to and fro is one journey. When he performs this twenty-one times he scores 16*d.*, having traversed 2 miles and 260 yards. If the putter is not equal to the tram he has an assistant or 'half-marrow;' if he needs less aid he takes 'a foal,' or small boy, as helper, and the wages are proportionally divided. In some districts there is an abstract sort of a miner, who is portioned into eight parts, (p. 157) thus:

A boy of 10 years is two-eighths, and earns 10 <i>s.</i> per month.			
„	13 years is three-eighths,	„	15 <i>s.</i> „
„	15 years is one-half,	„	20 <i>s.</i> „
A girl at 16 years is one-half,	„	20 <i>s.</i>	„
A boy at 18 years is three-fourths,	„	30 <i>s.</i>	„

The *hewer* or *holer* is generally twenty-one years of age or upwards. He goes to the pit at two in the morning, having breakfasted, and learns from the deputy-overman what is to be done. He strips to the waist in some mines, but in others, even where women and girls are employed, he works quite naked. Some 'undergo,' that is, begin excavating, by squatting on their hams: while in other places they lie on their backs or sides, and fling in their whole weight into the blow they strike with their 'pick:' to bring down the harder mass they use gunpowder and a drill. When he has worked about two hours the 'putters' come to clear away the coal: he must be careful that the tub is full measure, or he forfeits it; also that there is nothing but coal in it, or he is fined: finally, he appends an iron ticket to each tram, that his work may be put to his credit. He has usually done his day's work by eleven; and he has to find his powder, his picks, and his candles, so that, with these expenses and his fines, he earns about 50*l.* a-year (in the Durham Districts).

Besides these chief inhabitants of the mines there are masons, and carpenters, and furnace-men; in a word, this subterranean world must be as complete in itself as a ship-of-war. A father with his

his three sons can earn 2*l.* 10*s.* a-week; his own labour as hewer will average 23*s.*; the putter will earn 20*s.*; the rolley-driver 7*s.*, and the trapper 5*s.*: besides which he has a certain quantity of coals brought to his door, and the rent of his cottage is trifling.

We have seen how rapidly a collier village springs up, and, according to one commissioner, how speedily the houses of the neighbouring gentry become untenanted; but another (Dr. Mitchell) thinks the tall chimneys of the coal-works enhance the beauties of the plains of Warwickshire; and certainly no one who has once witnessed the glowing furnaces, as seen in the depths of night, will easily forget the sight. The village community consists of colliers, venders of beer, and small dealers exclusively. The cottages are whitewashed and plastered, and the roof slated. The degree of neatness within is of course dependent on the individual; but there are abundant descriptions which bear testimony to the virtue of cleanliness, towards which the large coal-fire and hot water are great helps. These villages are of course run up at a minimum of expense by the landlord, and therefore are seldom picturesque. Even in an agricultural district a collier's cottage may be readily known by a heap of rubbish and filth without, and a fierce bulldog within doors.

In such a village Dr. Mitchell enumerates a population of 5000 souls, with thirty beer-shops, but without a church or chapel, save the meeting-house of the indefatigable Wesleyan, who, let it be noted, has hitherto been in many of these regions the only Protestant missionary.

'The Methodists,' says Mr. Leifchild, 'have chiefly, and in several instances exclusively, undertaken the charge of providing religious instruction in the collieries. Considerable moral amelioration has ensued through their agency, for which they merit, and have received from nearly all parties their meed of praise.'—*Report on Northumberland and North Durham.* App. I. p. 533.

Romanism in many, though not in all, parts of its empire, has flung its all-grasping discipline among such a race, dived with them into the earth, and intercepted, with its matin or its even song, the miner as he emerges from or descends into his perilous place of labour; but our Protestant system has ever been defective in its machinery, as well as curtailed in its resources; and, moreover, the upper classes of Englishmen, speaking generally, have scarcely yet learnt to be the *companions* of the poorer orders of society, however meritorious their claims as distributors of charity. These reports prove that the Wesleyan has followed them in every village, and gone from cottage to cottage, to leave in person his tracts and his discipline. Hence the English colliers, where they have any religion at all, are Methodists.

The

The collier generally has a love for some gaudy furniture, 'which is,' as Mr. Scriven remarks, 'ill-assorted to the rest of his gear.'

'In every house may be seen an eight-day clock, a chest of drawers with brass handles and ornaments, reaching from the floor to the ceiling; a four-post bed, with large coverlet, composed of squares of printed calico; bright saucepans, and other tin-ware, displayed on the walls.'—*Dr. Mitchell*, p. 137.

There are public ovens for common use in the village. The collier is often fond of his garden, which is an allotment in some neighbouring field. It is said that the love of flowers may still be remarked in the number of nosegays which are worn on Sundays even at Newcastle.† The best garment is denominated 'the posy jacket,' from the huge posy which used to be held indispensable on gala-days.

'At the village of South Hetton,' says *Dr. Mitchell*, 'a miner, with much pleasure, showed his little garden, and expatiated on the beauties of his flowers. Mr. Potter, the viewer, stated that at the prize-shows the miner often competed successfully with the gentlemen's gardeners.'—p. 137.

This a pleasing feature—but those of a worse sort predominate in the portrait drawn by the commissioners. According to these gentlemen the colliers are, as a class, rude, given to drunkenness and gambling, turbulent, quite illiterate, and not seldom sunk in the depths of ignorance of all save their mine.

'We want,' says Mr. Somers, surgeon of Bedworth, in Warwickshire, 'the Temperance society among us very much. They drink very much here. The colliers are very ignorant; few can read or write. It is much better among the ribbon-weavers. The colliers, who earn the most money, do not keep their families better than the rest who earn less.'—*App. i. p. 107.*

'A good many go to public-houses on Saturday night and get drunk. Some spend all their money, and the next week *clam* for it; that is, go without victuals, or get what they can from their companions in the pit. Their wives and families must do what they can, and are regularly starved. We have always a good dinner on Sundays.—We have teetotalers, but very few; none of them miners. We could not follow the work up without beer. If one of that sort were to attempt to come amongst us, we should soon take him to the canal.'—*Charles Bleaden's Evidence—Ibid. p. 67.*

Drunkenness is unfortunately fostered in every way, by the laxity in giving licences to beer-shops. The wages are paid at a public-house, or at a truck-shop, quite as bad; sick societies are carried on in similar places. The wages given in pound notes and gold at the end of the fortnight require to be converted into silver: many a publican takes care to have on the occasion 'two or three hundred pounds worth,' and much is left behind in payment

ment for drink. The men, women, and children are all contaminated by this vice, with its dreadful consequences to health, economy, and morals. In Lancashire, where the scale of 'humanity' is terribly low, Mr. Halliwell of Wigan says that the ale-houses are thronged on Saturday nights by quite young boys, who return to them in crowds on Sunday morning as soon as the doors are open. 'I say that every collier gets drunk on Saturday, if he can afford it.' Fighting and breaches of the peace are, of course, the natural immediate consequences: the results are, starvation and rags for the body; and for the mind, brutal passions and their baleful effects.—Vide App. II. p. 185.

'What are their amusements?' In answer to this Mr. Palmer, the surgeon, entered into a statement of the number of bull-dogs kept by the miners, and the cruel sports in which they were employed; but as the magistrates within the last six years have suppressed such proceedings, they may be allowed to sink into oblivion. He next dwells on their singing and dancing the double-shuffle to the music of the fiddle or hurdygurdy. The noise of the shoes is the source of delight; and the hobnail of the colliers afford great advantage. 'Sometimes in summer they will sit all round the door of the public-house in a great circle, all on their hams, every man his bull-dog between his knees; and in this position they will drink and smoke.' (App. I. p. 63.) The same gentleman furnishes an anecdote which is very characteristic of this tribe:—

'There is a Scotch dealer in Birmingham, who sends his people all round the country with muslins and shawls. When a collier has contracted a debt which he shows no inclination to discharge, the dealer sends a formal sort of paper, and gets it served on the collier as a writ. If this does not produce the money, by and by comes another paper called a "writ of horning and caption"' [a term of *Scotch* law], 'and giving notice of formidable consequences. The collier now becomes alarmed at such proceedings, and ceases to be a debtor.'—App. I. p. 64.

His practice and belief in the art and mystery of physic are very remarkable. One-half of the children die before they are three years old, mostly poisoned, according to the evidence of Mr. Cooper of Bilston, and Mr. Webb of Bankhouse, with the great collier nostrums of opium and gin, so that the practitioner is rarely called except 'in extremis.'—App. I. p. 30.

In one instance the surgeon happened to take up a 'pick,' with which a comrade had half killed his fellow. A grave collier had placed the weapon in the room with the sick, in order to watch if the blood on the iron rusted, in which case, he avowed, the wound would canker. This trait will recall to the reader the sympathetic cures of the middle ages, when ointments were applied to the
weapon

weapon to heal the wounds of the knight. Sir Kenelm Digby, at a period much nearer our own days, gives a similar recipe.

The mode of recovering a man suffocated with choke-damp is to bury his neck and shoulders in a recently-dug hole. The remedy is a little more rude, but perhaps not less successful, than the application, *secundum artem*, of cold water and air by the licensed practitioners.

Besides intemperance, the collier is a gambler, of that species which delights in cock and dog fighting, bowling, card-playing, and chuck-penny. Instances are not wanting of a whole month's wages of a father and his sons being staked on a cock, dog, or favourite bowler. There is much expense incurred by the constant training of cocks. Drunkenness is said, however, not to be habitual, but a periodical vice: but these periods, besides hebdomadal, include every occasion for joy or grief, as at births, marriages, and deaths, where the doctor concerned is 'always pressing and considerably invited to partake of the good things purchased by the money which should have gone in payment of his services.'—App. I. p. 729.

In the West Riding (Report, p. 163) 'the family breakfast is bread, milk, or porridge; the luncheon, huge lumps of bread, and often bits of cheese or bacon, in the pit; a hot meal when they come home at five or six; and often porridge, or bread and milk again, at supper.'

A striking contrast with the above is the state of the East of Scotland miner. He has hard work in an ill-ventilated mine; no butcher's meat, but instead, oatmeal-porridge or oat-cake. 'Even the hewer does not enjoy the luxury of small beer; and the children invariably drink the water in the pit.' They are represented as dirty and ragged, and exhibiting 'at a glance the attributes of a population neglected and abandoned to a course of life which has blunted the commonest perceptions of human comfort.'—*R. H. Franks's Report*, App. I. p. 396.

In Ireland their appearance was very healthy: they said they worked hard, and must live well; they used bread instead of potatoes; had meat twice or thrice a week; 'changed their clothes once a week;' and the commissioner 'fancies' that they washed once a week.—*Report*, p. 173.

In our English and Welsh mines the labour gives ample remuneration; and there is a very general concurrence as to the quantity and quality of food being sufficient and good. The exceptions are oftener to be traced to the improvident or intemperate habits of the family than to the pressure of unmerited want, or any other tangible source. On the whole, the English miner, though more severely worked, is better paid, than any class

class of operatives but the highest-grade artisan, and is better off than the agricultural labourer. With his large wages and sensual appetite, he is often both a gross and a dainty feeder—"the first in the market for a dish of green peas and a young goose or duck."

Mr. Sub-commissioner Waring contrasts the cases of two boys; the one cursed with 'a drunken father' and 'an improvident slattern of a mother,' the other 'cared for.' The former, Hervey, and the latter, aid each other as putters in dragging daily a corve with two cwt. of coal fifty or sixty times a distance of 160 yards. Hervey earns for this 2s. 6d., and the other 3s. *a-week*. 'Hervey, after his day's work, gets whatever he can catch at home; has gone without food for two or three days.' His appearance is stunted, starveling, and melancholy; 'has never in his life possessed a pair of stockings.' The other boy's careful parents 'feed him well, and keep whole garments on his back; and though two years younger than Hervey, he is a head taller.'—p. 172.

With respect to clothing and external appearance, the collier is described as being rather anxious about the stiffness of his well-starched shirt-collar and his 'ruffles,' though in some districts his favourite dress is black. The women are remarkable for their smartness on holidays; and, conscious of having been quite disguised when below, often, however profligate in fact, carry themselves aboveground like modest persons.

The race is everywhere broadly distinguished from the rural population of the district; but the distinguishing features are far from being the same everywhere. Dr. Mitchell says that the artist would do well to study in the pits of Shropshire for models not to be surpassed by the antique. In some other of our English counties, where the seams are high, as in Warwickshire, the miner is 'as big as a heavy dragoon.' In every place the '*torso*' of the *hewer* is, from the nature of the work, wonderfully developed. But Mr. Wm. Morrison, the medical attendant of the Lambton collieries, gives a description, of which the parallel must be sought for in the Byzantine historian's account of the Huns:—

'The outward man distinguishes a pitman from every other operative. His stature is diminutive; his figure misshapen and disproportionate; his legs much bowed; his chest prominent, and greatly developed. His brows are overhanging, and the forehead retreats; the cheek-bones are prominent, and the cheek hollow. I have seen agricultural labourers, blacksmiths, carpenters, and even the distressed stocking-weaver, to whom the term "jolly" might not unaptly be applied, but I never saw a "jolly collier."—*App. I. p. 662.*

All the colliers, however, have some points in common. The intense muscular exertion, and the constant perspiration in the heat of the mine, render obesity an impossibility; and this discipline,

pline, it is agreed on all hands, makes them recover most astonishingly from the effects of accidents, wounds, and operations. Moreover, some features above described are common to all classes of the population which are early overworked, and may be seen in hideous perfection among women who, in Italy, France, Germany, and Greece, labour in the fields. They become old and care-worn at a very young age.

With regard to the mental peculiarities of the colliers, it certainly appears that they are not a reading community; and this gentleman (Mr. Morrison) adds quaintly enough, 'that much cannot be expected from men who are so long engaged in very hard work daily, and possess but very indifferent educations, if it be remembered how many educated persons will not open a book for days together without the reasonable excuse of the pitman.' The young child may daily earn from 10*d.* to 18*d.* to add to the wages of his father; and this is a great sum to forego for study in the school instead of labour in the mine: hence the expediency of the hour carries the day: even in the most intelligent districts of Scotland, in the midst of the peasantry that produced and appreciated Robert Burns, we find the authors of the 'New Statistical Account' stating the great and growing reluctance among the colliers to spare their children time for any schooling:* thus the young collier boy becomes the ignorant and powerful savage in good time. The term we have applied is used not as a synonyme for ferocity so much as of incivilisation; for no one can read these reports without coming to the conclusion that there is a large fund of kindly human-nature in this neglected race. 'They will dispense charity largely,' says Mr. Morrison, 'but indiscreetly. A person with a clean white apron and three small children at his side, singing a hymn in a pit village, will be loaded with alms.'—*App.* I. p. 729.

Their notion of acuteness is that of all ignorant people, namely, tricking, which, if practised on a superior in the face of the whole community, is sure to meet with vast applause; yet, though petty frauds are common, it is not so as to positive theft. 'A person residing near a colliery may never lose anything of great value.'—p. 729. There is, in fact, a remarkable absence of great crimes—though little is to be said as to chastity or peacefulness; and able-bodied pauperism is unknown.

Whenever from any causes, says a commissioner, the collier is 'unchained,' the police are on the alert for scenes of riot and fight. 'I have seen a dozen pitch-battles of a Christmas morning,' says another witness (Lancashire). And if our limits permitted, we could give a brief account of their strike and turn-out in 1832,

* See, for instance, 'New Statistical Account of Ayrshire,' p. 763.

affording

affording a fine canvass for all the peculiarities which characterise a people so constituted in the thews and sinews of body and mind.

Where the Wesleyans have laboured with most success, the pitmen themselves are fond of being preachers and holders-forth; and in several mines swearing is punished by fine or the withdrawal of their beer, which the non-jurors divide among themselves.

The state of woman is the true test of civilisation in every community. We shall see how degraded she is in those districts, where she is exposed to all the dangers of the mines and the still greater hazards entailed by the scenes she is forced to witness. But in others, where she is left at home, there is still much room for amendment.

The general ignorance may be exhibited in a very few touches.

Ann Eggley, aged 18 :—‘ I am sure I don’t know how to spell my name. I don’t know my letters. I went a little to a Sunday-school, but soon gave it over. I walk about and get fresh air on Sundays. I never go to church or chapel. I never heard of Christ at all; nobody has ever told me about him, nor have my father and mother ever taught me to pray.’ I know no prayer—I never pray—I have been taught nothing about such things.’—*App.*, Part I. p. 252.

This, Reader, is in Yorkshire, in Messrs. Thorpe’s colliery.

Eliza Coats, aged 11 :—‘ I do nought on Sundays. I don’t know where I shall go if I am a bad girl. I never heard of Jesus Christ. I think God made the world, but I don’t know where God is.’—*Ibid.*

Wm. Cruchilow, aged 16 :—‘ I can read the Bible—go to school five nights in the week. I don’t know anything of Moses. Never heard of France. I don’t know what America is. Never heard of Scotland nor Ireland. Can’t tell how many weeks there are in a year. There are twelve pence in a shilling, and twenty shillings in a pound. There are eight pints in a gallon of ale.’

Edward Whitehead, aged 15 :—‘ I go to church three times on Sundays. I do not know where Birmingham is, nor where London is. I never heard of Ireland; I have seen Irishmen.’

Wm. Butler, aged 19 :—‘ I go to church on Sundays. I read the Testament, and sometimes in the Bible, but no other book. I can say my catechism. We sometimes work a few hours at a time. When there is no sale, we get no money, but only ale when we leave at eleven. I generally get drunk on such occasions.’

These three are specimens from Warwickshire. The next is Yorkshire again.

Peter Dale, aged 12 :—‘ I have been to Sunday-school, and can read nicely in a spelling-book [he had been to school about two years]. Jesus Christ was God’s son; he wasn’t born at all; he was nailed to a cross; he came to save sinners; sinners are bad men, that dranked, and swore, and

and lied. I think there are sinners on earth now. If I am a good boy, and try to please him, I shall go to Jesus—if not, I shall go to hell. I don't know what disciples were, unless they did nothing wrong; can't tell who the apostles were. Four times five is twenty; five times six is twenty-eight. I never heard what's the biggest town in England. Scotland is a town, isn't it, Sir? I go to chapel as well as school; I never go larking on Sundays.'—*App.* Part I. p. 250.

These form not remarkable examples—we could fill pages with the like—they exhibit what is to be found in masses: still there are many exceptions, and, as we shall show presently, many more spots might be made exceptions to this dense and awful darkness, if society, and especially the owners of collieries, would do more generally what many of them have already done—themselves superintend the bodily and mental condition of those whose whole nature is devoted for their interests. For these poor people themselves—an hour struck from their sleep, after twelve to sixteen hours' hard work, to be spent in a school, is a hardship, and may be an apology for ignorance; and perhaps a little fresh air and sunshine on a Sunday will be more valued by such a worker than the purer light and moral atmosphere that is revealed in the meeting-house or church. These facts concern us as much as they weigh on them.

But we must say a little more as to the physical nature and effects of the employment. It must be remembered that the comfort of the miner depends on the space, drainage, and ventilation of his 'house;' that as to space, in the thin-*seam* coal-mines no more is excavated than is absolutely requisite; and that if the passages were to be enlarged, by destroying the hard and even rocky beds containing the coal, the mine would not pay, but must, with all its inhabitants, be abandoned—at least this is the excuse urged for working many wretched places.

'The mines in Shropshire are too low for men to do such work; some are no more than eighteen or twenty inches. The boys crawl on their hands and knees.'—*Report*, p. 67.

Of course it requires some ingenuity to drag a basket containing several hundred weight of coal through such a passage—'hence they are harnessed, by means of a girdle and chain, to the carriage.' The labour is very severe; and often maims and cuts the flesh. Dr. Mitchell says all this is borne by the children in general with 'great fortitude and resignation.' But much of the evidence is such as follows:—

John Pearce, aged 12, says:—'About a year and a half ago I took to the girdle and chain. I don't like it; it hurts me; it rubs off my skin: I crawled on hands and feet; I often knocked my back against the top of

of the pit, and it was very sore. When I went home at night I often sat down to rest me by the way, I was so tired. The work made me look much older than I was. I thought if I kept at this work I should be nothing at all, and so I went to the bank to work. I think it great hurt to a boy to draw the same as a horse draws. A great many boys find that they are unable, and give over drawing with girdle and chain. It is hard, very hard, Sir.'

Robert North, aged 16:—'Went into the pit at seven years of age to fill the skips. I drew about twelve months; when I drew by the girdle and chain my skin was broken, and the blood ran down; I durst not say anything; if we said anything they, the butty, and the reeve who works under him, would take a stick and beat us. Men could not do the work, and they compelled us.'

'I wish,' says the Sub-commissioner *J. M. Fellowes*, 'to call the attention of the Board to the pits about Brampton. The seams are so thin that several have only a two-feet headway to all the workings; they are worked altogether by boys from eight to twelve years of age, on all fours, with a dog-belt and chain; the passages being neither ironed nor wooded, and often an inch or two thick in mud. In Mr. Barnes's pit these poor boys have to drag the barrows with 1 cwt. of coal or slack sixty times a day sixty yards, and the empty barrows back, without once straightening their backs, unless they choose to stand under the shaft and run the risk of having their heads broken by a coal falling.'—*Report*, p. 71.

The effect of such exertions at such an age and in such a place is not so surprising as it is shocking. 'Out of five children that I examined three were not only bow-legged, but their arms were similarly bowed, and the body far from being well developed.'—*J. M. Fellowes*, App., Part II. p. 254.

The remedy is the substitution of machinery, especially as it has been proved to have been successful in Derbyshire, where, Mr. Joseph Tomlinson, of Alfreton, says, 'he should consider it inhuman to put boys to such work.' The seams, he adds, are thirty-one inches, and are worked by a wheel and rope, 'which mode we found quite convenient.' It is, we presume, chiefly in small pits, or those of owners with little capital—or where the property is in the hands of *trustees*—that these—shall we term them—atrocities are still perpetrated: Dr. Mitchell, at least, seems to believe that the large capitalists have generally abolished the girdle and chain and substituted the railroad and the 'dan,' or carriage.

Another aggravation of the natural hardships of a miner's life is apprenticeship. The 'butties' of Staffordshire are represented as ransacking the workhouses of Walsall, Wolverhampton Dudley, &c. &c., for stout boys of eight or nine years of age, who are bound to them for twelve years, and give up all their wages to these taskmasters. While the boy's companions are earning

earning fourteen shillings a week he gets nothing, and is sent into places where no other person will go. This state of slavery destroys in him all independence of spirit: he soon becomes vicious, degraded, reckless.

The treatment of these lads by the men and bigger boys about them is what might be expected from a race inured to toil and effort, with strong passions, and strong muscles, and in a savage state. Mr. Scriven's account of one apprentice would seem exaggerated were it not supported by examples of equal atrocity. 'He was often struck with the pick;' and Mr. Scriven ascertained that the scar he saw must have been a legacy from this instrument, 'which had pierced the large muscles, and must all but have penetrated to the hip-joint. The skin of the spine was scarred over, from being rubbed off in the narrow passages, through which he had been compelled to draw the coals. He ran away, after having been obliged to eat candles and sleep in the *wastes*, but ultimately found employment and good treatment from another quarter.'—*Report*, p. 43. We find many instances of reckless brutality. 'A coal is sent at their heads—a gash on the head made with a pick—an eye knocked out—ribs broken;'—or 'the ass-stick, as big as my thumb,' is applied—in short, the discipline, as they are pleased to term it, is Spartan. It is pleaded that such discipline is necessary to the safety of the mine—that it is not *excessive*—that, if it were, the parents and relations of the children would resent it or remove them; lastly—which we see no reason to doubt—that it is against the wishes and positive injunctions of the proprietors, and the 'butties' turn off those proved to exercise it.

The punishment for theft is unmerciful. The culprit's head is placed between the legs of one of the biggest boys, and each boy in the pit—and in the instance quoted there were twenty—inflicted twelve strokes on the loins and rump with a cat, which was beaten to a jelly. The doctor said he could not survive—but he did. 'It is a general punishment, for the oldest colliers bore testimony to the custom, and thought it quite justifiable.'—(*Report*, p. 44.)

- If there was anything which could tinge with a deeper hue these scenes and deeds, it would be the possibility that all such evils might be inflicted on women; and so they are in the following districts, which we purposely name:—1. West Riding of York, southern part; 2. Bradford and Leeds; 3. Halifax; 4. Lancashire; 5. South Wales; 6. East of Scotland.

In the last of these provinces the whole state of the mine as to care, ventilation, draining, and as to employment of women, reads so miserably, that we fain would hope the account overdrawn.

Mr.

Mr. Scriven, in his Report, writes thus of the employment of women :—

‘There is no distinction whatever in their coming up and going down the shaft—in the mode of hurrying or thrusting—in the weight of corves—or in the distances they are hurried—in wages or dress : indeed it is impossible to distinguish either in the darkness of the gates (*i. e.* ways) in which they labour, or in the cabins, before the broad light of day, an atom of difference between one sex and another.’—*App. II. p. 73.*

The commissioner found, after inspecting Messrs. Waterhouse’s pit at Huddersfield, and when hoisted in a corve to the bank with another human being—that it was a girl. She, like the rest, was naked, save ‘the rag which hung round her waist, which was once called a shift.’

‘Mary Barrett, aged 14, at Messrs. Spencer’s, says :—‘I work always without stockings, shoes, or trousers. I wear nothing but a shift. I have to go up to the headings with the men. *They are all naked there.* I am got well used to that.’

Patience Kershaw, aged 17 :—‘The bald place on my head is made by thrusting the corves.’—*Ibid. p. 80.*

Benjamin Berry :—‘I have known two drawers (at Mr. Lancaster’s, Worsley), a lad and a lass, one of them three-eighths and the other one-half, draw 800 yards on the level with rails each way ten times without rails, that is, 30,400 yards = $17\frac{1}{2}$ miles nearly. The lad was 17 and the wench 14.’—*Ibid. p. 215.*

Peter Gaskell, of the same mine,—

‘Prefers women to boys as drawers. They are better to manage, and keep better time : they will fight, and shriek, and do everything but let anybody pass them.’—*Ibid. p. 217.*

Of Ellison Jack, a girl 11 years old, a coal-bearer at Loan Head, in the immediate neighbourhood of ‘the Modern Athens,’ Mr. Franks, a sub-commissioner, gives the following account :—

‘She has first to ascend a nine-ladder pit to the first rest :—even to which a shaft is sunk to draw up the baskets or tubs of coals filled by the bearers. She then takes her creel (a basket formed to the back, not unlike a cockle-shell flattened towards the neck, so as to allow lumps of coal to rest on the back of the neck and shoulders), and pursues her journey to the wall-face, or, as it is here called, the room of work. She then lays down her basket, into which the coal is rolled—and it is frequently more than one man can do to lift the burden on her back—the tugs or straps are placed over the forehead, and the body bent in a semi-circular form, in order to stiffen the arch. Large lumps of coal are then placed on the neck, and she then commences her journey with her burden to the pit bottom, first hanging her lamp to the cloth crossing her head.’—*Report, p. 92.*

This *one* journey is mounting a succession of ladders, each eighteen feet high, from mainroad to mainroad, till she comes to

the pit bottom, where her load is to be cast. The height ascended and the distance of the road, added together, exceed the height of St. Paul's; and it not unfrequently happens that the tugs break, and the load falls on those females who are to follow.

But we will not multiply these spectacles of human misery and degradation; and to whom can they be traced? Is the contractor alone in fault?—is the proprietor scatheless? Or shall we blame the parents and relations, by whose avarice and improvidence, according to Mr. Sub-commissioner Scriven (p. 74, *App. I*), in almost every instance, these females are thus subjected to moral and physical evils of the worst kind? On both sides the guilt is great—very great—but surely vastly greater in him who has not even the excuse of poverty for receiving 'the thirty pieces of silver.' The example of discontinuing this hateful practice has, however, been set in what we must consider as the very worst district. No sooner did the abomination come to the knowledge of the Duke of Buccleuch than his grace commanded its utter abolition in all his collieries; and the same course was immediately followed by the family of Dundas of Arniston, and others of his neighbours:—

'Until the last eight months,' says William Hunter, overman in a colliery at Arniston, 'women and lassies were wrought below in these works, when Mr. Alexander Moxton, our manager, issued an order to exclude them from going below, having some months prior given intimation of the same. Women always did the lifting, or heavy part of the work, and neither they nor the children were treated like human beings; nor are they where they are employed. Females submit to work in places where no man nor even lad could be got to labour in: they work in bad roads up to their knees in water, in a posture nearly double: they are below till the last hour of pregnancy: they have swelled ankles and haunches, and are prematurely brought to the grave, or, what is worse, a lingering existence. Many of the daughters of miners are now at respectable service. I have two who are in families at Leith, and who are much delighted with the change.'—*Ibid.* p. 94.

No wonder! And we trust many more proprietors will now be encouraged to follow such examples, especially as it can be proved to the able-bodied husband and father that there is no necessity for him to lose anything at all by a change so beneficial to his wife and children.

The Duke of Buccleuch's manager, Mr. James Wright, says:—

'I feel confident that the exclusion of females will advantage the collier in a physical point of view, and that it will force the alteration of the economy of the mines. Owners will be compelled to alter their system. They will ventilate better, make better roads, and so change the system as to enable men who now work only three or four days a-week

a-week to discover their own interest in regularly employing themselves. *Since young children and females have been excluded from his Grace's mines, we have never had occasion to increase the price of coal.'*

In Mr. Ramsay of Barnton's mines women and very young children have, for the last four years, been excluded. See the results :—

'Men labour here, on an average, from eleven to twelve days in the fortnight; whereas, when they depended on their wives and children, they rarely wrought nine. Colliers are now stationary: the women themselves are opposed to moving since they have felt the benefit of home.'—App. I. p. 400.

We might quote abundance more to the like effect: several witnesses dwell in a very touching manner on the consequences of the mother and elder daughters of a family being in the pit, while the infants are surrendered to strange hands. What can be looked for under such circumstances as to early education? It would be a mockery to use the term at all. But while there is a general concurrence as to the extent of the mischief, and the possibility of stopping it, some apparently well-disposed managers urge the necessity of proceeding gradually. A warning, they say, of perhaps two years must be given, in order that families may prepare for a change in many of their arrangements, and especially that young girls may have time to make some preparation for entering on duties and services of a new description. Others, again, dwell on the difficulties arising from the obstinate self-will and prejudice of the collier-clan on this subject. For example, Mr. Wilson of Bantaskine, a proprietor and manager, says :—

'There is no power at present existing in the masters to prevent children being carried down. Those who attempt the improvement of miners need much patience: long-rooted neglect has rendered them excessively clannish, and they unite in secret to discomfit any proposed new arrangement. They hold secret conclaves in mines, and make rules and regulations which are injurious and absurd.'—App. I. p. 400.

We should have thought that what had been done by one proprietor might have seemed feasible to another. But it must be remembered that many of the mines are owned by persons of moderate, and perhaps encumbered estate; and when the attempt has been made by the less rich proprietor to exclude children under a certain age and females from the mine, he has been in peril of 'losing his best workmen.' (App. I. p. 400.) Hence the eagerness of Mr. Wilson and others that this wholesome measure should be initiated by government, and made compulsory on all—so precluding the possibility of the collier's finding another slave-market whither to transport himself with his wife

and children when his own has dared to denounce his traffic in their flesh and blood.

We may here again cite the respectable manager of the Duke of Buccleuch's collieries:—

‘I would be against the interference of legislature in any case but where it is absolutely necessary, but here I conceive it to be their imperative duty. If a measure were passed enacting that no females were to be employed in our pits at all, no boys allowed to go down under twelve years of age, and only then if they can both read and write—in all cases the work limited each day to ten hours—if such a measure were to pass, I do not know a greater boon that could be conferred, not only on the mining population, but on the proprietors of Scotland. The latter have a deep interest in the matter, and many of them are willing to do everything in their power to ameliorate the condition of the collier population on their properties; but others are indifferent, and however much individuals may do as individuals no measure can be effectual which does not extend over the whole.’—App. I. p. 407.

The evidence of Sir George Grant Suttie, Bart., is equally forcible:—

‘I have no control over the colliers in my employment. I beg leave to state to you that the employment of women in the mines of Scotland is one of the reasons which tend to depreciate the character and habits of the collier population, and that to remedy this evil a legislative enactment is required.’—App. I. p. 470.

He adds, that though the gains of the colliers are double that of the agricultural population, yet their comforts are less, as indicated by their houses—for the wife is absent—and frequently the fathers remain idle the greater part of the week, while the mothers and the children are in the pit.

We have cited all the districts in Great Britain that employ women in mines. The rest, amounting to ‘fifteen,’ do not permit this degradation; while Ireland is distinguished not only by the absence of this hateful characteristic, but also for not employing children at all:—

‘I visited the five principal establishments (in the county of Kilkenny and in Queen’s County), and found that no children or females of any age, and but very few young persons, were employed. I inspected about a dozen of the different shafts worked by contractors, and found *none but men employed*: indeed, I was informed that none but strong, able young men would be of any use in the pits, the labour being severe. I did not see any apparently under eighteen years of age. Even the hurriers were strong young men who go along the narrow low passages of seldom more than three feet, the body stretched out: they draw the sledges on which wooden boxes containing coals are placed, by a girdle round the loins, and a long chain fastened to the sledge going between their legs. It was matter of wonderment to me how these “hurriers,”

many

many of whom were stout men, upwards of six feet high, could manage to get along these very narrow passages at such a rate as they do, considering the excessive labour and difficulty I myself found in proceeding along about 130 yards in each of the pits: in many places there was just room for me to crawl through.'—App. I. p. 872.

It would be unfair if we were to omit, however, the reasons advanced in favour of letting children at a *very young* age descend into the mines. They are briefly these:—1. That in many mines the seams are too thin to be worked by any but very young boys. 2. That unless sent down very young a boy could not learn how to work. 3. That many parents could not support the children unless this were allowed. 4. That accidents are so frequent as to make it anything but rare for a wife and a mother to become a widow, and therefore wholly dependent on her children's exertions for subsistence: to prevent such from availing themselves of them would be to pass a sentence of absolute starvation:—for instance, in one small village (Banton in Scotland) there are forty widows kept from applying to the Kirk Session by the earnings of their children. (App. I. p. 486.) 5. That at present there are twelve years of boys' labour—supposing them to enter at eight and not to become hewers till they be twenty years of age. If you forbid the entrance into the mine till the boy is ten years old, there will only be ten years of boys' labour. The effect will be tantamount to diminishing the number of boys, so that where twelve used to find employment only ten would now do so.

The reader must judge of the weight of the above arguments, which afford a fine scope for the ingenuity of the expediency-monger and the casuist, as to whether the displacement of capital, and therefore of labour, might not lead to greater misery than that which is sought to be avoided:—whether the shutting-up the small-seamed collieries, which are often the best coal—and which, or some of them, can only be wrought by very young creatures—would not enhance the price of a commodity, on the due supply of which, it may be readily shown, the life of the community at large hinges more entirely than on anything save food. In a word, a fine mesh of tangled argument may be spun by any logical head imbued with Paley's principle of 'the greatest happiness to the greatest number'—a principle, by the way, which to see in its details demands an omniscient being, and to carry out an almighty one. We leave all this to the reader, who, to use another phrase of Paley's, *'can afford to keep a conscience.'*

We proceed to another point. The influence of man on his fellow-men may or may not be kindly; but that of the physical circumstances which surround the miner is quite appalling; and even through the stiff and bald detail of the Sub-commissioners there

there are touches of reality which transcend all imagination. 'The life of a collier,' says one of these gentlemen, 'is of great danger both for man and child—a collier is never safe after he is swung off to be let down the pit.' He is in danger, in the first place, from fire in its most frightful form, assuming a character which the sublime language of Milton can scarcely depict—

'Floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire.'

When the ventilation of a colliery has been allowed to become bad, a quantity of carburetted hydrogen gas accumulates in the 'wastes,' and ignites on the first approach of any light, save the blessed Davy-lamp: the whole mine is instantly filled with terrific flashes of lightning, the expanding fluid driving before it a roaring whirlwind of flaming air, which tears up everything—scorching some to a cinder, burying others under enormous rocks and fragments shaken from the roofs and passages—and then, thundering up the shaft, wastes its volcanic fury in a thick discharge of dust, stones, and the mangled limbs of men and horses. One of these explosions took place at the moment that some of the miners were swinging down into the pit: the force of the wind blew them back into the air. One or two fell on the bank, and were saved; but the rest were again precipitated into the shaft.

The author of the 'History of Fossil Fuel' has given a minute account of a catastrophe, of which the main points are the following.

In the forenoon of the 25th May, 1812, 121 men were in the Felling Colliery, when a terrible explosion was heard; a slight earthquake was felt half a mile round; a cloud of dust rose high into the air, and, borne away by a strong west wind, fell in thick showers at the distance of a mile and a half, causing a darkness like twilight over the village of Heworth.

As soon as the explosion was heard, a crowd of the relations of the colliers rushed to the pit. The men worked the 'gin' with astonishing expedition, and, letting down the rope, rescued 32 persons, of whom three (boys) died in a few hours. An eye-witness, the Rev. Mr. Hodgson, says that the shrieks, wringing of hands, and howling were indescribable: they who had their friends restored to them seemed to suffer as much from excess of joy as they had lately done by grief. But these were the few. Several attempts were made to rescue those who did not appear: within a few hours eight or nine bold men descended into the pit-bottom, but found that the entrance into the workings, or galleries, was impeded by an upright *column* of smoke, which convinced them that the mine was on fire. It was in vain that the 'viewers' assured the people that all hope was at an end; and

and that the only thing left was to extinguish the ignited coals by closing up the mine itself. Each proposition to this effect was met with yells of 'Murder!' from the kindred, followed by symptoms of determined resistance. Two or three days elapsed, while the widows and orphans never ceased to hover about the pit-mouth in the hope to hear some cry for succour—but all silent as death; and at length the shaft was permitted to be hermetically closed. It was re-opened on the 8th of July, on which day a great concourse assembled to witness this service of danger—some curious only, but the greater part came, with streaming eyes and broken hearts, to seek a father, a son, or husband—constables were appointed to keep off the crowd—and two surgeons were on the spot, in case of accidents. Eight men at a time descended, who remained four hours in, and eight hours out of the mine. When the first shift of men came up, a message was sent for coffins; those which had been prepared were sent in cart-loads through the village of Low Felling. As soon as the cart was seen, the women rushed out of their houses with shrieks which were heard to a great distance. The bodies were found most of them marked by fire—some scorched, and dry as mummies. In one place twenty were crammed in ghastly confusion—some torn to pieces—while others appeared unscathed, and in attitude as if overpowered by sleep. It was only by some article of clothing—a shoe—or by some token, as a tobacco-box—that many friends could recognise the corpse. A neat pyramid, nine feet high, bearing the names and ages of eighty-nine sufferers, is placed over one huge grave in Heworth chapel-yard.

One would think that the memory of one such catastrophe would suffice as a warning against all carelessness. The same book, however, gives a long succession of equally horrid events; and yet all the sub-commissioners were struck with the recklessness of the miners—one was obliged, for his own preservation, to knock the Davy lamp out of the hands of his guide, who chose in a most suspicious place to trim it, by exposing the flame without the protecting wirework to the gas. Another, on whom probably a practical joke was played, seems to have been much horrified at the miners, 'who, by way of amusement, would inflate the mouth with a sufficient quantity to produce a stream, by contracting the lips, and setting fire to it, as from an Argand burner, to the great glee of others who looked on.'—(*Report*, p. 137.) Another of these gentlemen was bid to walk with his candle exactly opposite his breast; for above him was a layer of wildfire, and below another of choke-damp, the intermediate stratum being alone respirable, the specific gravities of each determining its position. It is mostly in the northern mines that these gases abound

abound in such quantities, that nothing but the fullest ventilation could permit their being worked at all. Some of the mines of Scotland are, however, just sufficiently aired to prevent actual explosion—no thought being given to render the atmosphere incapable of producing chronic disease, and so shortening life. Perhaps the *argumentum ad crumenam* may have more weight than that *ad hominem*: it is proved that economy of material is much greater where the mine is thoroughly ventilated than where it is not, as there, in consequence of dampness, the wood work and machinery rot away ‘in half the time.’ On the same principle of sheer economy, leaving all the mere humanity part out of the question as a trifle, we may be allowed to express a little surprise at the inconsistency of expending 150,000*l.* in sinking a shaft, paying enormous sums for machinery, and the furnishing and draining a mine—and though fully aware that the whole may be blown to pieces if a trap-door be left open ‘five minutes’—yet confiding that risk to the care and good sense of children aged from five to seven years!!—(See *Report*, p. 147.)

‘Dr. Walsh has thus described two of the less common harbingers of choke-damp and fire-damp, those ministers of death, whose approach is frequently as insidious as it is destructive. “At one time, an odour of the most fragrant kind is diffused through the mine, resembling the scent of the sweetest flowers; and while the miner is inhaling the balmy gale, he is suddenly struck down and expires in the midst of his fancied enjoyment: at another, it comes in the form of a globe of air enclosed in a filmy case; and while he is gazing on the light and beautiful object floating along, and is tempted to take it in his hand, it suddenly explodes, and destroys him and his companions in an instant.”’—*History of Fossil Fuel*, p. 256.

Another of the awful effects produced by the element is when the mine, that is the coal itself, takes fire. Once ignited, it will go on burning for years, nay, centuries—as witness Wednesbury in Stafford, or Dudley in Worcestershire, where

‘Smoke may be seen distinctly issuing at more^{or} places than one, and it is stated that in one of the wells the water is sufficiently hot to be used for washing and culinary purposes. Smoke and steam issue from the crevices on both sides of the road, and on holding the hand to the place the stones are felt warm, as also the steam issuing. This part of the town is built over a pit, from which the good coal has been long extracted, and what is now on fire is the slack or small coal left behind. If a shaft were attempted to be opened the flames would burst forth.’—(Dr. Mitchell, *App. I.*, p. 4.)

The combustion is generally spontaneous, but it may and has arisen through carelessness—or wilfulness, as in 1833 in one of Lord Fitzwilliam’s collieries.

Many of the mines not only have encroached on the penetralia
of

of earth, but have been extended under the beds of rivers or of the ocean itself; and we find in our own time not a few instances where the waters have broken loose and filled them.

‘ A catastrophe which occurred in consequence of a sudden irruption of water into the pits at East Ardsley, near Wakefield, in June, 1809, when ten individuals perished, has been made the subject of a Drama, by the Rev. J. Plumptre, B.D., Vicar of Great Gransden, Herts, entitled “Kendrew, or the Coal Mine.” The author says in his preface, that, “having visited a coal-mine, at the Heaton Colliery, near Newcastle, in the summer of 1799, he adopted that as the foundation of his scenery; and endeavoured so to construct his piece, that, should it ever be performed, the audience might have an opportunity of having the interior of a coal-mine, to which we are indebted for so much comfort, as it were presented and realized to them.” It is not likely, however, that the drama was ever recited on the stage: the first act opens with a scene representing the top of the shaft, with drawing-machinery, &c., and a pitman singing a song, of which the following is the first verse:—

“ Although the poor collier is dirty and grim,
The world yet derives great advantage from him:
Whilst you sit in your houses secure from the storm,
His labour contributes to make you so warm.”

‘ It will readily be conceived that the sound and appearance of an instantaneous rushing of a large body of water into the workings must be awful indeed to those ingulphed therein—particularly when the lights are mostly or entirely extinguished! One of the earliest boyish impressions which the writer retains is connected with an event of this nature, which occurred in a Yorkshire colliery in the beginning of the year 1805. The bottom of a large dam suddenly gave way, and poured its contents into the mine beneath: one of the colliers, recording the deliverance of himself and fellows in verse, the mediocrity of which was relieved by the real impressiveness of the occurrence, thus sang:—

“ It early in the morning was our troubles did begin;
Near two o’clock, we understand, the waters rushed in:
Then many waded in the deep in such a wretched plight,
“ Their case it dreary was indeed—they had no kind of light!
To hear the cries, and see the tears on this occasion shed,
The tragic scene, it was enough to cause the heart to bleed:
But the all-seeing eye of God, from whom we draw our breath,
Beheld, and by his Providence preserved us all from death,” &c.’

—*History of Fossil Fuel*, pp. 250, 251.

In Mr. Curwen’s great pit at Workington, which was carried two miles under the sea, it was observed by the men that the mine had been oozing salt water for some time, and some of them got away, but in the night, the ‘single night’ of the 28th July, 1837, the sea broke in, and none were ever found to tell how it happened. The bodies even were never recovered—and so the funeral service was read over the pit-mouth. The spot where the water broke in

was

was discernible in the sea by the blackness of the waves. The mine had been worked fifty years, and its excavations took two hours and a half to be filled.—(*Report*, p. 145.)

In June, 1833, Mr. Montgomery, banker in Irvine, while fishing in the Garnock, observed a gurgling motion in its current, which, though first mistaken by him for salmon-leaps, soon led to the suspicion of its true cause, and, accordingly the neighbouring headsmen of the mine was warned—he, however, was at first slow to believe—but the men below heard the gurgling of the waters—and were only dragged out, pursued by the waves, when these had risen up to their necks. At first the river ran smooth, but rapidly; but on the following afternoon a portion of the mine sunk, and the stream disappeared, leaving its bed dry for a mile. The pressure in the pits became so great from the whole workings of the mines, which extended over ‘many miles,’ being filled, that the air, pent up between the waters and the crust of overlying earth, burst through, ‘and many acres of ground were to be seen all at once bubbling up like the boiling of a cauldron.’ Immense quantities of sand and water were thrown up for five hours, and fell like showers of rain. ‘In a short time the whole of Bartonholme, Longford, Snodgrass, and Nethermain, were laid under water, by which calamity from five to six hundred persons were deprived of employment, and the extensive colliery-works so injured as to preclude all hope of their ever being restored to their former state.’—(*History of Fossil Fuel*, p. 250.)

But there is a class of accidents far more frequent than these awful visitations of elemental agents. The descent into shafts is in the richer mines managed by steam machinery—in the less wealthy by the ‘gin’ or wheel worked by a horse—and in the poorest by a wheel worked by hand, such as that used in drawing water from wells. In all these the frightful accident has occurred of the load being ‘wound over,’ and the men pitched down the shaft. This happened in one instance from the little boy whom the proprietors employ at 7s. a week—in order to save the additional 23s., which would have to be paid to a man fit for such a duty—neglecting to stop the steam-engine in time, his attention being attracted by ‘a mouse on the hearth!!’—(*Report*, p. 144.) The motive of economy is that assigned in the Evidence; and it states the exact saving as above.

Another class of accidents arise from carelessness and want of due inspection as to the ropes and tackle of descent. Then again the shaft, which should be well lined, is in the poorer mines but negligently protected; and a small stone loosened from its side, or flung from the pit-mouth, suffices, with the impetus

petus of descent, to kill. The corves, which ought to be shedded over, are often open. The pit-mouths, which should be surrounded by a wall, so as to hinder people falling down them at night, are not unfrequently unguarded—not so much from the fault of the proprietors, as because the people will steal the bricks for their own use. There are some painful descriptions scattered among the Reports of deaths arising from falling in of the roofs, when economy tempts to remove the pillars that have supported them. Sometimes, after such operations, a very unexpected mode of filling up these galleries takes place spontaneously—the floors are pressed up towards the roof—or, as one of the witnesses terms it, ‘the earth is on the move.’ There are innumerable sources of danger to the *drivers*, from accidents peculiar to them; and, finally, there is no peril common to any other adventurous profession from which the miner is exempt.

The historian of ‘Fossil Fuel’ has a note (p. 291) which we cannot but quote:—

‘There is, indeed, no class of persons, sailors themselves not excepted, who have greater reason to live in constant readiness to encounter sudden death than the colliers who work in some of our deep and impure mines. The following is a striking illustration of the prevalence of pious sentiments under circumstances of excruciating trial:—In one of the Newcastle collieries, thirty-five men and forty-one boys died by suffocation, or were starved to death; one of the boys was found dead with a bible by his side, and a tin box such as colliers use; within the lid he had contrived to engrave with the point of a nail this last message to his parent and brother: “Fret not, my dear mother, for we are singing the praises of God while we have time. Mother, follow God, more than ever I did. Joseph, think of God, and be kind to poor mother.”’
—p. 291.

The miners, while ‘undergoing,’ tap the seam with their picks, to ascertain if it rings clear or sounds cracked. In doubtful cases Dr. Mitchell describes them as quitting their work, *lighting their pipes*, and holding a consultation—others flying precipitately from the falling masses which would, and often do, crush them. They usually have good warning of such catastrophes by ‘the groaning of the earth,’ but often enough neglect the awful voice. The hewer may be seen lying at full length cutting away; and though provided with all the timber ready at hand to prop up and render his work safe, neglecting the means which are to prevent eight or ten tons of coal falling in any instant on him. Is it wonderful, then, that men living amid such constant dangers should be callous, or what appears callous to a sub-commissioner,—startled at three or four urchins jumping, with fearless certainty of foot and eye, from the bank into a corve about to descend;—or that occasionally some lad of an engine-keeper, having been well

well thrashed by a hewer, should so manage the machinery as to let his enemy in the corve drop with the velocity of descending lead down the shaft—of course with imminent risk of life from breakage of the rope to which the man clings? The minds of such people become familiarized with death, and the ever-recurring accidents are speedily forgotten:

‘There would be more feeling a hundred times,’ says the Chief-Constable at Oldham, ‘if a policeman were to kill a dog in the streets than about killing a collier. They are quite an uneducated set of people, who go to cockpits, and races, and fights, and many are gamblers and drinkers. There are so many killed, that it becomes quite customary to expect such things. In a day or two’s time even a man’s wife and children seem to have forgotten it. The chiefest talk is just at the moment, until the body gets home, and then people feel, “Oh it is only a collier!”’—(*Report*, p. 144.)

In Scotland there are no coroners to investigate the causes and modes of accidental deaths, and the instances known yet neglected are quite frightful. Mary Sneddon says—‘Brother Robert was killed on the 21st January last. He was brought home, coffined, and buried in Bo’ness kirkyard. No one came to inquire how he was killed: they never do in this place.’ Mr. James Hunter, overseer to Alloa colliery, states that ‘the sheriff sometimes comes down. He did in the last case after the death of John Patteson, which was occasioned by being overwound at the pit-head; he looked at the ropes and examined their strength, and then walked away, and no further notice was taken. This is the common practice.’ (p. 150.) The commissioners remark two things—the great difficulty of obtaining from the surgeons any register of accidents; and the constant endeavour in the proprietors, managers, and overseers of mines to lay the blame on the foolhardiness of the miners. If a chain broke, and half a dozen men were precipitated to the bottom of a shaft, ‘they should have examined the rope or chain before they descended’ is the excuse; which is about as just and as valid as if in railway travelling it were considered the duty and business of the passengers to inspect the carriages and trains by which they are to be conveyed. In well-regulated mines, however, it is the especial business of one person to inspect the head-gear. This should be the case in all. A mining police is wanted.

With respect to the general effect of mining labour on the human frame, this Report states, in conclusion, that the work in a well-regulated coal-mine is not only not injurious but healthful, developing and expanding the body into forms, which one of the sub-commissioners compares to the finest models of ancient sculpture. In Staffordshire, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and in great part of Yorkshire, the men are described as strong and powerful

powerful, 'living like fighting-cocks;' presenting 'in the broad and stalwart frame of the swarthy collier as he stalks home, all grime and muscle, a striking contrast with the puny, pallid, starveling, little weaver, with his dirty white apron and feminine look.'—(*Report*, p. 163.)

Whatever the imagination may picture as to the interior of a mine, the reality turns out to be far from frightful, where this speculation is conscientiously worked; that is to say, where the passages are sufficiently high not to keep the body bent, the air sufficiently pure to sustain health amid the gigantic efforts the miner must make, the temperature salubrious, and all other ap-purtenances fit and matching. This is what a mine should be, and what many ought to be, and could be, if the eye of public opinion and the hand of the law were directed aright. But this they are not; and so we have descriptions of people working in passages like drains: yet even here we should beware of drawing too broad conclusions—true words may paint falsely. A person working twelve hours a-day up to his knees in wet and muck would speedily die—above ground; but the uniform temperature of the mine, with even inefficient ventilation, removes very much of the dangers of what reads like constant exposure to wet. On the whole it is rather to the over-work than to anything else that most of the constitutional damages to the frame may be traced—although a bad atmosphere will of course largely complicate the result.

Where the work is excessive, and beyond the physical powers, it retards puberty, shortens manhood, and brings on premature old age; and the instances are numerous of this exhausting labour in young children, who are too tired to do anything but sleep. 'One man remembers he has many a time dropt to sleep with the meat in his mouth.' 'Mothers say that their children come home so stiff and tired that they are obliged to lift them into bed'—'are too tired to speak'—'fall asleep before they can eat their sup-pers.' There are instances detailed where a curved spine and abscesses of the hip-joint did not shield the worker from labour—diseases which exhaustion and a wet mine would readily induce. (*Report*, p. 177.) At p. 179, the witness says, 'I have often seen them lying on the floor fast asleep: then they fall asleep in the pit, and are killed by waggons running over them.'

The first direct effect of over-work is exhibited in the extra-ordinary development of the muscles; 'those of the back stand out like ropes.' The collier-boys were therefore found greatly superior to those of other callings in this respect. The imme-diate consequence of development in one set of organs is diminu-tion in another; and hence, with a few exceptions, the colliers are described as a 'stunted race:' the exceptions are Warwickshire, Leicestershire,

Leicestershire, and Ireland. A third effect of over-work is early decay of the organ over-worked—in the collier, therefore, of the muscular system.

‘After they are turned forty-five or fifty they walk home from their work like cripples, stiffly stalking along, often leaning on sticks. Where the lowness of the gates induces a very bent posture, I have observed an inward curvature of the spine; and chicken-breasted children are very common in low, thin coal-mines.’—(*Report*, p. 185.)

This decrepitude is common, however, to many other classes than miners: indeed any tribe of mechanics may be known by their forms as modified by their trade.

Diseases of the heart and lungs are rife among colliers—the former as the result of over-action, the latter from that and the vitiated and heated air of certain mines. In East Lothian, Dr. Alison says, pulmonary disease begins between the ages of twenty and thirty, and gradually increasing, carries off the collier, if he be spared by other disorders. ‘Want of proper ventilation is the cause: no part requires more looking to than East Lothian. The men die off like rotten sheep.’ (*Report*, p. 189.) Another pulmonary disease, almost peculiar to colliers, is ‘black-spit,’ or ‘spurious melanosis.’ The symptoms are, according to Dr. Alison, ‘emaciation, constant shortness of breath, quick pulse, occasional stitches, copious expectoration, mostly perfectly black, of the colour and consistence of blacking, a hacking cough. It is never cured.’ (P. 190.) It is said that there are no consumptive nor red-faced (apoplectic?) colliers. The cheap-worked mines are certainly the graves of men. When they are well ventilated, on the other hand, it is remarked that children who are ill above ground recover in the equable warmth below: the half-starved cotton-spinner, driven thither by his necessities, often emerges with gain of health and flesh.

All these varied circumstances and modified results must be candidly considered. As we said at the outset, there are great evils and dangers in many other callings, which might perhaps, if reported on by a set of gentlemen, however honest and sincere, appear actually crammed with mere misery and oppression, yet which are not *de facto* inconsistent with a fair average of well-being. Many trades, and *professions* too, are undoubtedly unfavourable to length of days. The colliers are not cut off nearly so soon as some other classes—yet they, generally speaking, are a short-lived people. At forty they are incapable of work in Shropshire and Staffordshire—‘are regular old men, as much as some at eighty;’ at fifty in Warwickshire. In Derbyshire the collier is aged at forty; and the loader, between twenty-eight and thirty. (P. 192.) And so is it wherever we track them. As a race, they may
be

be said to be extinct at fifty-five. There are only half as many old men above seventy among colliers as among agriculturists; and twice as many deaths by accidents. Yet, with all this, the collier is fond of his colliery, preferring it to every other calling; and, if he quit his mine for a time, speedily returns to it. The spirit of adventure, and rough enjoyment, and independence makes him gamble with life.

We cannot conclude without one or two examples more of the good that may be done by the proprietor, where he seriously turns his thoughts to the condition of his miners. And, first, look at the collier population of Alloa, amounting to 1100, as affected by the kind exertions of their landlord, the late Earl of Mar. He gave them the means of education, improved their cottages, encouraged gardening, prohibited the wives working in the mines; 'and so,' says Mr. John Craich, 'raised their character in a wonderful degree.' The provident society of the Alloa Colliery has at present 1200*l.* in the bank!

The present Earl of Elgin had for many years before his father's death the management of the property in Scotland; and under his eye an improved system appears to have been established in the collieries. James Grier, manager, says 'that twenty-five years ago few persons thought themselves safe near the spot after dark; now a more sober set of workmen are not to be found in Scotland.'—*App. I. p. 497.*

Another witness says:—

'With respect to the moral condition of the collier I can affirm they are much better than they were twenty years ago: formerly their food and clothing were of the commonest description, but now a collier's family, if careful, eat of the best and most wholesome food, and have the clothing of the first-rate merchant of twenty years ago.'

It is particularly satisfactory to quote such examples from Scotland, where certainly they were and are most needed: but we are bound to say that the settlement of the legislative question as to mines and miners must be infinitely more difficult as regards that than any other part of the empire. The evils of the want of a liberal and uniform Poor Law for Scotland are becoming every day more and more terrible; and till that gigantic mischief is remedied, it will avail little to attempt regulations as to particular classes of the lower population there.

To return to England—let us hear one of the ablest of these Sub-commissioners:—

'The worst of all the many adversities which beset the mental and moral progress of the working classes, is the indifference towards them of the higher orders of society. It is a fearful thing to see how exempt the employers of labour often hold themselves from moral obligations of every

every description towards those from whose industry their own fortunes spring. Even they who contribute at all to the education or moral improvement of their workmen do so, in nineteen cases out of twenty, merely by money, and without personal pains and superintendence of their own.'—*Mr. Symons, App. I. p. 201.*

How the reverse of such a feeling has operated the following account will prove:—Mrs. Stansfield, of Flockton, and her family, large proprietors both of mines and land, erected a room 56 feet long as a Sunday-school, and covered its walls with maps and pictures, and placed a piano in it. At nine on each Sunday morning a bell heard in the neighbouring village summons about sixty-four children, who prepare, by prayer and psalmody, for reading catechisms and hearing Scripture: after these preliminaries they are taken to the church, about half-a-mile off; and a similar exercise is repeated in the evening. Tickets, bearing a value of 1*d.* or 2*d.* a-dozen, are given for attendance at school and chapel; and four of these can be obtained each Sunday. From these funds all the girls but the youngest purchase their bible, prayer, and hymn-books.

The first Sunday in August an examination takes place, to which the parents are invited: it is termed *the feast of August*, and is anticipated by all with delight.

From the elder girls of the school eight are selected; who, on each Wednesday, are joined by twenty young men and lads, and are formed into a singing class. Some have attained great proficiency: Mr. Symons says that, at a concert given by Mr. Miles Stansfield, he saw Sarah Wood and seven other girls, who had spent the whole day in toilsome labour in the mine, performing some of the most difficult pieces of Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and Haydn's *Masses*, with zest and skill. 'They had been practised only a few months, once or twice a-week, and they sang that most chromatic oratorio admirably, with some of the first chorus-singers in Yorkshire.'

'Mr. Briggs, the partner of Mrs. Stansfield, and Mr. Milnes Stansfield, her son, have, in addition to these means of mental culture for the children, opened a gymnasium and cricket-ground for the men. Twice a-week they are admitted by means of tickets; and the scene presented by the commingling of all ages and both sexes for the purposes of recreation strongly corroborated the impression I had formed of the good-heartedness (in spite of the ignorance) of the collier population. Nor is the kindly and grateful feeling which exists on the part of the workpeople of Messrs. Stansfield and Briggs towards their employers by any means confined to the playground:—it exists most warmly throughout the village.'—*Ibid. p. 203.*

A slight trait, incidentally placed in a foot-note, will perhaps bring the whole scene more vividly before the reader than the description

description by Mr. Symons of the contention for prizes—these Titans, in the various games of bell-race, jumping in sacks, throwing weights, running, leaping over poles, &c.—‘*An individual of great strength is appointed to act as constable, whose office is to enforce the laws, to turn out strangers entering without tickets, or any members misconducting themselves, and to close up the ground at night.*’

A further experiment was made on these sons of earth—an attempt to entice them, through music, from their ordinary haunt of the public-house, and its potent attractions of strong drink and fierce gambling. At first twenty only appeared, and these ‘in their shirt-sleeves.’ ‘The concert riveted their attention, and they became quiet and expressed great delight.’ At the ‘feast of August,’ 1841, the twenty had swelled into ‘a multitude of colliers,’ with their families, who attended the concert as well as the games, remaining the whole evening, and declaring, at its close, ‘This beats cock-fighting!’

We think we shall please many by giving one extract more from the historian of ‘Fossil Fuel.’ It may be surmised, from something already quoted, that this able writer himself began life in the pit; but, if so, we have it not in our power to add his name to a list which it would by no means discredit.

‘The Cornish miners have often been referred to as being a remarkably observant and intelligent race of men: combining, as they commonly do, each in his own person, the labourer, the adventurer, and the merchant, they have acquired a degree of shrewdness and industry that could not fail to be noted, especially by strangers with whom they came into contact. The colliers, on the other hand, whether less knowing or not, have been, in this respect at least, less known: they have almost uniformly been the servants of capitalists between whom and the actual labourers there have existed several gradations of rank—so to speak—the duties of the uppermost of which, however, bear very lightly, if at all, on the real independence of the lowest—the latter, indeed, frequently rising meritoriously from the bottom to the top of the scale. Many honourable instances of this might be mentioned. It is no proof of the general intelligence of any body of operatives that men of talent have occasionally risen from among them to distinguished stations in society; but it is natural to associate the ultimate fame or notoriety of an individual with his original calling, and this without the least disparagement or disrespect. It is on this principle that one feels a certain description of interest in knowing that the late celebrated Doctor Hutton was originally a hewer employed in Old Long Benton Colliery; that Mr. Stephenson, the intelligent engineer of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, was originally a coal-miner; that the late Rev. W. Huntingdon, an eccentric but talented preacher in the metropolis, was a coal-heaver; and even that the late “king of the conjurors,” as the ingenious Ingleby was called, was a pitman, who first practised sleight of hand among his companions on the banks of the Tyne. Thomas Bewick too, “the

"the celebrated xylographer and illustrator of nature," may be mentioned as another instance. His father was a collier in the neighbourhood of Hexham; and Thomas with his brothers, one of whom died after giving promise of high excellency in the beautiful art of wood-engraving, was early immured in that subterranean, laborious, and loathsome employment.—"I have heard him say," remarks his friend Mr. Dovaston, "that the remotest recollection of his powerful and tenacious memory was that of lying for hours on his side between dismal strata of coal, by a glimmering and dirty candle, plying the pick with his little hands—those hands afterwards destined to elevate the arts, illustrate nature, and promulgate her truths, to the delight and instruction of the moral and intellectual world."—*History of Fossil Fuel*, pp. 289, 290.

Since this article was put into type Lord Ashley has obtained the unanimous assent of the House of Commons for the introduction of a bill 'to make Regulations respecting the Age and Sex of Children and Young Persons employed in the Mines and Collieries of the United Kingdom.' After perusing this Report—with its detailed Appendices, and the *terrible* woodcuts that accompany them—it was impossible for us to doubt that Lord Ashley would receive the cordial support of Her Majesty's Government in such a measure. But we were not prepared for, and therefore we were indeed most highly gratified by, the unanimity of the House of Commons on the 7th of June. We would fain hail it as an evidence that not by any one class of politicians alone, but by all, the danger of neglecting the moral and social and also the physical condition of the poor in this rich and powerful empire has at length been understood and appreciated; and as an omen and pledge that henceforth, as now, English gentlemen of all parties will be found ready to act together as men and as Christians when the afflictions of their humble fellow-countrymen are brought under their consideration as legislators. Lord Ashley's speech was indeed a happy specimen of clear statement, intermixed with numberless touches of simply and deeply pathetic eloquence:—no man could listen to it without being reminded of Wilberforce. Such a speech might well, as a display of high talents, excite admiration and applause; but these are not days when rhetoric, or even oratory, can produce, in regard to subjects of this kind, any decisive practical effect. The House must have been operated on by circumstances of a very different character: they felt, we hope and believe, that this was the first step in a path which must be pursued, if our working classes—unequalled in the history of the world for courage, energy, and native goodness of feeling—are to be reconciled to the great existing institutions of their country—not
excepting

excepting the institution of property, which, like all the rest, can only deserve to be supported as being for the general advantage.

‘I hope, Sir,’ said Lord Ashley, ‘that the House will not consider that I am speaking dogmatically on these subjects: my intercourse with the working classes, both by correspondence and personal interview, has for many years been so extensive, that I think I may venture to say that I am conversant with their feelings and habits, and can state their probable movements. I do not fear any violent or general outbreaks on the part of the population: there may be a few, but not more than will be easily repressed by the ordinary force of the country. But I do fear the progress of a cancer, a perilous, and, if we much longer delay, an incurable cancer, which has seized upon the body social, moral, and political; and then in some day, when there shall be required on the part of our people an unusual energy, an unprecedented effort of virtue and patriotism, the strength of the empire will be found prostrate, for the fatal disorder will have reached its vitals.

‘There are, I well know, many other things to be done; but this, I must maintain, is an indispensable preliminary: for it is a mockery to talk of education to people who are engaged, as it were, in unceasing toil from their cradle to their grave. I have endeavoured for many years to attain this end by limiting the hours of labour, and so bringing the children and young persons within the reach of a moral and religious education, I have hitherto been disappointed, and I deeply regret it, because we are daily throwing away a noble material!—for, depend upon it, the British people are the noblest and the most easily governed of any on the face of the earth. Their fortitude and obedience under the severest privations sufficiently prove it. (Loud cheers.) *Sure I am, that the minister of this country, whoever he be, if he will but win their confidence by appealing to their hearts, may bear upon his little finger the whole weight of the reins of the British empire.* And, Sir, the sufferings of these people, so destructive to themselves, are altogether needless to the prosperity of the empire. . . . Could it even be proved that they were necessary, this House, I know, would pause before it undertook to affirm the continuance of them. . . . What could induce you to tolerate further the existence of such cruelties? Is it not enough to announce these things to an assembly of Christian men and British gentlemen? For twenty millions of money you purchased the liberation of the negro; and it was a blessed deed. You may, this night, by a cheap and harmless vote, invigorate the hearts of thousands of your countrypeople, enable them to walk erect in newness of life, to enter on the enjoyment of their inherited freedom, and avail themselves (if they will accept them) of the opportunities of virtue, of morality, and religion. These, Sir, are the ends that I venture to propose: this is the barbarism that I seek to restore. The House will, I am sure, forgive me for having detained them so long; and still more will they forgive me for venturing to conclude, by imploring them, in the words of Holy Writ, “*To break off our sins by righteousness, and our iniquities by showing mercy to the poor, if it may be a lengthening of our tranquillity.*” —Speech, &c. p. 57.

- ART. VII.—1. *Gardening for Ladies*. By Mrs. Loudon. London. 1841.
2. *The Ladies' Companion to the Flower Garden: being an Alphabetical Arrangement of all the Ornamental Plants usually grown in Gardens and Shrubberies; with full Directions for their Culture*. By Mrs. Loudon. London. 1841.
3. *The Flower Garden: containing Directions for the Cultivation of all Garden Flowers*. pp. 515. London. 1841.
4. *An Encyclopædia of Gardening: comprising the Theory and Practice of Horticulture, Floriculture, Arboriculture, and Landscape-Gardening, &c. &c.* By J. C. Loudon, F.L.S., H.S., &c. 8vo. pp. 1270. London.
5. *An Encyclopædia of Plants; with Figures of nearly Ten Thousand Species*. Edited by J. C. Loudon. 8vo. pp. 1159. London. 1829.
6. *Elements of Botany, Structural, Physiological, Systematical, and Medical*. By John Lindley, Ph. D., Professor of Botany in University College. London. 1841.
7. *A Pocket Botanical Dictionary: comprising the Names, History, and Culture of all Plants known in Britain*. By Joseph Paxton, F.L.S., H.S., &c. London, 1840.
8. *Botany for Ladies; or, a Popular Introduction to the Natural System of Plants*. By Mrs. Loudon. pp. 493. London. 1842.
9. *The Orchidaceæ of Mexico and Guatemala*. By James Bateman, Esq. In Parts.
10. *Illustrations of the Genera and Species of Orchidaceous Plants*. By Francis Bauer, Esq. With Notes and Prefatory Remarks by Dr. Lindley. London. 1840.
11. *Sertum Orchideum; or, a Wreath of the most beautiful Orchidaceous Plants*. By Dr. Lindley. 1840-1.
12. *A History of British Ferns*. By Edward Newman, F.L.S. 8vo. 1840.
13. *Poetry of Gardening*, from 'The Carthusian,' a Miscellany in Prose and Verse. pp. 528. London. 1839.

IF Dr. Johnson would not stop to inquire 'whether landscape-gardening demands any great powers of the mind,' we may surely be excused from the like investigation on the humbler subject of gardening-proper. But whether or not these pursuits demand, certain it is that they have exercised, the talents of as numerous and brilliant an assemblage of great names as any one subject can boast of. Without travelling into distant times or countries,

countries, we find among our own philosophers, poets, and men of taste, who have deemed gardening worthy their regard, the names of Bacon, Evelyn, Temple, Pope, Addison, Sir W. Chambers, Lord Kames, Shenstone, Horace Walpole, Alison, Hope, and Walter Scott. Under the first and last of these authorities, omitting all the rest, we would gladly take our stand in defence of any study to which they had given their sanction on paper and in practice. Even in its own exclusive domain, gardening has raised no mean school of literature in the works of Gilpin, Whateley, the Masons, Knight, Price, and Repton.

Time would fail us to tell of all those royal and noble personages whom old Gerarde enumerates in his 'Herbal' as having either—loved to live in gardens,' or written treatises on the subject. We know that Solomon 'spoke of plants, from the cedar that is in Lebanon to the hyssop that groweth out of the wall:'—though here the material surpassed the workmanship, for in all his wisdom he discoursed not so eloquently, nor in all his glory was he so richly arrayed, as 'one lily of the field.' The vegetable drug mithridate long handed down the name of the King of Pontus, its discoverer, 'better knowne,' says Gerarde, 'by his sovereigne Mithridate, than by his sometime speaking two-and-twenty languages.' 'What should I say,' continues the old herbalist, after having called in the authorities of Euax king of the Arabians, and Artemisia queen of Caria, 'what should I say of those royal personages, Juba, Attalus, Climenus, Achilles, Cyrus, Masynissa, Semyramis, Dioclesian'—all skilled in 'the excellent art of simpling?' We might easily swell the list by the addition of royal patrons of horticulture in modern times. Among our own sovereigns, Elizabeth, James I., and Charles II. are mentioned as having given their personal superintendence to the royal gardens, while a change in the style of laying out grounds is very generally attributed to the accession of William and Mary—though we doubt whether a horticultural genius would have met with any better or more fitting reception from the hero of the Boyne than did the great wit to whom he offered a cornetcy of dragoons. The gardens of Tzarsco-celo and of Peterhoff were severally the summer resorts of Catherine I. and Elizabeth of Russia, where the one amused herself with building a Chinese village, and the other by cooking her own dinner in the summer-house of Monplaisir. There are more thrilling associations connected with the Jardin Anglais of the Trianon at Versailles, where some rose-trees yet grow which were planted by Marie Antoinette; nor will an Englishman easily forget the grounds of Claremont, which yet cherish the memory and the taste of that truly British princess who delighted to superintend even

even the arrangement of the flowers in the cottage-garden. At the present moment great things are promised at Windsor, both in the ornamental and useful department; and we trust that the alterations now in progress, avowedly under the eye of royalty, will produce gardens as worthy of the sovereign and the nation, as is the palace to which they are attached.

Little new is to be said upon the history of gardening. Horace Walpole and Daines Barrington have well-nigh exhausted the subject, and all later writers go over the same ground. Beginning with the Eden* of our first parents, we have the old stories of the orchard of the Hesperides, and the dragon, and the golden fruit (now explained to be oranges),—the gardens of Adonis,—the Happy Isles,—the hanging terraces of Babylon,—till, with a passing glance at those of Alcinous and Laertes, as described by Homer, we arrive at the Gardens of Epicurus and the Academe of Plato. Roman history brings up the rear with the villas of Cicero and Pliny, the fruits of Lucullus, the roses of Pæstum, and Cæsar's

‘ Private arbours and new-planted orchards
On this side Tiber.’

To how different a scene in each of these instances the term garden' has been applied we have now no time to inquire; but we may perhaps be allowed, before entering upon the fresher and more inviting scene of the English parterre, to say one word in correction of an error common to all writers on the horticulture of the ancients. They would have us consider all classical gardens as little more than kitchen-gardens or orchards—to use the expression of Walpole, ‘a cabbage and a gooseberry-bush.’ This is a great mistake. The love of flowers is as clearly traceable in the poets of antiquity as in those of our own times, and their allusions to them plainly show that they were cultivated with the greatest care. Fruit-trees no doubt were mingled with their flowers, but in the formal, or indeed in any style, this might be made an additional beauty. The very order† indeed of their

* We are sorry that Mr. Loudon, in his *Encyclopædia*, to which every writer on Gardening must feel infinitely obliged, should think it worth while to repeat some silly sneers of Horace Walpole on this subject; as if (what indeed he himself seems to scout) a garden necessarily implied clipped hedges and trellis-work, or as if the new world, fresh from the hand of the Creator, could be anything else than a garden. We might fix on many other passages to find fault with him on the same score. *Ne tutor ultra crepidam.*—He had better stick to his spade. What have sceptical hints and revolutionary opinions to do with gardening? What indeed can be more opposite to its pure and quiet spirit? To say the least of it, it is ingratitude both to God and man in one whose daily occupation is amongst the fairest works of creation, and whose income is derived from the purest pursuit of an enlightened aristocracy. We trust we may see no more of this. Mr. Loudon may take our word for it, that the circulation and usefulness of his otherwise valuable works are sadly marred by these flourishes.

† *Soph. CEd. Col.* 705.

olive-groves had a protecting deity at Athens, and with such exactness did they set out the elms which supported their vines, that Virgil compares them to the rank and file of a Roman legion. But the 'fair-clustering'* narcissus and the 'gold-gleaming' crocus were reckoned among the glories of Attica as much as the nightingale, and the olive, and the steed; and the violet † was as proud a device of the Ionic Athenians, as the rose of England, or the lily of France. The Romans are even censured by their lyric poet ‡ for allowing their fruitful olive-groves to give place to beds of violets, and myrtles, and all the 'wilderness of sweets.' The first rose of spring § and the 'last rose of summer' || have been sung in Latin as well as English. Ovid's description of the Floralia will equal any account we can produce of our May-day; nor has Milton himself more glowingly painted the flowery mead of Enna than has the author of the Fasti. Cicero ¶ distinctly enumerates the cultivation of flowers among the delights of the country; and Virgil ** assures us that, had he given us his Georgic on Horticulture, he would not have forgotten the narcissus or acanthus, the ivy, the myrtle, or the rose-gardens of Pæstum. The moral which Burns drew from his 'mountain daisy' had been marked before both by Virgil †† and Catullus; ‡‡ and indeed a glance at the Eclogues, the Georgics, or the Fasti, will show the same love of flowers in their authors which evidently animated Aristophanes, where he describes the gentleman of 'merry old Athens' as 'redolent of honeysuckle and holidays;' §§ and which is so conspicuous in our own Shakspeare as to have led to some late ingenious surmises that he was born and bred a gardener. ||||

Addison amused himself by comparing the different styles of

* Soph. Œd. Col. 682.

† Aristoph. Equit. 1324. Acharn. 637.

‡ Hor. ii. xv. 5.

§ Virg. Georg. iv. 134.

|| Hor. Od. i. xxviii. 3.

¶ 'Nec vero segetibus solum, et pratis, et vineis, et arbuſtis res rusticæ lætæ sunt, sed etiam in hortis et pomariis; tum pecudum pastu, apium examinibus, *florum omnium varietate*.'—De Sen., c. 15.

** Georg. iv. 124.

†† Æn. ix. 435.

‡‡ Catull. xi.

§§ *εὐλκωνος ὄζων καὶ ἀρωγμοσύνης*. Aristoph. Nub. 1007.

|||| We may perhaps return to the subject of ancient gardens. Meanwhile we answer to Daines Barrington's remark, that 'he knew of no Greek or Latin word for nosegay,' that the ancients wore their flowers on their head, not in their bosom; and there is surely mention enough about 'στίφανος' and 'coronæ.' But we need hardly wonder at such an oversight in an author who, noticing the passages on flowers in our early poets, makes no allusion to Shakspeare. To H. Walpole, who says 'their gardens are never mentioned as affording shade and shelter from the rage of the dog-star,' we can now only quote

'Spissa ramis laurea fervidos
Excludet ictus;'

and

—'platanum potantibus umbram;'

and Hor. ii. xi. 13. The platanus was the newly introduced garden-wonder of the Augustan age.

gardening

gardening with those of poetry—‘Your makers of parterres and flower-gardens are epigrammatists and sonneteers; contrivers of bowers and grottos, treillages and cascades, are romance-writers;’ while the gravel-pits in Kensington Gardens, then just laid out by London and Wise, were heroic verse. If our modern critics were to draw a similar comparison, we suppose our gardens would be divided into the Classical and the Romantic. The first would embrace the works of the Italian, Dutch, and French, the second those of the Chinese and English schools. The characteristics of the three symmetric styles are not easily to be distinguished, but from the climate and character of the nations, perhaps even more than from the actual examples existing in their respective countries, a division has been made which is recognised in most works on gardening, and may be useful in practice in keeping us to that ‘leading idea’ on which the critics insist so strongly, but which has been sadly neglected in most modern examples.

The Italian style is undoubtedly the offspring, or rather the continuation, of the *xystus* and *quincunx* of the ancient Romans. With them the garden was only the amplification of the house: if indeed their notion of a villa did not almost sink the consideration of the roofed rooms in the magnificence of the colonnades and terraces that surrounded them. The same spirit has animated the style of modern Italy. The garden immediately about the house is but the extension of the style and materials of which the buildings themselves are composed. Broad paved terraces—and, where the ground admits of them, tiers rising one above the other—vases and statues (not half hidden in a shrubbery, or indiscriminately scattered over a lawn, but) connected, and in character with the house itself—these, with marble fountains and such relics of antiquity as may have been discovered in the neighbourhood, form the chief beauties of the magnificent gardens of Italy, which have in many instances swallowed up the whole wealth of their princely possessors. Spite of Walpole’s sneer about ‘walking up and down stairs in the open air,’ we own that there are to us few things so beautiful in art as stately terraces, tier above tier, and bold flights of stone steps, now stretching forward in a broad unbroken course, now winding round the angle of the terrace in short and steep descents, each landing affording some new scene, some change of sun or shade—a genial basking-place, or cool retreat—here the rich perfume of an ancestral* orange-tree, there the bright blossom of some sunny creeper—while at another turn a balcony juts out to catch some distant

* There are in Holland many orange-trees which have been in the same family 200 and 300 years; one at Versailles has the inscription ‘*Semé en 1421.*’

view,

view, or a recess is formed with seats for the loitering party to 'rest and be thankful.' Let all this be connected by colonnades with the architecture of the mansion, and you have a far more rational appendage to its necessarily artificial character than the petty wildernesses and picturesque *abandon* which have not been without advocates up to the very lintel and threshold.

Isola Bella, the creation of Vitaliano Borromeo, may be considered as the extravagant type of the Italian style. A barren rock, rising in the midst of a lake, and producing nothing but a few poor lichens, has been converted into a pyramid of terraces, supported on arches, and ornamented with bays and orange-trees of amazing size and beauty.

The French are theatrical even in their gardens. There is an effort after spectacle and display which, while it wants the grace of the Italians, is yet free from the puerilities of the Dutch. The gardens of Versailles may be taken as the great exemplar of this style; and magnificent indeed they are, if expense and extent and variety suffice to make up magnificence. Two hundred acres and two hundred millions of francs were the materials which Louis XIV. handed over to Le Nôtre, wherewith to construct them. To draw petty figures in dwarf-box, and elaborate patterns in particoloured sand, might well be dispensed with where the formal style was carried out with such magnificence as this, but otherwise the designs of Le Nôtre differ little from that of his predecessors in the Geometric style, save in their monstrous extent. This is the 'grand manner' of which Batty Langley, in his 'New Principles of Gardening,' published in 1728, has given such extraordinary specimens. We wish it were only possible for us to transfer a few of his designs to these pages, that the absurdity of that fashion might be fully shown up. Some notion may be formed of his system, to which we may perhaps return, from his starting with the principle that the 'true end and design of laying out gardens of pleasure is, that we may never know when we have seen the whole.*' The great wonder of Versailles was the well-known labyrinth, not such a maze as is really the source of much idle amusement at Hampton Court, but a mere ravel of interminable walks, closely fenced in with high hedges, in which thirty-nine of Æsop's Fables were represented by painted copper figures of birds and beasts, each group connected with a separate fountain, and all spouting water out of their mouths. A more dull and fatuous

* Brown—who, though an uneducated man, and alluded to, we suppose, by Sir W. Chambers where he speaks of 'peasants emerging from the melon-ground to take the periwig and turn professor,' left many good sayings behind him—used to say of these tortuous walks, that you might put one foot upon zig and the other upon zag.

notion

notion it never entered into the mind of bloated extravagance to conceive.*

Every tree was here planted with geometrical exactness,—parterre answered to parterre across half-a-mile of gravel,—

‘Grove nods to grove, each alley has its brother,
And half the garden just reflects the other.’

‘Such symmetry,’ says Lord Byron, ‘is not for solitude;’ and certainly the gardens of Versailles were not planted with any such intent. The Parisians do not throng there for the contemplation to be found in the ‘trim gardens’ of Milton. There is indeed a melancholy, but not a pleasing one, in wandering alone through those many acres of formal hornbeam, where we feel that it requires the ‘galliard and clinquant’ air of a scene of Watteau—its crowds and love-making—its hoops and minuets—a ringing laugh and merry tambourine—to make us recognise the real genius of the place. Taking Versailles as the gigantic type of the French school, it need scarcely be said that it embraces broad gravelled terraces, long alleys of yew and hornbeam, vast orangeries, groves planted in the quincunx style, and water-works embellished with, and conducted through, every variety of sculptured ornament. It takes the middle line between the other two geometric schools; admitting more sculpture and other works of art than the Italian, but not overpowered with the same number of ‘huge masses of littleness’ as the Dutch. There is more of promenade, less of parterre; more gravel than turf; more of the deciduous than of the evergreen tree. The practical water-wit of drenching the spectators was in high vogue in the ancient French gardens; and Evelyn, in his account of the Duke of Richelieu’s villa, describes with some relish how ‘on going, two extravagant musketeers shot at us with a stream of water from their musket-barrels.’ Contrivances for dousing the visitors—especially the ladies—which once filled so large a space in the catalogue of every show-place, seem to militate a little against the national character for gallantry; but the very fact that everything was done to surprise the spectator and stranger evinces how different was their idea of a garden from the home and familiar pleasures

* Some idea may be formed of the more than childishness of the thing from a contemporary account. ‘These water-works represent several of *Æsop’s Fables*: the animals are all of brass and painted in their proper colours, and are so well assigned, that they seem to be in the very action the Fable supposes them in, and the more so, for that they cast water out of their mouths, alluding to the form of speech the Fable renders them in.’ Here follows the description of a particular fountain. ‘Fable XIII. The Fox and the Crane.—Upon a rock stands a Fox with the Crane; the Fox is lapping somewhat on a flat gilded dish, the water spreads itself in the form of a table-cloth; the Crane by way of complaint spouts up water into the air:’ and so on through thirty-eight others.—*Versailles Illustrated*, 1726.

which

which an Englishman looks to in his. Paintings on a large scale, and illusive perspectives * at the end of their avenues, may be ranked among their characteristic embellishments.

But during the madness of the Revolution, gardens of course could not be allowed alone to remain unaltered; and as Reason and Nature were to carry everything before them, here too the English style was of course adopted with the same enthusiasm and intelligence as they showed in taking up the democratic parts of our constitution. Ermenonville, the seat of Viscomte Girardin, was the first place of consequence laid out in the *natural style*, and a more complete specimen of French adaptation was never heard of. We have not space even to glance at half its charms; but some idea of the *genius loci* may be conveyed from the fact that 'a garden in ruins' was one of its lions. And it seems that the Viscomte kept a band of musicians continually moving about, now on water, now on land, to draw the attention of visitors to the right points of view at the right time of the day; while Madame and her daughters, in a sweet mixture of the natural, the revolutionary, and the romantic, promenaded the grounds, dressed in brown stuff, '*en amazones*,' with black hats; and the young men wore '*habillemens les plus simples et le plus propres à les faire confondre avec les enfans des campagnards*.'† One instance, more Frenchified and ridiculous still, was that of the 'Moulin Joli' of Watelet. He was a writer of a system of gardening on utilitarian principles; but, having erected divers temples and altars about his grounds, he felt himself bound, in consistency with his theory, to employ occasionally troops of sacrificers and worshippers, to give his gimcrack pagodas and shrines the air of utility! In good keeping with his garden was the encomium of the Prince de Ligne. '*Allez-y, incrédules! Méditez sur les inscriptions que le gout y a dictées. Méditez avec le sage, soupirez avec l'amant, et bénissez Watelet.*'

The line of demarcation between the Dutch and French styles is perhaps more imaginary than real. The same exact symmetry everywhere prevails. There is a profusion of ornaments, only on a smaller scale,—

'Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees,'—

* An instance of these 'agreeable deceptions,' perfectly characteristic of the French taste of the day, may be given from Evelyn's tour:—'In the *Rue de la Seine* is a little garden, which, though very narrow, by the addition of a well-painted perspective, is to appearance greatly enlarged; to this there is another part, supported by arches, in which runs a stream of water, rising in the aviary, out a statue, and seeming to flow for some miles, by being *artificially continued in the painting*, where it sinks down at the wall.'

† Gaz. Lit. de l'Europe, quoted by Loudon, *Encyc.*, p. 86.

with

with stagnant and muddy canals and ditches, purposely made for the bridge that is thrown over them; but they abound also in the pleasanter accompaniments of grassy banks and slopes, green terraces, caves, water-works, banqueting-houses set on mounds, with a profusion of trellis-work and green paint—‘furnished,’ in the words of Evelyn, ‘with whatever may render the place agreeable, melancholy, and country-like,’ not forgetting ‘a hedge of jets d’eau surrounding a parterre.’

In the neighbourhood of Antwerp is a lawn with sheep—like the gray wethers of Salisbury Plain—of stone, and shepherd and dog of the same material to match. Generally, however, the scissors and the yew-tree make up the main ‘furniture’ of the garden; and there is something so venerable, and even classical,* about cones and pyramids, and peacocks of box and yew, that we should be loth to destroy a single specimen of the topiary art that was not in flagrant disconnection with the scene around it.

However, the most striking and indispensable feature of a private garden in the Dutch style is the ‘lust-huis,’ or pleasure-house, hundreds of which overlook every public road and canal in Holland. Perched on the angle of the high wall of the enclosure, or flanking or bestriding the stagnant canalulet which bounds the garden, in all the gaiety and cleanliness of fresh paint, these little rooms form the resort, in summer and autumn evenings, of the owners and their families, who, according to sex and age, indulge themselves with pipes and beer, tea and gossip, or in observing the passengers along the high road,—while these, in their turn, are amused with the amiable and pithy mottoes on the pavilions, which set forth the ‘Pleasure and Ease,’ ‘Friendship and Sociability,’ &c. &c. of the family-party within.

We have thought it necessary to give a slight sketch of the principal continental styles, before we entered upon the consideration of that which is universally recognised as appropriate to the English garden. In a former number of our Review a history of the changes that have passed over English gardens was given, in his usual happy-manner, by Sir Walter Scott, which precludes the necessity of more than a passing reference to the same subject. London and Wise were among the earliest innovators on the old Dutch school in England, and received the high praise of Addison in the ‘Spectator’ for the introduction of a more natural manner in Kensington Gardens, then newly laid out. Bridgeman followed, laying the axe to the root of many a verdurous peacock and lion of Lincoln-green. Kent, the inventor of the Ha-ha, broke through the visible and formal boundary, and confounded the distinction

* See Pliny and Martial—we may say *passim*.

between the garden and the park. Brown, of 'capability' memory, succeeded, with his round clumps, boundary belts, semi-natural rivers, extensive lakes, broad green drives, with the everlasting portico summer-house at the end. Castle Howard, Blenheim, and Stowe, were the great achievements of these times; while the bard of the Leasowes was creating his sentimental farm, 'rearing,' says D'Israeli, 'hazels and hawthorns, opening vistas, and winding waters,'

'And, having shown them where to stray,
Threw little pebbles in their way;'

displaying—according to the English rhymes of a noble foreigner who raised a '*plain stone*' to the memory of '*Shenstone*'—'*a mind natural*,' in laying out '*Arcadian greens rural*.'*

Whateley's book completed the revolution. It was instantly translated into French, the '*Anglomanie*' being then at its height; and though the clipped pyramids and hedges did not fall so recklessly as in England, yet no place of any pretension was considered perfect without the addition of its '*jardin Anglais*.'† The natural style was now for some time, in writings and practice, completely triumphant. At length came out '*Price on the Picturesque*,' who once more drew the distinction between the *parterre* and the forest, in opposition to the straggling, scrambling style, which Whateley called 'combining the excellences of the garden and the park.'

From the times of Socrates and Epicurus to those of Wesley, Simeon, and Pusey the same story is to be told; and if theology and philosophy could not escape, how should poor gardening expect to go free? It is the natural effect of the bold enunciation of a broad principle, that it will oftener be strained to cover extreme cases than be applied to the general bearing of the subject.

* Dr. Johnson, who, we think, used to boast either that he did or did not (and it is much the same) know a cabbage from a cabbage-rose, has a passage in his '*Life of Shenstone*' so perfectly Johnsonian that we must transcribe it:—'Now was excited his delight in rural pleasures, and his ambition of rural elegance; he began from this time to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with such judgment and such fancy as made his little domain the envy of the great and the admiration of the skilful—a place to be visited by travellers and copied by designers. Whether to plant a walk in undulating curves, and to place a bench at every turn where there is an object to catch the view—to make water run where it will be heard, and to stagnate where it will be seen—to leave intervals where the eye will be pleased, and to thicken the plantation where there is something to be hidden—demand any great powers of the mind, I will not inquire: perhaps a surly and sullen spectator may think such performances rather the sport than the business of human reason. But it must at least be confessed that to embellish the form of nature is an innocent amusement, and some praise must be allowed by the most scrupulous observer to him who does best what multitudes are contending to do well.'

† Horace Walpole's description of M. Boutin's garden.

Withdraw

Withdraw the pure and intelligent mind that first directed its application, and hundreds of professed disciples and petty imitators spring up, whose optics are sharp-sighted enough to see the faults condemned in the old system, though their comprehension is too limited to embrace the whole range of truth and beauty in the new; with just so much knowledge as to call up a maxim or *phrase* for the purpose of distorting it, and passing it on the world as the *ipse dixit* of the master, though without intellect enough to perceive the time, the measure, or the place, which alone make its application desirable. Wilkes was at much trouble to assure George III. that he was not a Wilkite; and if many an ordinary man has need at times to exclaim, 'Preserve me from my friends,' all great ones have much more reason to cry out, 'Defend me from my disciples.' Perhaps all this is a little too grandiloquent for our humble subject; but if a marked example of discipular ultraism and perversion were wanting, no stronger one could be found than that supplied by the followers of Price. And if we have made more of this matter than it deserves, we care not, for our great object is to impress upon our readers that this unfortunate word 'picturesque' has been the ruin of our gardens. Price himself never dreamt of applying it, in its present usage, to the plot of ground immediately surrounding the house. His own words are all along in favour of a formal and artificial character *there*, in keeping with the mansion itself; and, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, he expresses in a tone of exquisite feeling his regret at his own destruction of a garden on the old system. He might, indeed, have used the term with reference to those splendid terraces, arcades, and balconies of Italy with which we are familiar in the architectural pictures of Panini; but he would have shrunk with horror to have his theory applied to justify the substitution of tadpole, and leech, and comma, and sausage figures for the trim gardens of symmetrical forms, even though he might see in them (as Addison says) 'the marks of the scissors upon every plant and bush.'

Scott very justly finds fault with the term 'landscape gardening,' which is another that has proved fatal to our parterres. If such a word as 'landscaping' be inadmissible, it is high time to find some phrase which will express the laying out of park scenery, as completely distinct from 'gardening' as the things themselves are.

Though it may be questioned whether a picture should be the *ultimate* test of the taste in laying out gardens and grounds, Price, even on this view, offers some very ingenious arguments in defence not only of Italian but even of the old English garden; and his feelings now would evidently have led him still further to adopt the

the formal system, had his theory not stood a little in the way. He seems to recognise a threefold division of the domain—the architectural terrace, and flower-garden in direct connection with the house, where he admits the formal style; the shrubbery or pleasure-ground, a transition between the flowers and the trees, which he would hand over to the ‘natural style’ of Brown and his school; and, thirdly, the park, which he considers the proper domain of his own system. This is a distinction which it would be well for every proprietor to keep in view, not for the sake of a monotonous adherence to its divisions in every case, but in order to remember that the tree, the shrub, and the flower, though they may be occasionally mingled with effect, yet require a separate treatment, and the application of distinct principles, where they are to be exhibited each in its full perfection. Our present subject of complaint is the encroachments which the natural and picturesque styles have made upon the regular flower-garden. Manufacturers of bye-lanes and lightning-struck cottages are all very well in their own department, but that must not be in the vicinity of the house. We suppose that even Whateley himself would admit that the steps and threshold of the door must be symmetrical, and would probably allow a straight pathway more appropriate, and even more *natural*, than a winding one, leading directly to the door of the house. Once get a single straight line, even the outline of the building itself, and it then becomes merely a matter of situation, or convenience, or taste, how far the straight lines and right angles shall be extended; and though nature must needs be removed a few paces further into her own proper retreat, yet simplicity may still remain in regular and symmetrical forms, as much as in undulations and irregularities and mole-hills under the very windows of the drawing-room. Nothing, as Scott has remarked, is more completely the child of art than a garden. It is, indeed, in our modern sense of the term, one of the last refinements of civilised life. ‘A man shall ever see,’ says Lord Bacon, ‘that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely.’ To attempt, therefore, to disguise wholly its artificial character is as great folly as if men were to make their houses resemble as much as possible the rudeness of a natural cavern. So much mawkish sentimentality had been talked about the natural style, that even Price himself dared not assert that a garden must be avowedly artificial. And though now it seems nothing strange to hazard such a remark, yet its truth still requires to be brought more boldly and closely home to us before we can expect to see our gardens what they ought to be.

Since

Since the publication of Price's book no writer has appeared advocating any particular theory or system of gardening. Principles and practice have become of a like composite order, and in general it has been left to the gardener to adopt, at his own pleasure, the stucco, and cast-iron and wire ornaments, that fashion has from time to time produced, to suit the last importations or the favourite flower of the season. The early part of the nineteenth century presents a great coolness in the garden mania with which the eighteenth was so possessed; and it was hardly till after the peace that public attention again took this direction. We presume that it will only be in the philosophical fashion of the day to say that this was a natural reaction of the public mind, after the turmoil of a foreign war, to fall back upon the more peaceful occupations of home. The institution of the Horticultural Society of London, however, took place a little earlier, and it no doubt gave both a stimulus and a stability to the growing taste of the nation.

It may be amusing to run over some few statistics of the progress of horticulture since that time. It is now only thirty-three years since the foundation of the London Society, the first comprehensive institution of its kind: there are now in Great Britain at least 200 provincial societies, founded more or less upon its model. We find merely in the 'Gardener's Chronicle' for last year notices of the exhibitions of 120 different Societies. Everything else connected with gardening has increased in the like proportion. There were at that time not more than two botanical—and those strictly scientific—periodical works: there are now at least twenty monthly publications, each entirely devoted to some branch or other of botany or horticulture; and, what may perhaps still more surprise those of our readers who live apart from the influence of the gardening world, there are, or were very lately, published every week three newspapers professedly monopolised by horticultural subjects. Even during the last year two new Societies have sprung up in the metropolis—the London Floricultural and the Royal Botanic, each taking a line of its own, distinct, though not antagonistically so, from that of any previously formed institution; and both, we believe, prospering, and likely to prosper.

Many of our readers, who have heard of a fashionable, and a scientific, and a sporting, and (stranger name still!) a religious world, may perhaps be in unhappy ignorance of the floricultural one. But such indeed there is, with its own leaders, language, laws, exclusiveness—ay, even its party bitternesses and personal animosities. And shameful indeed it is that such pure and simple objects should be the source of the unseemly quarrels

rels and bickerings which are too often obtruded into floricultural publications; that men should extract 'envy and malice and all uncharitableness' out of 'the purest of all human pleasures'—

'Even as those bees of Trebizond,—

Which from the sunniest flowers that glad

With their pure smile the garden round

Draw venom forth that drives men mad!'—*Lalla Rookh*.

The division of labour, both in the horticultural and floricultural world, is carried to an extent that the uninitiated little dream of. There are not only express exhibitions for each particular plant that has been adopted into the family of 'florist's flowers'—as for the tulip, dahlia, pink, and heartsease—but there are actually several existing 'cucumber clubs' and 'celery societies;' and, within a very short period, four or five treatises have been published on the culture of the cucumber alone. Then we must speak of the 'flake' of the carnation—the 'edging' of the picotee—the 'crown' and the 'lacing' of the pink—the 'feather and flame' of the tulip—the 'eye and depth' of the dahlia—the 'tube, the truss, and the paste' of the auricula—and the 'pencil' and 'blotch' of the pansy. Besides these peculiar pets of the fancy, there are the old-fashioned polyanthus, the ranunculus, the geranium, the calceolaria, the chrysanthemum, and the hyacinth, which are also under the especial patronage of the florists; and, lately, the iris, the gladiolus, the fuchsia, and the verbena may be considered as added to the list.

The tulipomania of Holland is well known: it was at its height in the year 1637, when one bulb—its name is worth preserving—the 'Viceroy'—was sold for 4203 florins; and for another, called 'Semper Augustus,' there were offered 4600 florins, a new carriage, a pair of grey horses, and a complete set of harness!*

The florimania, as it has been called—we should rather say 'anthomania'—has never reached so ridiculous a height in England, nor, with all our love for flowers, is it likely to do so, though there are staid men of business among us who would doubtless be amazed at the sums of money even now occasionally lavished on a single plant. A noble Duke, munificent in his patronage of horticulture, as in everything else, and who—though till quite lately, we believe, ignorant of the subject—now understands it as thoroughly as he appreciates it, is said to have given one hundred guineas for a single specimen of an orchideous plant; and we know of another peer, not quite so wise in this or perhaps other

* At the sale of Mr. Clarke's tulips at Croydon, in the year 1836, 100*l.* was given for a single bulb, 'Fanny Kemble;' and from 5*l.* to 10*l.* is no uncommon price for the new and choice sorts. We see also frequent advertisements of geraniums and dahlias, the first year of their 'coming out,' at the like price.

matters, who, seeing a clump of the rich and gorgeous double-flowering gorse, instantly gave his gardener an order for fifty pounds' worth of it!

Before we have done with the florists and botanists, we must say one word about their nomenclatures. As long as the extreme vulgarity of the one and the extreme pedantry of the other continue, they must rest assured that they will scare the majority of this fastidious and busy world from taking any great interest in their pursuits. Though 'a rose by any other name will smell as sweet,' there is certainly enough to prejudice the most devoted lover of flowers against one that comes recommended by some such designation as 'Jim Crow,' or 'Metropolitan purple,' or 'King Boy,' or 'Yellow Perfection.' When indeed *calceolarias* and *pansies* increase to 2000 'named varieties,' there must of course be some difficulty in finding out an appropriate title for every new upstart; but in this case the evil lies deeper than the mere name: it consists in puffing and palming off such seedlings at all, half of which are either such counterparts of older flowers, that nothing but the most microscopic examination would detect a difference, or else so utterly worthless as to be fit only to be thrown away. This is an increasing evil; and if anything gives a check to the present growing taste for choice flowers, it will arise from the dishonesty and trickery of the trade itself.

Meanwhile, let there be at least some propriety in the names given. We cannot quite agree with Mr. Loudon, who seems to approve of such names as 'Claremont-nuptials primrose' and 'Afflicted-queen carnation!' though they do point to the years 1816 and 1821 as the dates of their respective appearances: neither will we aver that Linnæus was not something too fanciful in naming his '*Andromeda*,'* and in calling a genus *Bauhinia*, from two illustrious brothers of the name of Bauhin, because it had a *double* leaf; but surely there is marked character enough about every plant to give it some simple *English* name, without drawing either upon living characters or dead languages. It is hard work, as even Miss Mitford has found it, to make the *maurandias*, and *alstræmerias*, and *eschsoltzias* — the commonest

* The following is his reason for thus naming this delicate shrub, one of those bog-plants not half so much cultivated as it deserves to be:—'As I contemplated it, I could not help thinking of *Andromeda*, as described by the poets—a virgin of most exquisite beauty and unrivalled charms. The plant is always fixed in some turfy hillock in the midst of the swamps, as *Andromeda* herself was chained to a rock in the sea, which bathed her feet, as the fresh water does the root of the plant. As the distressed virgin cast down her blushing face through excessive affliction, so does the rosy-coloured flower hang its head, growing paler and paler till it withers away. At length comes *Perseus*, in the shape of summer, dries up the surrounding waters and destroys the monsters, rendering the damsel a fruitful mother, who then carries her head erect.'—*Tour in Lapland*, June 12th.

flowers

flowers of our modern gardens—look passable even in prose. They are sad dead letters in the glowing description of a bright scene in June. But what are these to the pollopostemonopetalæ and eleutheromacrostemones of Wachendorf, with such daily additions as the native name of iztactepotzacuxochitl icohueyo, or the more classical ponderosity of *Erisimum Peroffskyanum*—

‘—like the verbum Græcum,
Spermagoraiolëkitholakanopolides,
Words that should only be said upon holidays,
When one has nothing else to do.’

As to poetry attempting to immortalize a modern bouquet, it is utterly hopeless; and if our cultivators expect to have their new varieties handed down to posterity, they must return to such musical sounds as buglosse, and eglantine, and primrose, before bards will adopt their pets into immortal song. We perceive some attempt made lately in Paxton’s Magazine and the better gardening journals to render the names somewhat more intelligible by Englishing the specific titles, as *Passiflora Middletoniana*—Middleton’s Passion-flower, and the like; but this is not enough; the combination of a little observation and taste would soon coin such names as ‘our plainer sires’ gave in ‘larkspur,’ and ‘honeysuckle,’ and ‘bindweed,’ or even in ‘ladies-smocks,’ and ‘ragged-robin,’ and ‘love-lies-bleeding.’

As names run at present, the ordinary amateur is obliged to give up the whole matter in despair, and rest satisfied with the awful false quantities which his gardener is pleased to inflict upon him, who, for his own part, wastes hours and hours over names that convey to him no information, but only serve to puff him up with a false notion of his acquirement, when he finds himself the sole possessor of this useless stock of ‘Aristophanic compounds and insufferable misnomers.’ Crabbe, whom nothing was too minute to escape, has admirably ridiculed this botanical pedantry:—

‘High-sounding words our worthy gardener gets,
And at his club to wondering swains repeats;
He there of Rhus and Rhododendron speaks,
And Allium calls his onions and his leeks.
Nor weeds are now; from whence arose the weed,
Scarce plants, fair herbs, and curious flowers proceed;
Where cuckoo-pints and dandelions sprung,
(Gross names had they our plainer sires among,)
There Arums, there Leontodons we view,
And Artemisia grows where wormwood grew.’

To make confusion worse confounded, our botanists are not satisfied with their far-fetched names; they must ever be changing them

them too. Thus it is a mark of ignorance in the world of flowers to call our old friend geranium otherwise than *Pelargonium*; the *Glycine* (*G. sinensis*)—the well-known specimen of which at the Chiswick Gardens produced more than 9000 of its beautiful, lilac, laburnum-like racemes from a single stem—is now to be called *Wistaria*: the new Californian annual *Eurotia* is already *Godetia*; while the pretty little red *Hemimeris*, once a *Celsia*, is now, its third designation, an *Alonsoa*; and our list is by no means exhausted.*

Going on at this rate, a man might spend the morn of his life in arriving at the present state of botanical science, and the rest of his days in running after its novelties and changes. We are only too glad when public sanction triumphs over individual whim, and, as in the cases of *Georgina* proposed for *Dahlia*, and *Chryseis* for *Eschscholtzia*, resists the attempted change.

One class of plants, which, though it has lately become most fashionable and cultivated by an almost separate clique of nursery-men and amateurs, cannot yet be said to rank with florists' flowers, is that of the *Orchidaceæ*, trivially known, when first introduced, by the name of air-plants. It is scarcely more than ten years ago that any particular attention was bestowed upon this interesting tribe, and there are now more genera cultivated than there were then species known. Among all the curiosities of botany there is nothing more singular—we had almost said mysterious—than the character, or, to speak more technically, 'the habit' of this extraordinary tribe. The sensation which the first exhibition of the butterfly-plant (*Oncidium papilio*) produced at the Chiswick Gardens must still be remembered by many of our readers, and so wonderful is the resemblance of the vegetable to the insect specimen, floating upon its gossamer-stalk, that even now we can hardly fancy it otherwise than a living creature, were it not even still more like some exquisite production of fanciful art. Their manner of growth distinct from, though so apparently like, our native misletoe, and other parasitical plants—generally reversing the common order of nature, and throwing summersets with their heels upward and head downward—one specimen actually sending its roots into the air, and burying its flowers in the soil,—living almost entirely on atmospheric moisture,—the blossoms in some species sustained by so slender a thread that they seem

* There is a curious perversion of name in the tuberose, which has nothing to do with 'tubes' or 'roses,' but is the corruption of its specific name, *Polianthes tuberosa*, simply signifying 'tuberous': so Jerusalem artichoke has nothing to do with the hill of Sion, but is vulgarized from the Italian *Girosole*, sun-flower, of which it is a species; so Mayduke cherry, from Medec; and 'grass,' from asparagus. Gilliflower is probably July-flower, but it would take an essay to discuss which is the true gilliflower of our great-great-grandmothers.

to float unsupported in the air,—all these things, combined with the most exquisite contrast of the rarest and most delicate colours in their flowers, are not more extraordinary characteristics of their tribe than is the circumstance that in nearly every variety there exists a remarkable resemblance to some work either of animate nature or of art. Common observation of the pretty specimens of this genus in our own woods and fields has marked this in the names given to the fly, the bee, and the spider-orchis;* but in the exotic orchises this mimicry is still more strongly marked. Besides the butterfly-plant already alluded to, there is the dove-plant, and a host besides, so like to other things than flowers, that they seem to have undergone a metamorphosis under the magic wand of some transforming power.

Remembering the countries from which most of them come—the dank jungles of Hindostan—the fathomless woods of Mexico—the unapproached valleys of China—one might almost fancy them the remains of the magic influence which tradition affirms of old to have reigned in those wild retreats; and that, while the diamond palaces of Samarcand, and the boundless cities of Guatemala, and the colossal temples of Elephanta, have left but a ruin or a name, these fairy creations of gnomes, and sprites, and afreets, and jinns (if so we must call them), being traced on the more imperishable material of Nature herself, have been handed down to us as the last vestiges of a dynasty older and more powerful than European man. It is impossible to view a collection of these magic-looking plants in flower without being carried back to the visions of the Arabian Nights—not indeed wandering in disguise through the streets of Bagdad with Haroun and his vizier (we beg pardon—*wezeer*), but entering with some adventurous prince the spell-bound palace of some sleeping beauty, or descending with Aladdin into the delicious subterranean gardens of fruits, and jewels, and flowers.

To pass from the romantic to the useful, we cannot do a kinder deed to our manufacturers than to turn their attention to the splendid works of Mr. Bateman and Dr. Lindley, dedicated to this class of plants. It is well known how contemporaneous was the cultivation of flowers and manufactures in some of our large cities—at Norwich, for instance, where the taste yet survives, and where there is a record of a flower-show being held so early as 1687)—the flowers which the foreign artisans brought over with them suggesting at the same time thoughts of years gone by and designs for the work of the hour. Our new schools of design might literally take a leaf—and a flower—out of the books we have mentioned, and improve our patterns in every department of art by studying examples of such exquisite beauty,

* These British species are now transferred by botanists to the genus *Ophrys*.
variety,

variety, and novelty of form and colour as the tribe of orchideous plants affords.

Another class of plants, very different from that just mentioned, to which we would call the attention of designers, is that of the Ferns. Though too commonly neglected by the generality, botanists have long turned their researches towards this extensive and elegant class. These humble denizens of earth can boast their enthusiasts and monographists, as much as the pansy or the rose; nor has the exquisite tracery of their fronds escaped the notice of the artist and the wayfarer. But few, perhaps, even of those who have delighted to watch the crozier-like germ of the bracken bursting from the ground in spring, and the rich umber of its maturity among the green gorse of autumn, are aware that Britain can produce at least thirty-six distinct species of its own, with a still greater number of subordinate varieties; these, too, constituting but a very small fraction of the 1508 species which Sadler enumerates in his general catalogue. Mr. Newman, in his recent work, has figured more than eighty varieties, the natural growth of our own isles alone, and mentions fourteen distinct species found in one chasm at Ponterwyd! Though some of the tail-piece vignettes of his volume fail in representing—as how could it be otherwise?—the natural *abandon* and elegance of this most graceful of all plants, we would still recommend the great variety and beauty of his larger illustrations as much to the artist and manufacturer, and embellisher, as to the fern-collector himself.

Our notice of ferns might seem rather foreign to the subject of ornamental gardening (though we shall have something to say of a fernery by and bye), were it not for the opportunity it affords us of introducing, probably for the first time to many of our readers, a botanical experiment, which, though for some years past partially successful, has but lately been brought to very great perfection for the purposes both of use and ornament. We allude to the mode of conveying and growing plants in glass-cases hermetically sealed from all communication with the outer air. There are few ships that now arrive from the East Indies without carrying on deck several cases of this description, belonging to one or other of our chief nurserymen, filled with orchideous plants and other new and tender varieties from the East, which formerly baffled the utmost care to land them here in a healthy state. These cases, frequently furnished by the extreme liberality of Dr. Wallich, the enterprising and scientific director of the Hon. Company's gardens in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, form on shipboard a source of great interest to the passengers of a four-months' voyage, and, after having deposited their precious contents on our shores, return again by the same ship filled with the common flowers of England,

‘ That

‘ That dwell beside our paths and homes,’

which our brethren in the East affectionately value by association above all the brilliant garlands of their sunny sky.

This interchange of sweets was a few years ago almost unattainable, the sea-air and spray, as is well known, being most injurious to every kind of plant; but their evil effects are now completely avoided by these air-tight cases, which admit no exterior influence but that of light. Without entering into any deep physiological explanation, it may be enough to say that vegetable, unlike animal life, does not exhaust the nutritive properties of air by repeated inhaling and exhaustion; so that these plants, aided perhaps by the perfect stillness of the confined atmosphere, so favourable to all vegetation, continue to exist, breathing, if we may so say, the same air, so long as there is moisture enough to allow them to deposit every night a slight dew on the glass, which they imbibe again during the day. The soil is moistened in the first instance, but on no account is any further water or air admitted. The strangers which we have seen thus transmitted, being chiefly very small portions of succulents and epiphytes, though healthy, have shown no inclination to flourish or blossom in their confinement; but it must be remembered that the temperature on the deck of a ship must be very much lower than what this tribe requires, and the quantity of wood-work which the cases require to stand the roughnesses of the voyage, greatly impedes the transmission of light. As soon as the slips are placed in the genial temperature of the orchideous house, they speedily shoot out into health and beauty.

But while this mode of conveyance answers the purposes of science, a much more beautiful adaptation of the same principle is contrived for the bed-room garden of the invalid. Who is there that has not some friend or other confined by chronic disease or lingering decline to a single chamber?—one, we will suppose, who a short while ago was among the gayest and the most admired of a large and happy circle, now through sickness dependent, after her *One staff and stay*, for her minor comforts and amusements on the angel visits of a few kind friends, a little worsted-work, or a new *Quarterly*, and, in the absence or dulness of these, happy in the possession of some fresh-gathered flower, and in watering and tending a few pots of favourite plants, which are to her as friends, and whose flourishing progress under her tender care offers a melancholy but instructive contrast to her own decaying strength. Some mild autumn-evening her physician makes a later visit than usual—the room is faint from the exhalations of the flowers—the patient is not so well to-day—he wonders that he never noticed that *mignonette* and those *geraniums* before,

fore, or he never should have allowed them to remain so long—some weighty words on oxygen and hydrogen are spoken—her poor pets are banished for ever at the word of the man of science, and the most innocent and unfailing of her little interests is at an end. By the next morning the flowers are gone, but the patient is no better; there is less cheerfulness than usual; there is a listless wandering of the eyes after something that is not there,* and the good man is too much of a philosopher not to know how the working of the mind will act upon the body, and too much of a Christian not to prevent the rising evil if he can; he hears with a smile her expression of regret for her long-cherished favourites, but he says not a word. In the evening a largish box arrives directed to the fair patient, and superscribed, ‘Keep this side upwards—with care.’ There is more than the common interest of box-opening in the sick chamber. After a little tender hammering and tiresome knot-loosening, Thompson has removed the lid;—and there lies a large oval bell-glass fixed down to a stand of ebony, some moist sand at the bottom, and here and there over the whole surface some tiny ferns are just pushing their curious little fronds into life, and already promise, from their fresh and healthy appearance, to supply in their growth and increase all the beauty and interest of the discarded flowers, without their injurious effects. It is so. These delicate exotics, for such they are, closely sealed down in an air-tight world of their own, flourish with amazing rapidity, and in time produce seeds which provide a generation to succeed them. Every day witnessing some change keeps the mind continually interested in their progress, and their very restriction from the open air, while it renders the chamber wholesome to the invalid, provides at the same time an undisturbed atmosphere more suited to the development of their own tender frames. We need scarcely add, that the doctor the next morning finds the wonted cheerful smile restored, and though recovery may be beyond the skill, as it is beyond the ken, of man, he at least has the satisfaction of knowing that he has lightened a heart in affliction, and gained the gratitude of a humble spirit, in restoring, without the poison, a pleasure that was lost.

For more minute particulars of the management of these chamber-gardens, we must refer our readers to page xviii. of Mr. Newman’s Introduction, where also they will find described the ingenious experiments of Mr. Ward, of Wellclose Square,† of the

* ἀνέμενος ὁ δὲ ἐν ἀρχαίᾳ

ἰππὺ πᾶσι ἀφροδίτα.—ÆSCH. *Agam.* 408.

† Since writing the above we have had Mr. Ward’s book ‘on the Growth of Plants in closely-glazed Cases’ put into our hands. If we had seen this work before, we should have done more justice to Mr. Ward, as the inventor and improver of this system; he seems indeed to be the very medical practitioner of whom we spoke. Messrs. Lodiges’ establishment alone have made use of 500 of Mr. Ward’s cases.

same kind, but on a much larger scale; and if delicate health restricts any friend of theirs to the confinement of a close apartment, we recommend to them the considerate kindness of our good physician, and to 'go and do likewise.'

Gardening, as well as Literature, has its 'curiosities,' and a volume might be filled with them. How wonderful, for instance, the sensitive plant which shrinks from the hand of man,—the ice-plant that almost cools one by looking at it,—the pitcher-plant with its welcome draught,—the hair-trigger of the stylidium,—and, most singular of all, the carnivorous 'Venus' fly-trap' (*Dionæa muscipula*)—

'Only think of a vegetable being carnivorous!'

which is said to bait its prickles with something which attracts the flies, upon whom it then closes, and whose decay is supposed to afford food for the plant. Disease is turned into beauty in the common and crested moss-rose, and a *lusus naturæ* reproduced in the hen-and-chicken daisy. There are phosphorescent plants, the fire-flies and glow-worms of the vegetable kingdom. There are the microscopic lichens and mosses; and there is the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, each of whose petals is a foot long, its nectary a foot in diameter, and deep enough to contain three gallons, and weighing fifteen pounds! What mimicry is there in the orchisses, and the hare's-foot fern, and the Tartarian lamb (*Polypodium Baronyetz**)! What shall we say to Gerarde's Barnacle-tree, 'whereon do grow certaine shells of a white colour tending to russet, wherein are contained little living creatures: which shells in time of maturity do open, and out of them grow those little living things, which falling into the water do become fowles, which we call Barnacles?' What monsters (such at least they are called by botanists) has art produced in doubling flowers, in dwarfing, and hybridizing;—'painting the lily,'—for there are pink (!) lilies of the valley, and pink violets, and yellow roses, and blue hydrangeas; and many are now busy in seeking that 'philosopher's stone of gardening,' the blue dahlia—a useless search, if it be true that there is no instance of a yellow and a blue variety in the

* So, we believe, rightly spelt; though otherwise by Dr. Darwin, whose well-balanced and once-fashionable lines are now so forgotten that we think our readers will not be sorry to be reminded of their pompous existence.

'Cradled in snow and fann'd by arctic air,
Shines, gentle BAROMETZ! thy golden hair;
Rooted in earth each cloven hoof descends,
And round and round her flexile neck she bends;
Crops the grey coral moss, and hoary thyme,
Or laps with rosy tongue the melting rime;
Eyes with mute tenderness her distant dam,
Or seems to bleat, a *Vegetable Lamb*.'

. Bot. Gard., ii. 283.

same

same species. Foreigners turn to good account this foolish rage of ours for everything novel and monstrous and unnatural, more worthy of Japan and China than of England, by imposing upon the credulous seeds and cuttings of yellow moss-roses, and scarlet laburnums, and fragrant pæonies, and such like.

Strange things too have been attempted in garden ornaments. We have spoken of water-works, like the copper tree at Chatsworth, to drench the unwary; and the Chinese have, in the middle of their lawns, ponds covered with some water-weed that looks like grass, so that a stranger is plunged in over head and ears while he thinks he is setting his foot upon the turf. In the ducal gardens at Saxe-Gotha is a ruined castle, which was built complete, and then ruined *express* by a few sharp rounds of artillery! Stanislaus, in the grounds of Łazienki, had a broad walk flanked by pedestals upon which living figures, dressed or undressed 'after the manner of the antients,' were placed on great occasions. The floating gardens, or Chinampas, of Mexico, are mentioned both by Clavigero and Humboldt. They are formed on wicker-work, and when a proprietor wishes for a little change, or to rid himself of a troublesome neighbour, he has only to set his paddles at work, or lug out his towing-rope, and betake himself to some more agreeable part of the lake. We wonder that the barbaric magnificence which piled up mimic pyramids, and Chinese watch-towers, and mock Stonehenges, never bethought itself of imitating these poetical Chinampas. It was one of Napoleon's bubble schemes to cover in the gardens of the Tuileries with glass — those gardens which were turned into potato-ground during the Revolution, though the agent funnily complains that the Directory never paid him for the sets! One of the most successful pieces of magnificent gardening is the new conservatory at Chatsworth, with a carriage-drive through the centre, infinitely more perfect, though we suppose not so extensive as the covered winter-garden at Potemkin's palace of Taurida, near St. Petersburg, which is described as a semicircular conservatory attached to the hall of the palace, wherein 'the walks wander amidst flowery hedges, and fruit-bearing shrubs, winding over little hills,' — in fact a complete garden, artificially heated, and adorned with the usual embellishments of busts and vases. When this mighty man in his travels halted, *if only for a day*, his travelling pavilion was erected, and *surrounded by a garden à l'Anglaise!* 'composed of trees and shrubs, and divided by gravel walks, and ornamented with seats and statues, all carried forward with the cavalcade!' We ought in fairness to our readers to add that Sir John Carr, notorious by another less honourable prænomén, is the authority for this; though, indeed, his statement is authenticated

cited by Mr. Loudon (*Encyc. Gard.* sect. 842). We have heard of the effect of length being given to an avenue by planting the more distant trees nearer and nearer together; but among gardening sketches we have never yet seen a children's garden as we think it might be made—beds, seats, arbours, moss-house, all in miniature, with dwarf shrubs and fairy roses, and other flowers of only the smallest kind; or it might be laid out on turf, to suit the intellectual spirit of the age, like a map of the two hemispheres.

It is time that we pass to that portion of our subject which is generally considered under the peculiar patronage of the ladies. Evelyn, a name never to be mentioned by gardeners without reverence, says somewhere, in describing an English place which he had visited, 'My lady skilled in the flowery part; my lord in diligence of planting;' and this is a division of country labour which almost universal consent and practice have sanctioned. The gardens at Wimbledon House and Ealing Park (we dare not trust ourselves to take a wider view, or we know not where to stop) are alone enough to show what the knowledge and taste of our countrywomen can achieve in their own department; and with the assistance of Mrs. Loudon, the fair possessors of the smallest plot of garden-ground may now emulate on an humbler scale these splendid examples.

In her 'Gardening for Ladies,' Mrs. Loudon, indeed, initiates them far beyond the mere culture of flowers, and those lighter labours which have usually been assigned to the amateur. She enters into practical details in real good earnest, gives directions to her lady-gardeners to dig and manure their own parterres—on this latter subject there is no mincing of the matter—and calls a spade a spade. Perhaps she satisfies herself that, if not a feminine, this has at least been a royal pastime, and so throws in the weight of King Laertes in Homer* to balance the scale. But really, what with our nitrate of soda, bone-dust, gypsum, guano, all our new patent pocket-manures, portable, compressed, crystalline, liquid, desiccated, disinfected, and the rest of them, we are by no means sure that this most necessary but rather disagreeable portion of horticulture may not soon be performed by the same delicate nerves that have hitherto fainted at the mention of it.

Ten years ago, when our authoress married Mr. Loudon, 'it

* According to Cicero, *De Sen.* c. 15. 'Homerus Laertem lenientem desiderium, quod capiebat e filio, colentem agrum, et eum stercorem facit.' 'Memoria lapsus,' say the critics, the passage in *Odys.* v. 226, not bearing out this meaning. But in line 241 of the same book, the ἀμφιλάχανι may imply the renewal as well as the loosening of the soil. We should venture to translate it by the word 'mulching.'

was impossible,' she says, 'to imagine any person more completely ignorant of everything relating to plants and gardening' than herself. She has been certainly an apt scholar, and no expert reviewer can doubt there is some truth in her remark that her very recent ignorance makes her a better instructor of beginners, from the recollection of her own wants in a similar situation. One wrinkle of hers we recommend strongly to our fair readers, the gardening gauntlet,* described and pictured in page 10. We have seen this in use, and can assure them that it is far from an inelegant, and certainly a most comfortable assistant in all the operations of the garden. Let us also add a contrivance of our own, a close-woven wicker-basket, on two very low wheels, similar to those used at the Euston Square and most railway stations for moving luggage, only on a smaller scale: it is much more useful than a wheelbarrow for carrying away cuttings, dead leaves, and rubbish of all kinds.

There are in this volume many excellent general directions for the ordinary garden labours, some of which we shall notice, interweaving them with further observations of our own.

Watering is the mainstay of horticulture in hot climates. When King Solomon, in the vanity of his mind, made him 'gardens and orchards,' he made him also 'pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees;' and the prophets frequently compare the spiritual prosperity of the soul to 'a watered garden.' It is with us also a most necessary operation, but very little understood. Most young gardeners conceive that the water for their plants cannot be too fresh and cold; and many a pail of water that has stood in the sun is thrown away in order to bring one 'fresh from the ambrosial fount.' A greater mistake could not be made. Rain-water is best of all; and dirty and stagnant water, and of a high temperature—anything is better than cold spring-water. Mrs. Loudon recommends pump-water to be exposed in open tubs before it is used, and to be stirred about to impregnate it with air; perhaps the addition of liquid manure or any other extraneous matter would be useful. Those who have found how little service their continual watering has done to their plants in a dry summer would do well to attend to these simple rules.

Lawns and gravel-walks, the pride of English gardens, can hardly have too much care bestowed upon them. Oftentimes more of the beauty of a garden depends on the neatness with which these are kept than even on the flowers themselves. Great

* Here, again, our old friend Laertes meets us. Truly there is nothing new under the sun. He had his gardening gloves before 'Miss Perry of Stroud,' celebrated by Mrs. Loudon as the inventor of them:—

Χειρὶς ἐν τῇ χειρὶ, βαῖνον ἱμα.—*Od. v. 229.*

attention should be paid to the kinds of grass-seeds which are sown for new lawns. The horticultural seedsmen have selections made for this purpose. We must refer our readers to Mrs. Loudon's 9th chapter; but let them be sure not to omit the sweet-scented spring-grass (*Anthoxanthum odoratum*), which gives its delicious fragrance to new-made hay. Lime-water will get rid of the worms when they infest the lawn in great quantities; but perhaps it is as well not to destroy them altogether. Most gardeners strive to eradicate the moss from their grass: it seems to us that it should rather be encouraged: it renders the lawn much more soft to the foot, prevents its being dried up in hot weather, and saves much labour in mowing. The most perfect kind of lawn is perhaps that which consists of only one kind of grass; but for the generality a mossy surface would be far better than the mangy, bare aspect we so often see. The grass should never be mown without having also its edges trimmed. We have seen in some places a small slope of grass filling up the right angle usually left between the turf and gravel, and we think it an improvement.

The smoothness and verdure of our lawns is the first thing in our gardens that catches the eye of a foreigner; the next is the fineness and firmness of our gravel-walks. The foundation of them should always be thoroughly drained. Weeds may be destroyed by salt; but it must be used cautiously. No walk should be less than 7 feet broad. For terraces, a common rule given is, that they should be twice the breadth that the house is high. Though, of course, it is enough for a 'lover's walk'—without which no country place is perfect—to accommodate a duad, yet, be it in what part of the grounds it may, every path should be broad enough to admit three persons walking abreast.

Who cannot call to mind many an awkward feeling and position where want of breadth in a garden-walk or wood-path has called into play some unsocial precedence or forced into notice some sly predilection? And who likes to be the unfortunate lag-behind—the last in a wood?

The edging of borders is always a difficult affair to manage well. Box, the commonest, and perhaps the best, is apt to harbour slugs, and get shabby, unless closely attended to. The gentianella, where it flourishes well, is a beautiful edge-flower. Thrift, of which there is a new and handsome variety, was once (like its namesake) much more in vogue than it is now, and deserves to be restored. We have seen very pretty edgings made of dwarf oaks clipped; nothing could look neater; but it seemed like robbing the forest. Worst of all are large rugged flints, used commonly where they abound, and in small area-gardens. In a symmetrical garden;
and

and where they harmonise with the house, strips of stone-work might be introduced; and we think that a tile might be designed of better shape and colour than any we have yet seen.

On the minor decorations of the garden, such as rock-work, moss-houses, and rustic seats, &c., Mrs. Loudon gives some very good hints, though we should be sorry to set up on our lawn the specimen baskets which embellish pp. 357 and 358; but, in truth, these things, contrary to the common rule, usually look better in reality than on paper. Where beds of irregular wavy lines are required to be made, we have found nothing better than a good thick rope, which, thrown at random on the ground, will, with a little adjustment, give a bold and natural outline that it would be difficult to work out otherwise in tenfold the time.

The second work of Mrs. Loudon's on our list is in alphabetical arrangement, and exclusively devoted to flowers. In all our references to this book for practical purposes and for the present paper, we have scarcely once been disappointed. Though chiefly a book of reference, it is written in so easy a style and so perfectly free from pedantry, that, open it at what page we may, there is something to instruct, interest, and amuse. The practical directions are necessarily very compressed, but nothing of importance seems omitted. The greatest 'Ignoramus' in flowers could not have this volume on her table long without having every doubt and difficulty removed. We know of no book of the kind so likely to spread a knowledge of, and taste for, flower-gardening as this. With the addition of the botanical volume of Dr. Lindley, Mr. Paxton, or Mrs. Loudon, the beginner's gardening library would be complete. He would afterwards like to add the *Encyclopædias of Plants and Gardening*; the first of which is a typographical as well as scientific wonder, the second a perfect treasure-house of information on every subject connected with horticulture.

The rapid progress made in horticultural studies we have already alluded to in the immense increase of works devoted to these subjects. All the books set down at the head of the present article are good in their several ways, but we have purposely confined ourselves to those addressed to ladies and treating immediately of flowers. And it is this particular turn which gardening taste at the present moment is taking. We first had the Herbalist with his simples—'temperature' of every plant given, hot or cold in the second or the third degree—and a 'table of virtues' for both body and mind—'against the falling-sickness'—'to glue together greene wounds'—'to comfort the heart, to drive away care, and increase the joy

* So, appropriately enough, signs herself a fair correspondent of one of our gardening Journals. We think this quite equal to Mr. Hume's 'Omni-bi.'

of the mind,' and the like. Then came the Kitchen-gardener, with his sallet-herbs and fruit-trees—then the Botanist with his orders and classes—then the Florist with his choice bulbs and thousand and one varieties: meanwhile sprung up the critical school of essayists, which produced the Landscape-gardener; the modern march of intellect has added the Vegetable Physiologist; and, latest of all, the Agricultural Chemist. All these seem at the present moment to have centred their exertions in a single point, and to be giving in each his contribution to make up the perfection of the Flower-gardener. A very different spirit is now abroad from that when Sir W. Temple wrote 'I will not enter upon any account of flowers, having only pleased myself with seeing or smelling them, and not troubled myself with the care, which is more the lady's part than the man's, but the success is wholly with the gardener.' Now not only have we beat the old herbalists, kitchen-gardeners, and botanists on their own ground—for 'the herb,' 'the root,' and 'the weed,' tea—potatoes—tobacco*—were either unknown or hardly noticed by the earlier writers on these very subjects—but governments, and companies, and societies vie with men of science, and commerce, and wealth in gladdening our British gardens with a new flower. Without dwelling on the dahlia, brought into fashion by Lady Holland in 1804, and the pansies first patronized and hybridized by Lady Mary Monk in 1812, what treasures have the last few years added to our gardens in the splendid colours of the petunias, calceolarias, lobelias, phloxes, tropæolums, and verbenas—the azure eleonatis—the blue salvia—the fulgent fuchsia! What gorgeous masses of geraniums,—the 'Orange-boven' and 'Coronation' and 'Priory Queen' for instance—and what rich and endless bouquets of roses—for there are more than 2000 varieties of 'the flower' in cultivation—did the last horticultural fête at Chiswick produce!

These exhibitions of the London Horticultural Society have done wonders in improving public taste and exciting the emulation of nurserymen. It is something, even if the prize is missed, to know that your flower will be gazed at by five or six thousand critical admirers. But they have done more than this: they have brought together, on one common scene of enjoyment, an orderly and happy mass, from the labourer of the soil to the queen upon the throne.

* Parkinson, in 1629, says only of Tobacco—'With us it is cherished as well for the medicinal qualities, as for the beauty of its flowers;' not a word of smoking. Gerarde, in 1633, though he knows 'the dry leaves are used to be taken in a pipe, set on fire, and sukt into the stomache, and thrust forth againe at the nostrills,' yet 'commends the syrup, above this fume or smoky medicine.' Of the potato, he mentions its being 'a meat for pleasure' as secondary to its 'temperature and vertues;' and that its 'too frequent use causeth the leprosie.' Neither of them, of course, mentions 'tea.'

We could only have wished that royalty had been pleased to have paid a public as well as private visit to the gardens. Her Majesty would have gratified the loyalest and best-conducted portion of her subjects, and would have seen, on the only occasion perhaps when she could have done so without annoyance, a sight, as beautiful even as the flowers—the cheerful faces of thousands of well-dressed and happy-looking people of every degree, making the most innocent and enjoyable of holidays out of such simple elements as Music and Flowers. The ‘Derby day’ is certainly a glorious display of Old England, from the proprietor of the aristocratic drag to the hirer of the Whitechapel *shay*-cart; but the line of distinction, both on the road and the course, is too strongly marked between the drinker of champagne and of bottled stout, and it is rather the jostling than the amalgamation of ranks that is seen here. If we wished to show an ‘intelligent foreigner’ what every-day England really is—what we mean by the middle classes—what by the wealth, the power, the beauty of the gentry of England—what by the courtesy and real unaffectedness of our nobility—we would take him on a horticultural fête-day to see the string of well-ordered carriages and well-filled omnibusses, the fly, the hackney, and the glass-coach taking up their position with the britzcha, the barouche, and the landau, in one unbroken line from Hyde Park Corner to Turnham Green—bid him look at the good-humoured faces of those who filled them, and say whether any other country in the world could, or ever would, turn out a like population. Sir Robert Peel need not fear the return to be made to his property-tax, if he will cast his eye on the Windsor road about three o’clock on the first fine Saturday of May or June. Last year more than 22,000 persons visited these exhibitions; and from the way in which they have commenced this year, there is no reason to apprehend any falling off of numbers.* We rejoice in this; and trust that the same good arrangements will be continued, that the interest may be kept up in the only meeting where our artificial system tolerates the assemblage of every rank and class upon an equal footing.

We must reserve any further remarks on the Chiswick Gardens to some other opportunity, when we may have to consider generally our public gardens† and parks. In the meanwhile we

* Fallen off! At the last show, in this very month, 14,000 passed the gates in one day! and many who started for the gardens, from the intensity of the crowd, never reached them. Of the ‘arrangements,’ on this occasion, we fear we cannot speak as charitably as we have above.

† Otherwise we might now have a word to say on the new fountain and the sheep-hurdles in St. James’s Park; and express a hope that a happier genius of the ‘Woods and Forests’ than has yet inspired us may preside over the designs for Victoria Park and the newly-acquired Primrose Hill.

may

may observe, that the formal style which we have already advocated for the private garden, seems even much more adapted to the public one; and that there are many neglected features in the Old English style, which might with peculiar propriety be restored in any new grounds laid out for public use—not, as has been done in some tea-gardens on the Croydon Railroad, cutting up the picturesque wildness of the beautiful Penge Wood, by hideous right-angled walks and other horrors too frightful to name—but where no natural scenery already exists, a place of promenade and recreation may be much more expeditiously, and, we think, more appropriately formed, in the Continental and Old English style, by long avenues, terraces, mounds, fountains, statues, monuments, prospect-towers, labyrinths, and bowling-greens, than by any attempt of a ‘picturesque’ or ‘natural’ character.

We have before us Lord Bacon’s sketch for his ‘prince-like’ garden, and Sir William Temple’s description of his ‘perfect’ one; but though we would recommend them, the first especially, to the student of ancient gardens, and though Dr. Donne considered the second ‘the sweetest place’ he had ever seen, yet neither of them is so well suited to our present purpose of assisting the formation of garden-making in the present age, as the following extract from ‘the Poetry of Gardening.’* It represents so correctly our own ideas, and seems in the main so practicable, that making allowance for its ‘poetry’ and conceited style, we have, after some hesitation, determined to give the design at full length:—

‘My garden should lie to the south of the house; the ground gradually sloping for some short way till it falls abruptly into the dark and tangled shrubberies that all but hide the winding brook below. A broad terrace, twice as wide, at least, as the house is high, should run along the whole southern length of the building, extending to the western side also, whence, over the distant country, I may catch the last red light of the setting sun. I must have some musk and noisette roses, and jasmine, to run up the mullions of my oriel window, and honeysuckles and clematis, the white, the purple, and the blue, to cluster round the top. The upper terrace should be strictly architectural; and no plants are to be harboured there, save such as twine among the balustrades, or fix themselves in the mouldering crevices of the stone. I can endure no plants in pots,—a plant in a pot is like a bird in a cage. The gourd alone throws out its vigorous tendrils, and displays its green and golden fruit from the vases that surmount the broad flight of stone steps that lead to the lower terrace; while a vase of larger dimensions and bolder sculpture at the western corner is backed by the heads of a mass of crimson, rose, and straw-coloured hollyhocks that

* From ‘The Carthusian,’ a miscellany by the alumni of Charter-house, containing some good papers in prose and verse, and which deserves to be better known.

spring up from the bank below. The lower terrace is twice the width of the one above, of the most velvety turf, laid out in an elaborate pattern of the Italian style. Here are collected the choicest flowers of the garden: the Dalmatic purple of the gentianella, the dazzling scarlet of the verbenas, the fulgent lobelia, the bright yellows and rich browns of the calceolarias here luxuriate in their trimly cut parterres, and with colours as brilliant as the mosaic of an old cathedral painted window,

——— “broider the ground
With rich inlay.”

‘But you must leave this mass of gorgeous colouring and the two pretty fountains that play in their basins of native rock, while you descend the flight of steps, simpler than those of the upper terrace, and turn to the left hand, where a broad gravel walk will lead you to the kitchen-garden, through an avenue splendid in autumn with hollyhocks, dahlias, China asters, nasturtians, and African marigolds.

‘We will stop short of the walled garden to turn among the elipt hedges of box, and yew, and hornbeam which surround the bowling-green, and lead to a curiously-formed labyrinth, in the centre of which, perched up on a triangular mound, is a fanciful old summer-house, with a gilded roof, that commands the view of the whole surrounding country. Quaint devices of all kinds are found here. Here is a sun-dial of flowers, arranged according to the time of day at which they open and close. Here are peacocks and lions in livery of Lincoln green. Here are berceaux and harbours, and covered alleys, and inclosures containing the primest of the carnations and cloves in set order, and miniature canals that carry down a stream of pure water to the fish-ponds below. Farther onwards, and up the south bank, verging towards the house, are espaliers and standards of the choicest fruit-trees: here are strawberry beds raised so as to be easy for gathering; while the round gooseberry and currant bushes and the arched raspberries continue the formal style up the walls of the enclosed garden, whose outer sides are clothed alternately with fruit and flowers, so that the “stranger within the house” may be satisfied, without being tantalized by the rich reserves within the gate of iron tracery of which the head gardener keeps the key.

‘Return to the steps of the lower terrace: what a fine slope of green pasture loses itself in the thorn, hazel, and holly thicket below, while the silver thread of the running brook here and there sparkles in the light; and how happily the miniature prospect, framed by the gnarled branches of those gigantic oaks, discloses the white spire of the village-church in the middle distance! while in the background the smoke, drifting athwart the base of the purple hill, gives evidence that the evening fires are just lit in the far-off town.

‘At the right hand corner of the lower terrace the ground falls more abruptly away, and the descent into the lawn, which is overlooked from the high western terrace, is, by two or three steps at a time, cut out in the native rock of red sandstone, which also forms the base of the terrace itself. Rock plants of every description freely grow in the crevices of the rustic battlement which flanks the path on either side: the irregularity

gularity of the structure increases as you descend, till on arriving on the lawn below, large rude masses lie scattered on the turf and along the foundation of the western terrace.

'A profusion of the most exquisite climbing roses of endless variety here clamber up till they bloom over the very balustrades of the highest terrace, or creep over the rough stones at the foot of the descent. Here stretching to the south is the nosegay of the garden. Mignonette, "the Frenchman's darling," and the musk-mimulus, spring out of every fissure of the sandstone; while beds of violets,

"That strew the green lap of the new-come spring,"

and lilies of the valley scent the air below. Beds of heliotrope flourish around the isolated blocks of sandstone; the fuchsia, alone inodorous, claims a place from its elegance; and honeysuckles and clematis of all kinds trail along the ground, or twine up the stands of rustic baskets, filled with the more choice odoriferous plants of the greenhouse. The scented heath, the tuberose, and the rarer jasmines have each their place, while the sweet-briar and the wall-flower, and the clove and stock gilliflower, are not too common to be neglected. To bask upon the dry sunny rock on a bright spring morning in the midst of this "wilderness of sweets," or on a dewy summer's eve to lean over the balustrade above, while every breath from beneath wafts up the perfumed air,

"..... stealing and giving odour,"

is one of the greatest luxuries I have in life.

'A little farther on the lawn are the trunks and stumps of old pollards hollowed out; and, from the cavities, filled with rich mould, climbers, creepers, trailers, and twiners of every hue and habit form a singular and picturesque group. The lophospermum, the eccrymocarpos, the maurandia, the loasa, the rodokiton, verbenas, and petunias in all their varieties, festoon themselves over the rugged bark, and form the gayest and gracefulest bouquet imaginable; while the simple and pretty wall-snapdragon weeps over the side, till its tiny pink threads are tangled among the feathery ferns that fringe the base of the stump.

'The lawn now stretches some distance westward, its green and velvet surface uninterrupted by a single shrub (what a space for trap-bat, or "les graces!") till towards the verge of the shrubberies, into which it falls away, irregular clumps of evergreens and low shrubs break the boundary line of greensward. Here are no borders for flowers, but clusters of the larger and bolder kinds, as hollyhocks and peonies, rise from the turf itself; here too, in spring, golden and purple crocuses, daffodils, aconites, snowdrops, blue-bells, cyclamen, wood-anemonies, hepaticas, the pink and the blue, chequer the lawn in bold broad strips, the wilder sorts being more distant from the house, and losing themselves under the dark underwood of the adjoining coppice. The ground here becomes more varied and broken; clumps of double-flowering gorze,

— "the vernal furze,
With golden baskets hung,"

the evergreen barberry, the ilex in all its varieties, and hardy ferns, bordering the green drive which leads to the wilder part of the plantations. Here, in the words of Bacon, "Trees I would have none in it, but some thicket made only of sweet-briar and honeysuckle, and some wild vine amongst; and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses, for these are sweet, and prosper in the shade, and these are to be in the heath here and there, not in any order. I like also little heaps, in the nature of mole-hills (such as are in wild heaths), to be set with wild thyme."

"Another broad drive of greensward dips from the lawn into the darkest and most tangled part of the wood: here, through a long vista, you catch a glimpse of the American shrubbery below. Rhododendrons, azaleas, calmias, magnolias, andromedas, daphnes, heaths, and bog-plants of every species in their genial soil, form a mass of splendid colouring during the spring months, while, even in winter, their dark foliage forms an evergreen mass for the eye to rest upon. Returning again to the lawn, and inclining to the south, you come to an artificial shrubbery, not dotted about in single plants, but in large and bold clusters of the same species, so that the effect from a distance is as good as upon a nearer approach. Here, as elsewhere, not a sod of turf is broken; but, here and there, a bed of gay shrubby plants rises out of the smoothly-shorn grass, and in the background, amid masses of laburnum, lilac, and guelder-rose, fruit trees of every kind hang their bright garlands in spring, and their mellow produce in autumn. From thence winds a path, the *deliciæ* of the garden, planted with such herbs as yield their perfume when trodden upon and crushed,—burnet, wild thyme, and water-mints, according to Bacon's advice, who bids us "set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread."

"It were tedious to follow up the long shady path, not broad enough for more than two,—the "lovers' walk," and the endless winding tracks in the natural wood, till you burst upon a wild common of

"Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, prickly gorse, and thorns,"

glowing with heather bloom, and scented with the perfume of the furze, just such an English scene as Linnæus is said to have fallen down and worshipped the first time he beheld it."

If we rightly understand the plan here detailed, it is intended to combine the chief excellencies of the artificial and natural styles; keeping the decorations immediately about the house formal, and so passing on by gradual transitions to the wildest scenes of nature.

The leading features then in such a garden would be an architectural terrace and flight of steps in connection with the house—lower terraces of grass-slopes and flower-beds succeeding—these branching off on one side towards the kitchen department, through an old English garden, of which a bowling-green would form a part, and where florists' flowers might be sheltered by the trim hedges—on the other towards an undulating lawn bounded by
flowering

flowering shrubs and the larger herbaceous plants—with one corner for the American garden, beyond which would lie the natural copsewood and forest-ground of the place: of course the aspect and situation of the house, and the character of the neighbouring ground and country, would modify these or any general rules which might be laid down for the formation of a garden; but we think some advantage might, in every case, be taken from these hints.

In a place of any pretension, a good clear lawn where children of younger or older growth may romp about, without fear of damaging shrubs or plants, is indispensable.

Single shrubs and flowers, or groups of them, on the verge of this lawn, springing up directly from the turf, and dotted in front of shrubberies that bound it, are preferable to those growing with a distinctly marked border. The common peonies, and the Chinese variety—the tree-peony (*P. moutan*), are excellent for this purpose; but there is nothing to surpass the old-fashioned hollyhock. This, as has been remarked, is the only landscape flower we possess—the only one, that is, whose forms and colours tell in the distance; and so picturesque is it, that perhaps no artist ever attempted to draw a garden without introducing it, whether it were really there or not. ‘By far the finest effect (says the author we have already quoted) that combined art and nature ever produced in gardening were those fine masses of many-coloured hollyhocks clustered round a weather-tinted vase; such as Sir Joshua delighted to place in the wings of his pictures. And what more magnificent than a long avenue of these floral giants, the double and the single—not too straightly tied—backed by a dark thick hedge of old-fashioned yew?’ * Such an avenue—without ‘the dark thick hedge,’ which would certainly have been an improvement—we remember to have seen, in the fullness of its autumn splendour, in the garden at Granton, near Edinburgh, the *marine* villa of a deep lawyer—and another may have been inspected by many of our readers at Bromley Hill. Here the hollyhocks ‘broke the horizon with their obelisks of colour;’ and the foreground was a mass of dahlias, American marigolds, mallows, asters, and mignonette. It was the most gorgeous mass of colouring we ever beheld; but was only one of the many beautiful effects produced on this spot by the taste of the late Lady Farnborough. For a modern garden, of limited size, this was the most complete we ever visited, the situation allowing greater variety than could well be conceived within so small a compass. A conservatory connected with the house led to a summer-room:

* We do not often indulge in a prophecy, but we will venture to stake our gardening credit that, within five years’ time, the hollyhock will again be restored to favour, become a florist’s flower, and carry off horticultural prizes.

this looked on a small Italian garden—the highest point of the grounds, and affording a dim view of the dome of St. Paul's in the distance; and thence you descended, by steep grassy banks and steps of rock and root-work, from garden to garden, each having some peculiar feature of its own, till you came to the most perfect little Ruysdael rivulet, and such crystal springs, in all their natural wildness, that it seemed, when you saw them, you had never known what pure cold native fountains were before. Any common taste would have bedizened these springs with cockle-shells and crockery, and what not; but there they lay among the broad leaves of the water-lily and the burdock, glittering like huge liquid diamonds cast in a mould of nature's own making, and in their simplicity and pureness offering a striking contrast to the trim gardens and the dusky distant city you had just left above.*

Another source of great beauty in these gardens was the evident care bestowed on the growth and position of the flowers. Every plant seemed to be just in its right place, both for its flourishing and its effect. There was a very great abundance and variety of the tenderer kinds that required protection in winter; but we believe they were, for the most part, kept in cold pits, very little forcing being used; and there were not more than six or eight gardeners and labourers at any time employed. We still have before our eyes the splendid masses of the common scarlet geranium, and a smaller bed of the variegated-leaved variety, edged with a border of the ivy-leaved kind; nor ought we to forget the effect of a large low ring of ivy on the lawn, which looked like a gigantic chaplet carelessly thrown there by some Titan hand.

A garden should always lie sloping to the south, and if possible to the south of the house.† In this case the chief entrance to the house should be, in an ordinarily sheltered situation, on the east or north; for, common as the fault is, nothing so entirely spoils a garden as to have it placed in front of the public approach. Views, it should be remembered, are always clearest in the opposite direction to the sun. Thus the north is most uninterruptedly clear throughout the day; the west in the morning; the east in the afternoon. Speaking with a view only to gardening effect,

* There was no occasion in this place for the exclamation of the Roman satirist on a similar scene which had been marred by art—

‘——— Quanto præstantius esset
Numen aquæ, viridi si margins clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmoræ topium.’—*Juv.* iii. 19.

And which shows, by the way, that there were some Romans, at least, who could appreciate the beauties of natural scenery.

† To show how difficult it is to lay down any general rule, uncontroverted, here is one from Macintosh's ‘*Practical Gardener*,’ one of the best practical works on horticulture we possess. ‘In all cases, unless in small villas or cottage-residences, the flower-garden should be entirely concealed from the windows of the house, and be placed, if circumstances will admit of it, in the shrubbery.’

trees,

trees, which are generally much too near the dwelling for health, and beauty, and everything else, should be kept at a distance from the house, except on the east side. On the south and west they keep off the sun, of which we can never have too much in England; and on the north they render the place damp and gloomy; whereas, on that side they should be kept so far from the windows as to back and shelter a bright bank of shrubs and flowers, planted far enough from the shadow cast by the house so as to catch the sun upon them during the greater part of the year and day. The prospect towards the north would then be as cheerful as any other.

It is astonishing how people continue to plant spruce and Scotch firs, and larches, and other incongruous forest-trees, so close that they chafe the very house with their branches, when there are at hand such beautiful trees as the Lebanon and Deodara cedars; or, for smaller, or more formal, or spiral shrubs, the red cedar, the cypress, the arbor-vitæ, the holly, the yew, and—most graceful of all, either as a tree or shrub, or rather uniting the properties of both, and which only requires shelter to make it flourish—the hemlock spruce.

As a low shrubby plant on the lawn, nothing can exceed the glossy, dark, indented leaves and bright yellow spikes of the new evergreen berberies (*Berberis* aquifolium* and *B. repens*), with their many hybrid varieties. They are becoming daily more popular, not only from their beauty, but as affording perhaps the best underwood covert for game yet discovered. The experiments made in the woods of Sudbury and elsewhere have completely succeeded; the plant being evergreen, very hardy, of easy growth, standing the tree-drip, and affording in its berry an excellent food for pheasants. Our nurserymen are already anticipating the demand, and we have no doubt that a few years' time will see this the main undergrowth of our game-preserves. The notice we took a few years ago (in an Article on the *Arboretum Britannicum*)† of the Deodara pine—now classed among the cedars—has—

* Now changed to *Mahonia*.

† Q. R., vol. lxii., p. 359. The Chili pine (*Araucaria imbricata*) is now treading upon the heels of the Deodara cedar as an ornamental garden-tree, but though announced as 'the largest tree in the world,' it will ever want the elegance of the latter. Even yet another monster is threatening us under the name of *Pawlonia imperialis*: it was introduced into France from Japan by Dr. Siebold, and promises to be one of the most imposing plants in our gardens. We saw some young plants this spring in Mr. Rollison's nursery, which were obtained from the Royal Gardener at Versailles. The leaves of a specimen in the Jardin des Plantes are said to measure from 18 to 24 inches across. While speaking of trees, we would say one word on the acacia, Cobbett's famous locust-tree (*Robinia pseudoacacia*), now more than necessarily depreciated. We are fully aware of its defects as a timber-tree from the brittleness and splitting of its branches, and slowness in making bulk; but once get a bole large enough to cut a post out of it, and ask your carpenter whether it will not last as long as the iron fixed into it. It is more to our present purpose to say, that it is by far the best tree to be used for ornamental rustic-work, as its bark is as tough as its timber, and never peels off.

unless

unless the dealers flatter us—given a great impetus to the cultivation of this valuable tree. Its timber qualities as a British-grown tree have not of course been yet tested; but as an ornamental one—in which character only we can refer to it here—it has more than surpassed the highest expectations entertained respecting it. The nurserymen cannot propagate it fast enough by grafts, and layers, and the abundance of seed which the East India Company has so liberally distributed.

The olitory, or herb-garden, is a part of our horticulture now comparatively neglected; and yet once the culture and culling of simples was as much a part of female education as the preserving and tying down of ‘rasps and apricocks.’ There was not a Lady Bountiful in the kingdom but made her dill-tea and diet-drink from herbs of her own planting; and there is a neatness and prettiness about our thyme, and sage, and mint, and marjoram, that might yet, we think, transfer them from the patronage of the blue serge to that of the white muslin apron. Lavender, and rosemary, and rue, the feathery fennel, and the bright-blue borage, are all pretty bushes in their way, and might have their due place assigned them by the hand of beauty and taste. A strip for a little herbary, halfway between the flower and vegetable garden, would form a very appropriate transition stratum, and might be the means, by being more under the eye of the mistress, of recovering to our soups and salads some of the comparatively neglected herbs of tarragon, and French sorrel, and purslane, and chervil, and dill, and clary, and others whose place is now nowhere to be found but in the pages of the old herbalists. This little plot should be laid out, of course, in a simple geometric pattern; and, having tried the experiment, we can boldly pronounce on its success. We recommend the idea to the consideration of our lady-gardeners.

We can recall so much amusement in early years from the maze at Hampton Court, that we could heartily wish to see a few more such planted. Daines Barrington mentions a plan for one in Switzer (*Iconographia*, 1718) with twenty stops: that at Hampton has but four. A fanciful summer-house perched at the top of a high mound, with narrow winding paths leading to it, was another favourite ornament of old British gardens. Traces of many such mounds still exist; but the crowning buildings are, alas! no more. We must own our predilection for them, if it were only that the gilded pinnacle seemed to prefigure to the young idea ‘Fame’s proud temple shining from afar’ (it is always so drawn in frontispieces); while the hard climbing was a palpable type of the ambition of after years.

The snug smooth bowling-green is another desideratum we would have restored; and gardeners ought to know that the clipt yew

yew hedges which should accompany it are the best possible protection for their flowers ; and that there is nothing flowers need so much as shelter, the nursery-grounds, where almost alone these hedges are now retained, will testify. Where they already exist, even in a situation where shelter is not required, and where yet a good view is shut out, we should prefer cutting windows or niches in the solid hedge to removing it altogether. In conjunction with these, what can be handsomer than the iron tracery-work which came into fashion with the Dutch style, and of which Hampton Court affords so splendid an example? Good screens of this work,* which on their first introduction were called *clair-voyées*, may be seen at Oxford in Trinity and New College Gardens. Some years ago we heard of a proposition to remove the latter: the better taste of the present day will not, we think, renew the scheme. Though neither of these are in the rich flamboyant style which is sometimes seen, there is still character enough about them to assure us that, were they destroyed, nothing so good would be put up in their place. Oxford has already lost too many of its characteristic alleys and parterres. The last sweep was at the Botanic Garden, where, however, the improvements recently introduced by the zeal and liberality of the present Professor must excuse it. If any college-garden is again to be reformed, we hope that the fellows will have courage enough to lay it out in a style which is at once classical and monastic; and set Pliny's example against Walpole's sneer, that 'in an age when architecture displayed all its grandeur, all its purity, and all its taste; when arose Vespasian's amphitheatre, the temple of Peace, Trajan's forum, Domitian's baths, and Adrian's villa, the ruins and vestiges of which still excite our astonishment and curiosity,—a Roman consul, a polished emperor's friend, and a man of elegant literature and taste, delighted in what the mob now scarce admire in a college-garden.' He little thought how soon sturdy Oxford would follow in the fashion of the day, and blunt the point of his period. Still more astonished would he have been to have had his natural style traced to no less a founder than Nero, and even the names of the Bridgeman and Brown of the day handed down for his edification.†

The

* We were surprised, the first time we saw the entrance-gates at Althorpe, which are of this description, painted sky-blue and gilt, till by chance we fell upon a passage in Evelyn, who speaks of them (we suppose they are the same) thus coloured in his time. The mention of them by him has rendered them classical, and we quite approve of the taste which renews them as he described.

† Tacitus, in the Sixth Book of his 'Annals,' gives us this information :—'*Ceterum Nero usus est patriæ ruinis, extruxitque domum, in quâ haud perinde gemmæ et aurum miraculo essent, solita pridem et luxu vulgata, quam arva et stagna et in modum solitudinum hinc sylvæ, inde aperta spatia et prospectus; magistris et machinatoribus*

The same train of thought is followed out in 'The Poetry of Gardening'—

'Who to whom the elegance and gentlemanliness and poetry—the Boccaccio-spirit—of a scene of Watteau is familiar, does not regret the devastation made by *tasty* innovators upon the grounds laid out in the times of the Jameses and the Charleses? As for old Noll, I am certain, though I have not a jot of evidence, that he cared no more for a garden than for an anthem; he would as lief have sacrificed the verdant sculpture of a yew-peacock as the time-honoured tracery of a cathedral shrine; and his crop-eared soldiery would have had as great satisfaction in bivouacking in the parterres of a "royal pleasaunce" as in the presence-chamber of a royal palace. It were a sorrow beyond tears to dwell on the destruction of garden-stuff in those king-killing times. Thousands, doubtless, of broad-paced terraces and trim vegetable conceits sunk in the same ruin with their masters and mansions; and alas! modern taste has followed in the footsteps of ancient fanaticism. How many old associations have been rooted up with the knotted stumps of yew and hornbeam! And Oxford too in the van of reform! Beautiful as are St. John's gardens, who would not exchange them for the *very* walks and alleys along which Laud, in all the pardonable pride of collegiate lionising, conducted his illustrious guests, Charles and Henrietta? Who does not grieve that we must now inquire in vain for the bowling-green in Christchurch where Cranmer solaced the weariness of his last confinement? And who in lately reading Scott's Life but must have mourned in sympathy with the poet over the destruction of the "huge hill of leaves," and the yew and hornbeam hedges of "The Garden" at Kelso?'

The good taste of the proprietors of Hardwick and Levens still retains these gardens as nearly as possible in their original state; but places like these are yearly becoming more curious from their rarity. We have heard of one noble but eccentric lord, the Elgin of the topiary art, who is buying up all the yew-peacocks in the country to form an avenue in his domain. Meanwhile the lilacs of Nonsuch, and the orange-trees of Beddington, are no more. The fish-pools of Wanstead are dry; the terraces of Moor-park are levelled. Even that 'impregnable hedge of holly'—the pride of Evelyn—than which 'a more glorious and refreshing object' did not exist under heaven—'one hundred and sixty foot in length, seven foot high, and five in diameter'—which he could show in his 'poor gardens at any time of the year, glitt'ring with its arm'd and vernish'd leaves—the taller standards, at orderly distances, blushing with their natural corall'—that

chinatoribus Severo et Celere, quibus ingenium et audacia erat, etiam quæ natura denegavisset per artem tentare, et viribus principis illudere.' We since learn from 'Loudon's Encyclopædia,' sec. 1145, that this passage was suggested by Forayth to Walpole, who promised to insert it in the second edition of his 'Essay,' but failed to do so.

mocked at 'the rudest assaults of the weather, the beasts, or hedge-breaker'—even this is vanished without a solitary sucker to show where it once stood. Proof it long was against the wind and 'weather,' nay, against time itself, but not against the autocratic pleasure of a barbarian Czar. The 'beast' and the 'hedge-breaker' were united in the person of Peter the Great, whose great pleasure, when studying at Deptford, was to be driven in a wheelbarrow, or drive one himself, through this very hedge, which its planter deemed impregnable! If he had ever heard, which he probably had not, of Evelyn's boast, he might have thus loved to illustrate the triumph of despotic will and brute force over the most amiable and simple affections; but at any rate the history of this hedge affords a curious instance not only of the change of gardening taste, but of the mutability and strangeness of all earthly things.

No associations are stronger than those connected with a garden. It is the first pride of an emigrant settled on some distant shore to have a little garden as like as he can make it to the one he left at home. A pot of violets or mignonette is one of the highest luxuries to an Anglo-Indian. In the bold and picturesque scenery of Batavia, the Dutch can, from feeling, no more dispense with their little moats round their houses than they could, from necessity, in the flat swamps of their native land. Sir John Hobhouse discovered an Englishman's residence on the shore of the Hellespont by the character of his shrubs and flowers. Louis XVIII. on his restoration to France made in the park of Versailles the fac-simile of the garden at Hartwell; and there was no more amiable trait in the life of that accomplished prince. Napoleon used to say that he should know his father's garden in Corsica blindfold by the smell of the earth; and the hanging gardens of Babylon are said to have been raised by the Median queen of Nebuchadnezzar on the flat and naked plains of her adopted country, to remind her of the hills and woods of her childhood.

Why should we speak of the plane-trees of Plato—Shakspeare's mulberry-tree—Pope's willow—Byron's elm? Why describe Cicero at his Tusculum—Evelyn at Wooton—Pitt at Ham Common—Walpole at Houghton—Grenville at Dropmore? Why dwell on Bacon's 'little tufts of thyme,' or Fox's geraniums? There is a spirit in the garden as well as in the wood, and 'the lilies of the field' supply food for the imagination as well as materials for sermons. 'Talke of perfect happiness or pleasure,' says old Gerarde to the 'courteous and well-willing reader,' from his 'house in Holborn, within the suburbs of London'—'and what place was so fit for that as the garden-place wherein Adam was set to be the herbalist? Whither did the
poets

poets hunt for their sincere delights but into the gardens of Alcinous, of Adonis, and the orchards of the Hesperides? Where did they dream that heaven should be but in the pleasant garden of Elysium? Whither do all men walke for their honest recreation but thither where the earth hath most beneficially painted her face with flourishing colours? And what season of the yeare more longed for than the spring, whose gentle breath enticeth forth the kindly sweets, and makes them yield their fragrant smells?’

And what country, we may add, so suited, and climate so att-tempered, to yield the full enjoyment of the pleasures and blessings of a garden, as our own? Everybody knows the remark of Charles II., first promulgated by Sir W. Temple, ‘that there were more days in the year in which one could enjoy oneself in the open air in England than in any other portion of the known world.’ This, which contains so complete an answer to the weather-grumblers of our island, bears also along with it a most encouraging truth to those ‘who love to live in gardens.’ There is no country that offers the like advantages to horticulture. Perhaps there is not one plant in the wide world wholly incapable of being cultivated in England. The mosses and lichens dragged from under the snows of Iceland, and the tenderest creepers of the tropical jungles, are alike subject to the art of the British gardener. Artificial heat and cold, by the due application of steam and manure, sun and shade, hot and cold water, and even ice—matings, flues in every variety of pit, frame, conservative wall, conservatory, greenhouse, hothouse, and stove, seem to have realised every degree of temperature from Kamskatka to Singapore. But apart from artificial means, the natural mildness of our sky is most favourable to plants brought from countries of either extreme of temperature; and, as their habits are better known and attended to, not a year passes without acclimatising many heretofore deemed too tender for the open air. Gardeners are reasonably cautious in not exposing at once a newly-introduced exotic; and thus we know that when Parkinson wrote, in 1629, the larch, and the laurel—then called bay-cherry—were still protected in winter. We are now daily adding to the list of our hardy plants; hydrangeas, the tree-peony, fuchsias, salvias, altromærias, and Cape-bulbs, are now found, with little or no protection, to stand our mid-England winters.

Then we alone have in perfection the three main elements of gardening, flowers apart, in our lawns, our gravel, and our ever-greens. It is the greatest stretch of foreign luxury to emulate these. The lawns at Paris, to say nothing of Naples, are regularly irrigated to keep up even the semblance of English verdure; and at the gardens of Versailles, and Caserta, near Naples, the walks have
been

been supplied from the Kensington gravel-pits. It is not probably generally known that among our exportations are every year a large quantity of evergreens for the markets of France and Germany, and that there are some nurserymen almost wholly engaged in this branch of trade. This may seem the more remarkable to those who fancy that, from the superiority of foreign climates, any English tree would bear a continental winter; but the bare appearance of the French gardens, mostly composed as they are of deciduous trees, would soon convince them of the contrary. It is not the severity or length of our December nights that generally destroys our more tender exotic plants, but it is the late frosts of April and May,—those ‘nipping frosts,’ which, coming on after the plant has enjoyed warmth enough to set the sap in action, freeze its life-blood to the heart’s core, and cause it to wither and die. The late winter of 1837-8 proved this fact distinctly, which had hardly been sufficiently remarked before. That year, which cut down even our cypresses, and china-roses, and from which our gorse-fields have hardly yet recovered, while it injured nearly every plant and tree on south walls and in sheltered borders, and in all forward situations, spared the tenderest kinds on north walls and exposed places; and in Scotland the destruction was hardly felt at all. It was the backwardness of their growing state that saved these plants; and the knowledge of this fact has already been brought to bear in several recent experiments. The double yellow rose, for instance, one of the most delicate of its class, is now flowered with great success in a northern exposition. It has led men also to study the hybernation of plants—perhaps the most important research in which horticulturists have of late engaged; and it has been ascertained that this state of winter-rest is a most important element in their constitution; but no doubt it will also be found that—as the dormouse, the sloth, the snake, the mole, &c., undergo a greater or less degree of torpidity, and some require it not at all—so in plants, the length and degree will vary much in different species, and according to their state of artificial cultivation. As a general rule, young gardeners must take heed not prematurely to force the juices into action in spring, nor to keep them too lively in winter, unless they are well prepared with good and sufficient protection till all the frosts are over. The practical effect of these observations will be, that many plants which have hitherto only been cultivated by those who have had flues and greenhouses at their command, will now be grown in as great or greater perfection by those who can afford them a dry, though not a warm shelter. One instance may serve as an example: the scarlet geranium, one of the greatest treasures of our parterres, if taken up from the ground in autumn, after the
wood

wood is thoroughly ripened, and hung up in a dry room, without any soil attaching to it, will be found ready, the next spring, to start in a new life of vigour and beauty.

One characteristic of our native plants we must mention, that if we miss in them something of the gorgeousness and lustre of more tropical flowers, we are more than compensated by the delicacy and variety of their perfume; and just as our woods, vocal with the nightingale, the blackbird, and the thrush, can well spare the gaudy feathers of the macaw, so can we resign the *oncidiums*, the cactuses, and the *ipomæas* of the Tropics, for the delicious fragrance of our wild banks of violets, our lilies-of-the-valley, and our woodbine, or even for the passing whiff of a hawthorn bush, a clover or bean field, or a gorse-common.

With such hedgerow flowers within his reach, and in so favourable a climate, it is not to be wondered that the garden of the English cottager has been remarked among our national distinctions. These may be said to form the foreground of that peculiar English scenery, which is filled up by our hedge-rows and our parks. The ingenious authoress of '*Leila in England*' * makes the little new-landed girl exclaim for the want of 'fountain-trees' and 'green parrots.' This is true to nature—but not less so the real enthusiasm of Miss Sedgwick, on her first arriving in England, at the cottage-gardens of the Isle of Wight. Again and again she fixes upon them as the most pleasing and striking feature in a land where everything was new to her. Long may they so continue! It is a trait of which England may well be proud; for it speaks—would we could trace it everywhere!—of peace, and of the leisure, and comfort, and contentedness of those who 'shall never cease from the land.'

We would even make gardens in general a test of national prosperity and happiness. As long as the British nobleman continues to take an interest in his avenues and hot-houses—his lady in her conservatories and parterres—the squire overlooks his labourers' allotments—the 'squirresses and squirlnas' betake themselves and their flowers to the neighbouring horticultural show—the citizen sets up his cucumber-frame in his back-yard—his dame her lilacs and almond-trees in the front-court—the mechanic breeds his prize-competing auriculas—the cottager rears his sun-flowers and Sweet-Williams before his door—and even the collier sports his 'posy jacket'—as long, in a word, as this common interest pervades every class of society, so long shall we cling to the hope that our country is destined to outlive all her difficulties and dangers. Not because, like the Peris, we fight

* This is a pleasing continuation of her '*Leila, or the Island*.' All Miss Tytler's books for children are worthy of being generally known.

with

with flowers, and build amaranth bowers, and bind our enemies in links of roses—but because all this implies mutual interest and intercourse of every rank, and dependence of one class upon another—because it promotes an interchange of kindnesses and favours—because it speaks of proprietors dwelling on their hereditary acres, and the poorest labourer having an interest in the soil—because it gives a local attachment, and healthy exercise and innocent recreation, and excites a love of the country and love of our own country, and a spirit of emulation, devoid of bitterness—because it tells of wealth wisely spent, and competence widely diffused, of taste cultivated, and science practically applied—because, unlike Napoleon's great lie, it *does* bring 'peace to the cottage,' while it blesses the palace, and every virtuous home between those wide extremes—because it bespeaks the appreciation of what is natural and simple, and pure—teaches men to set the divine law of excellence above the low human standard of utility—and because, above all, in the most lovely and bountiful of God's works, it leads them up to Him that made them, not in a mere dumb, inactive admiration of His wonderful designs, but to bless Him that He has given them pleasures beyond their actual necessities—the means of a cheerful countenance, as well as of a strong heart.

Still more—because—if ours be not too rude a step to venture within such hallowed ground—it speaks of a Christian people employed in an occupation, which, above all others, is the parable that conveys the deepest truths to *them*—which daily reads them silent lessons, if their hearts would hear, of the vanity of earthly pomp, of the beauty of heavenly simplicity, and purity, and lowliness of mind, of contentment and unquestioning faith—which sets before them, in the thorns and thistles, a remembrance of their fallen state—in the cedar, and the olive, and the palm-tree, the promise of a better country—which hourly recalls to their mind the Agony and the Burial of Him who made a garden the scene of both, and who bade us mark and consider such things, how they bud, and 'how they grow,' giving us in the vine a type of His Church, and in the fig-tree of His Coming.

Again, we would ask those who think that national amelioration is to be achieved by dose upon dose of Reform or Red-tapery, where should we now have been without our savings-banks, our allotment system, and our cottage gardens? And lest we should be thought to have been led away from flowers to the more general subject, we will add that when we see a plot set apart for a rose-bush, and a gilliflower, and a carnation, it is enough for us: if the jasmine and the honeysuckle embower the porch without, we may be sure that there is a potato and a cabbage and an onion for the pot within: if there be not plenty there, at least there is

no

no want; if not happiness, the nearest approach to it in this world—content.

‘Yes! in the poor man’s garden grow
Far more than herbs and flowers;
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,
And joy for weary hours.’

Gardening not only affords common ground for the high and low, but, like Christianity itself, it offers peculiar blessings and privileges to the poor man, which the very possession of wealth denies. ‘The Spitalfields weaver may derive more pleasure from his green box of smoked auriculas,’ than the lordly possessors of Sion, or Chatsworth, or Stowe, or Alton, from their hundreds of decorated acres; because not only personal superintendence, but actual work is necessary for the true enjoyment of a garden. We must *know* our flowers, as well as buy them. Our great-grandmothers, who—before they *were* great-grandmothers—‘flirted on the sunny terraces, or strolled along the arched and shaded alleys’ of our old manor-houses,

‘had their own little garden, where they knew every flower, because they were few; and every name, because they were simple. Their rose-bushes and gilliflowers were dear to them, because themselves had pruned, and watered, and watched them—had marked from day to day their opening buds, and removed their fading blossoms—and had cherished each choicest specimen for the posy to be worn at the christening of the squire’s heir, or on my lord’s birth-day.’

In a like strain the wise and good author of ‘Human Life’ beautifully says—

‘I would not have my garden too extended; not because flowers are not the most delicious things, speaking to the sentiments as well as to the senses, but on account of the intrinsic and superior value of moderation. When interests are divided, they are not so strong. Three acres of flowers and a regiment of gardeners bring no more pleasure than a sufficiency. Besides which, in the smaller possession, there is more room for the mental pleasure to step in and refine all that which is sensual. We become acquainted, as it were, and even form friendships, with individual flowers. We bestow more care upon their bringing up and progress. They seem sensible of our favour, absolutely to enjoy it, and make pleasing returns by their beauty, health, and sweetness. In this respect a hundred thousand roses, which we look at *en masse*, do not identify themselves in the same manner as even a very small border; and hence, if the cottager’s mind is properly attuned, the little cottage-garden may give him more real delight than belongs to the owner of a thousand acres. All this is so entirely nature, that give me a garden well kept, however small, two or three spreading trees, and a mind at ease, and I defy the world.’

Nor do we find anything contravening this, in Cowley’s wish that he might have ‘a small house and large garden, few friends,
and

and many books.' Doubtless he coveted neither the Bodleian nor Chatsworth, and intended his garden to be 'large' only in comparison with his other possessions.

It is this limited expenditure and unlimited interest which a garden requires, combined with the innocence of the amusement, that renders it so great a blessing—more even than to the cottager himself—to the country clergyman. We must leave to the novelist to sketch the happy party which every summer's evening finds busied on many an English vicarage-lawn, with their trowels and watering-pots, and all the paraphernalia of amateur gardeners; though we may ask the utilitarian, if he would deign to scan so simple a group, from the superintending vicar to the water-carrying schoolboy, where he would better find developed 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' than among those very objects and that very occupation where utility is not only banished, but condemned.

We would have our clergy know that there is no readier way to a parishioner's heart—next to visiting his house, which, done in health and in sickness, is the keystone of our blessed parochial system—than to visit his garden, suggesting and superintending improvements, distributing seeds, and slips, and flowers, and lending or giving such gardening books as would be useful for his limited domain. And many a poor scholar, in some obscure curacy, out of the way of railroads and book-clubs,

' In life's stillest shade reclining,
In desolation unrepining,
Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind,'

has made the moral and intellectual wilderness in which he is cast bloom for him in his trees, and herbs, and flowers; and if unable, from the narrowness of his means and situation,

' To raise the terrace or to sink the grot,'

has found his body refreshed and his spirits lightened, in growing the salad to give a relish to his simple meal, and the flower to bedeck his threadbare button-hole,—enabled by these recreations to bear up against those little every-day annoyances which, though hardly important enough to tax our faith or our philosophy, make up in an ill-regulated or unemployed mind the chief ills of life.

Pope, who professed that of all his works he was most proud of his garden, said also, with more nature and truth, that he 'pitied that man who had completed everything in his garden.' To pull down and destroy is quite as natural to man as to build up and improve, and this love of alteration may help to account for the many changes of style in gardening that have taken place. The course of the seasons, the introduction of new flowers, the growth

of trees, will always of themselves give the gardener enough to do; and if the flower-garden is perfect, and there is a nook of spare ground at hand, instead of extending his parterres, which cannot be kept too neat, he had better devote it to an arboretum for choice trees and shrubs; or take up with some one extensive class—as for a thornery or a pinery; or make it a wilderness-like mixture of all kinds. Such ground will not require mowing more than twice or thrice in the year, and will afford much pleasure, without much labour and expense. If there is a little damp nook or dell, with rock-work and water at command, let it by all means be made a fernery, for which Mr. Newman's book will supply plenty of materials.

But we are straying too far from our immediate subject of flower-gardens and flowers, and with a few more remarks upon the latter, we must bring this *dissertation* to a close: otherwise we should have something to say of the unique beauties of Redleaf, and the splendid Italian garden lately designed at Trentham by the genius of Mr. Barry; something more too of the gorgeous new importations which every day is now bringing, some for the first time, into blossom. We are even promised new varieties of orchideous plants from Mr. Rollisson's experiments in raising seedlings for the first time in this country.

To produce new seedling varieties of one's own, by hybridizing and other mysteries of the priests of Flora, is indeed the highest pleasure and the deepest esotericism of the art. The impregnating them is to venture within the very secrets of creation, and the naming them carries us back to one of the highest privileges of our first parents. The offspring becomes our own *ἐργον*; which, according to Aristotle, claims the highest degree of our love. We should feel that, in leaving them, we were leaving friends, and address them in the words of Eve,

‘ O flowers,

My early visitation and my last
At even, *which I had bred up with tender hand*
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?’

Par. Lost, xi.

We cannot but admire the practice of the Church of Rome, which calls in the aid of floral decorations on her high festivals. If we did not feel convinced that it ~~was~~ ^{is} the most bounden duty of the Church of England, at the present moment, to give no unnecessary offence by restorations in indifferent matters, we should be inclined to advocate, notwithstanding the denunciations of some of the early Fathers, some slight exception in the case of our

our own favourites. We shall not easily forget the effect of a long avenue of orange-trees in the Cathedral of St. Gudule at Brussels, calling to mind as it did the expression of the psalmist—‘Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.’ The white lily is held throughout Spain and Italy the emblem of the Virgin’s purity, and frequently decorates her shrines; and many other flowers, dedicated to some saint, are used in profusion on the day of his celebration. The oak-leaf and the palm-branch have with us their loyal and religious anniversary, and the holly still gladdens the hearts of all good Churchmen at Christmas—a custom which the Puritans never succeeded in effacing from the most cant-ridden parish in the kingdom. Latterly, flowers have been much used among us in festivals, and processions, and gala-days of all kinds—the dahlia furnishing, in its symmetry and variety of colouring, an excellent material for those who, perhaps, in their young days sowed their own initials in mustard-and-cress, to inscribe in their maturer years their sovereign’s name in flowers. Flowering plants and shrubs are at the same time becoming more fashionable in our London ball-rooms. No dread of ‘noxious exhalations’ deters mammas from decorating their halls and staircases with flowers of every hue and fragrance, nor their daughters from braving the headaches and pale cheeks, which are *said* to arise from such innocent and beautiful causes. We would go one step further, and replace all artificial flowers by natural ones, on the dinner-table and in the hair. Some of the more amaranthine flowers, as the camellia and the hoy, which can bear the heat of crowded rooms, or those of regular shapes, as the dahlia and others, would, we are sure, with a little contrivance in adjusting and preserving them, soon eclipse the most artistical wreaths of Natier or Forster, and we will venture to promise a good partner for a waltz and for life to the first fair *débutante* who will take courage to adopt the natural flower in her ‘sunny locks.’

ART. VIII.—*Diary and Letters of Madame D’Arblay, Author of ‘Evelina,’ ‘Cecilia,’ &c.* Edited by her Niece. Vols. I., II., III. London. 1842.

WHEN we reviewed, ten years ago, that strange display of egotism which Madame D’Arblay was pleased to call *Memoirs of her Father*, we expressed a wish that she would ‘condense and simplify into a couple of interesting (and interesting they would be) volumes her *own story* and her contemporaneous notes and *bond fide* recollections of that brilliant society in which she moved from

1777 to 1793. We lay some stress on the words *bond fide*—not as imputing to Madame D'Arblay the slightest *intention* to deceive, but because we think that we see in almost every page abundant proof that the habit of *novel-writing* has led her to *colour*, and, as she may suppose, embellish, *her anecdotes with sonorous epithets and factitious details*, which however, we venture to assure her, not only blunt their effect, but discredit their authority.'—*Quart. Rev.* vol. xlix. p. 125.

We were not then in the secret of Madame D'Arblay's having from her earliest youth kept the diary now presented to us; but we *guessed*, from many passages in the 'Memoirs of Dr. Burney,' that she was in possession of copious contemporaneous materials for her own, and we candidly forewarned her of the kind of errors into which she was likely to fall in preparing her notes for publication. Our conjectures are now too fully verified: the interest is indeed much less than we anticipated, but in all the rest—the diffuseness—the pomposity—the prolixity—the false colouring—the factitious details—and, above all, the personal affectation and vanity of the author, this book exceeds our worst apprehensions.

At first sight the Diary seems a minute record of all that she saw, did, or heard, and we find the pages crowded with names and teeming with matters of the greatest apparent interest—with details of the social habits and familiar conversation of the most fashionable, most intellectual, and, in every sense, most illustrious personages of the last age. No book that we ever opened, not even Boswell's 'Johnson,' promised at the first glance more of all that species of entertainment and information which memoir-writing can convey, and the position and respectability of the author, with her supposed power of delineating character, all tended to heighten our expectation; but never, we regret to say, has there been a more vexatious disappointment. We have indeed brought before us not merely the minor notabilities of the day, but a great many persons whose station and talents assure them an historic celebrity—King George III., Queen Charlotte, and their family—Johnson, Burke, Sir Joshua, and their society—Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Delany, and their circles—in short, the whole court and literary world; and all in their easiest and most familiar moods:—their words—their looks—their manners—and even their movements about the room—pencilled, as it would seem, with the most minute and scrupulous accuracy:—but when we come a little closer, and see and hear what all these eminent and illustrious personages are saying and doing, we are not a little surprised and vexed to find them a wearisome congregation of monotonous and featureless posers, brought together for one
single

single object, in which they, one and all, seem occupied, as if it were the main business of human life—namely, the *glorification of Miss Fanny Burney*—her talents—her taste—her sagacity—her wit—her manners—her temper—her delicacy—even her beauty—and, above all, her *modesty*!

We really have never met anything more curious, nor, if it were not repeated *ad nauseam*, more comical, than the elaborate ingenuity with which—as the ancients used to say that *all roads led to Rome*—every topic, from whatsoever quarter it may start, is ultimately brought home to Miss Burney. There can be, of course, no autobiography without egotism; and though the best works of this class are those in which *self* is the most successfully disguised, it must always be the main ingredient. We therefore expected, and, indeed, were very willing, that Miss Burney should tell us a great deal about herself; but what we did not expect, and what wearies, and, we must candidly add, disgusts us, is to find that she sees nothing beyond the tips of her own fingers, and considers all the rest of man and womankind as mere satellites of that great luminary of the age, the *author of 'Evelina.'* In fact, the first sentence of her '*Diary*,' though no doubt meant to pass for a *modest irony*, turns out to be a mere matter-of-fact expression of her true sentiments:—

'Part I. 1778. This year was ushered in by a grand and most important event! At the latter end of January, the literary world was favoured with the first publication of the ingenious, learned, and most profound Fanny Burney! I doubt not but this memorable affair will, in future times, mark the period whence chronologers will date the zenith of the polite arts in this island!

'This admirable authoress has named her most elaborate performance, "*EVELINA; or, a Young Lady's Entrance into the World.*"'—vol. i. p. 37.

This assumed pleasantry is her own real view of the case, and affords indeed the *text*, as it were, on which the rest of the work is a most illustrative commentary.

We insist thus early, and thus strongly, on this extravagant egotism, not merely because it is the chief feature of the book, but for the higher and more important purpose of doing justice to the eminent persons who make a very mean and very foolish figure when thus dragged at the wheels of the triumphant car of Miss Burney,—for so we must call her, while the '*Diary*' is written in that name. We know that ingenious and sensible people, from not adverting to her real and sole object—namely, *herself*—have been led to consider those eminent personages as responsible for all the nonsense and twaddle which she has
chosen

chosen to put into their mouths. A weekly critic,* for instance, who very shrewdly detected, and very adroitly exposed, the mock humility and inordinate vanity of the 'diarist,' is nevertheless so far inattentive to the consequences they produce as to assume her reports to be a true representation of the manners and conversation which she describes, and to flatter himself that society now-a-days would not tolerate the '*commonplace mediocrity and twaddle*' of '*Johnson and Burke*,' or '*the enormous pretensions and vulgarity of Mrs. Montague, Miss Carter, and Hannah More*.' We do not deny the existence of the '*mediocrity*' and '*vulgarity*' attributed to those eminent persons by Miss Burney; they stare us out of countenance in every page: but we very much wonder that any attentive reader, and above all one whose appreciation of the author is otherwise so just, should not see that '*the twaddle*' and '*vulgarity*' are Miss Burney's own; and that her natural propensity to those defects (of which there are innumerable other proofs) is mainly assisted by her affecting, in the true jog-trot of a novel-writer, to give, *verbatim*, all the details of long conversations—sometimes many days old—which the readiest pen and the quickest apprehension could not have done even on the instant.

In truth nothing can be so vapid as that mode of reporting conversation must inevitably be, *even in the cleverest hands*. Boswell, the best and most graphic of narrators, never attempts so hopeless a task for above two or three consecutive paragraphs, but more commonly contents himself with preserving the general spirit of the discourse—catching here and there the most striking expressions, and now and then venturing to mark an emphasis or an attitude. A clever artist may *sketch* a very lively likeness of a countenance which he has only seen *en passant*, but if he were to attempt—in the absence of the object—to fill up the outline with all the little details of form and colour, he would find that his efforts only diminished the spirit and impaired the resemblance. So it is of reporting public *speeches*—and so still more of reporting *conversations*. But even if Miss Burney had had more of Boswell's happy knack, it would not have much mended the matter, for her sole and exclusive object was—not to relate what Burke, or Johnson, or anybody else should say on general subjects, but what flattering things they said about *Fanny Burney*. The result is, that we have little amusement and less faith in the details of those elaborate dialogues, which occupy, we believe, more than half her volumes—their very minuteness

* *Athenæum*, 23rd April, 1842. The description of Miss Burney's style and character in that article is very clever and very just.

and

and elaboration sufficiently prove that they cannot be authentic ; and they are, moreover, trivial and wearisome beyond all patience. How—we will not say, the author of 'Evelina' and 'Cecilia,' but—how any person of the most ordinary degree of taste and talents could have wasted time and paper in making such a *much ado about nothing* we cannot conceive ; nor did we—till we had read this book—imagine that *real life and proper names* could by any *maladresse* of a narrator be made so insufferably flat, stale, and unprofitable. The severity of this judgment obliges us to justify it by some examples. We are well aware that they will appear tedious and fulsome, and that our readers may wish that we had spared them such wearisome extracts : but there is really no other way of giving them a tolerable idea of the book ; and when we have the misfortune to think unfavourably of a work, we are anxious to allow it, as much as possible, to *speak for itself*.

'Wednesday [at Streatham].—At breakfast, Dr. Johnson asked me if I had been reading his "Life of Cowley?"'

'“O yes,” said I.

'“And what do you think of it?”'

'“I am delighted with it,” cried I ; “and if I was somebody, instead of nobody, I should not have read it without telling you sooner what I think of it, and unasked.”'

'Again, when I took up Cowley's Life, he made me put it away to talk. I could not help remarking how very like Dr. Johnson is to his writing ; and how much the same thing it was to hear or to read him ; but that nobody could tell that without coming to Streatham, for his language was generally imagined to be laboured and studied, instead of the mere common flow of his thoughts.

'“Very true,” said Mrs. Thrale, “he writes and talks with the same ease, and in the same manner : but, Sir [to him], if this rogue is like her book, how will she trim all of us by and by ! Now she dainties us up with all the meekness in the world ; but when we are away, I suppose she pays us off finely.”'

'“My paying off,” cried I, “is like the Latin of Hudibras,—

‘———— who never scanted

His learning unto such as wanted ;’

for I can figure like anything when I am with those who can't figure at all.”'

'Mrs. T.—Oh, if you have any *mag* in you, we'll draw it out !

'Dr. J.—A rogue ! she told me that, if she was somebody instead of nobody, she would praise my book !

'F. B.—Why, Sir, I am sure you would scoff my praise.

'Dr. J.—If you think that, you think very ill of me : but you don't think it.

'Mrs. T.—We have told her what you said to Miss More, and I believe that makes her afraid.

'Dr. J.—

'Dr. J.—Well, and if she was to serve me as Miss More did, I should say the same thing to her. But I think she will not. Hannah More has very good intellects, too; but she has *by no means the elegance of Miss Burney*.

'“Well,” cried I, “there are folks that are to be spoilt, and folks that are not to be spoilt; as well in the world as in the nursery: but *what* will become of me I know not.”

'Mrs. T.—Well, if you are spoilt, we can only say, nothing in the world is so pleasant as being spoilt.

'Dr. J.—No, no; Burney will not be spoilt: she *knows too well what praise she has a claim to*, and what not, to be in any danger of spoiling.

'F. B.—I do, indeed, believe I shall never be spoilt at Streatham, for it is the last place where I can feel of any consequence.

'Mr. T.—Well, Sir, she is *our* Miss Burney, however; we were the first to catch her, and now we have got, we will keep her. And so she is all our own.

'Dr. J.—Yes, I hope she is; I should be very sorry to lose Miss Burney.

'F. B.—Oh dear! how can two such people sit and talk such——

'Mrs. T.—Such stuff, you think? but Dr. Johnson's love——

'Dr. J.—Love? no, I don't entirely love her yet; I must see more of her first; I have much too high an opinion of her to flatter her. I have, indeed, seen nothing of her but what is fit to be loved, but I must know her more. *I admire her, and greatly too.*

'F. B.—Well, this is a very new style to me! I have long enough had reason to think myself loved, but admiration is perfectly new to me.

'Dr. J.—I admire her *for her observation, for her good sense, for her humour, for her discernment, for her manner of expressing them, and for all her writing talents.*—vol. i. pp. 120-122.

Such is the *amabæan* trash—the *vitulâ tu dignus et hic* style—in which the 'author of *Evelina*' sings her own praises in the names of the sage Johnson and the lively Thrale—anything less sage or less lively we can hardly conceive. Now let us see how she deals with the amiable Reynolds and the brilliant Sheridan:—

'Some time after, Sir Joshua, returning to his standing-place, entered into *confab* (!) with Miss Linley and your slave, upon various matters, during which Mr. Sheridan, joining us, said,

'“Sir Joshua, I have been telling Miss Burney that she must not suffer her pen to lie idle—ought she?”

'Sir Joshua.—No, indeed, ought she not.

'Mr. Sheridan.—Do you then, Sir Joshua, persuade her. But perhaps you have begun something? May we ask? Will you answer a question candidly?

'F. B.—I don't know, but as candidly as *Mrs. Candour* I think I certainly shall.

'Mr. Sheridan.—What, then, are you about now?

'F. B.—Why, twirling my fan, I think!

'Mr. Sheridan.—

'Mr. Sheridan.—No, no; but what are you about at home? However, it is not a fair question, so I won't press it.

'Yet he looked very inquisitive; but I was glad to get off without any downright answer.

'Sir Joshua.—Anything in the dialogue way, I think, she must succeed in; and I am sure invention will not be wanting.

'Mr. Sheridan.—No, indeed; I think, and say, she should write a comedy.

'Sir Joshua.—I am sure I think so; and hope she will.

'I could only answer by incredulous exclamations.

'“Consider,” continued Sir Joshua, “*you have already had all the applause and fame you can have given you in the closet; but the acclamation of a theatre will be new to you.*”

'And then he put down his trumpet, and began a violent clapping of his hands.

'I *actually shook from head to foot!* I felt myself already in Drury Lane, amidst the hubbub of a first night.

'“Oh, no!” cried I, “there may be a noise, but it will be just the reverse.” And I returned his salute with a hissing.

'Mr. Sheridan joined Sir Joshua very warmly.

'“Oh, Sir!” cried I, “you should not run on so,—you don't know what mischief you may do!”

'Mr. Sheridan.—I wish I may—I shall be very glad to be accessory.

'Sir Joshua.—She has, certainly, something of a knack at characters;—where she got it I don't know,—and how she got it I can't imagine; but she certainly has it. And to throw it away is——

'Mr. Sheridan.—Oh, she won't,—she will write a comedy,—she has promised me she will!

'F. B.—Oh!—if you both run on in this manner, I shall——

'I was going to say *get under the chair*, but Mr. Sheridan, interrupting me with a laugh, said,

'“Set about one? very well, that's right!”

'“Ay,” cried Sir Joshua, “that's very right. And you (to Mr. Sheridan) would take *anything of hers*, would you not?—unsight, unseen?”

'What a point-blank question! who but Sir Joshua would have ventured it!

'“Yes,” answered Mr. Sheridan, with quickness, “and make her a bow and my best thanks into the bargain.”

'Now, my dear Susy, tell me, did you ever hear the fellow to such a speech as this?—it was all I could do *to sit it*. (!)

'“Mr. Sheridan,” I exclaimed, “are you not mocking me?”’—vol. i. pp. 187-189.

And so, from every conversation that happens in her presence, her industrious vanity extracts—we were going to say *honey*—but *treacle*, though it spoils the metaphor, is the more appropriate term. Even when a person says nothing, she construes his very silence into an expression of *admiration* so great as to amount to *awe*. Witness her first interview with Arthur Murphy:—

'Now

'Now I must try to be rather more minute. On Thursday, while my dear father was here, who should be announced but Mr. Murphy; the man of all other strangers to me whom I most longed to see? . . .

'When he had been welcomed by Mrs. Thrale, and had gone through the reception-salutations of Dr. Johnson and my father, Mrs. Thrale, advancing to me, said,

"But here is a lady I must introduce to you, Mr. Murphy; here is another F. B."

"Indeed!" cried he, taking my hand, "is this a sister of Miss Brown's?"

"No, no; this is Miss Burney."

"What!" cried he, *staring*, "is *this*—is *this*—*this is not the lady that—that—*"

"Yes, but it is," answered she, laughing.

"No, you don't say so? You don't mean the lady that——"

"Yes, yes, I do; no less a lady, I assure you."

'He then said he was very glad of the honour of seeing me; and I sneaked away.'—vol. i. p. 195.

No less than *nine* pages are expended in an account of her reception at one of Sir Joshua's evening parties, in which a lively lady of the day, Mrs. Cholmondeley, is introduced as bearing a prominent part, but—like everybody else—all to the ultimate honour of Fanny Burney. We select, as a further specimen, *two* pages out of the *nine*:—

'Mrs. Chol.—I have been very ill; monstrous ill indeed! or else I should have been at your house long ago. Sir Joshua, pray how do you do? You know, I suppose, that I don't come to see you?

'Sir Joshua could only laugh; though this was her first address to him.

'Mrs. Chol.—Pray, miss, what's your name?

'F. B.—Frances, ma'am.

'Mrs. Chol.—Fanny? Well, all the Fannys are excellent! and yet, —my name is Mary! Pray, Miss Palmer, [Sir Joshua's niece] how are you?—though I hardly know if I shall speak to you to-night. I thought I should never have got here! I have been so out of humour with the people for keeping me. "If you but knew," cried I, "to whom I am going to-night, and who I shall see to-night [*i. e.* Fanny Burney], you would not dare keep me muzzing here!"

'During all these pointed speeches her penetrating eyes were fixed upon me; and what could I do?—what, indeed, could anybody do but colour and simper?—all the company watching us, though all very delicately avoided joining the *confab*.

'Mrs. Chol.—My Lord Palmerston, I was told to-night that nobody could see your lordship for me, for that you supped at my house every night? "Dear, bless me, no!" cried I, "not every night!" and I looked as confused as I was able; but I am afraid I did not blush, though I tried hard for it!

'Then, again, turning to me, [F. B.]

"That Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, in Fleet-street, is a mighty silly fellow;—

fellow ;—perhaps you don't know who I mean?—one T. Lowndes, [*the printer of 'Evelina'*]—but maybe you don't know such a person ? ”

‘ F. B.—No, indeed, I do not !—that I can safely say.

‘ Mrs. Chol.—I could get nothing from him : but I told him I hoped he gave a good price ; and he answered me, that he always did things genteel. What trouble and tagging we had ! Mr. — (I cannot recollect the name she mentioned) laid a wager the writer was a *man* :—I said I was sure it was a *woman* : but now we are both out ; for it's a *GIRL* !

‘ In this comical, queer, flighty, whimsical manner she ran on, till we were summoned to supper ; for we were not allowed to break up before ; and then, when Sir Joshua and almost everybody was gone down stairs, she changed her tone, and, with a face and voice both grave, said,

‘ “ Well, Miss Burney, you must give me leave to say one thing to you ; yet, perhaps you won't, neither, will you ? ”

‘ “ What is it, ma'am ? ”

‘ “ Why it is, that I *admire you more than any human being* ! and that I can't help ! ”

‘ Then, suddenly rising, she hurried down stairs.’—vol. i. pp. 174-176.

If all this egotism had been, as it professes, intended for the confidential eye of a sister, it would have been in some degree excusable : but it was not so ; and the pretence of its being so intended is but another of the shifts in which her exuberant vanity disguises itself. The journal went the round of her own domestic circle, and was then regularly transmitted to Mr. Crisp and his coterie at Chessington*—and afterwards to Mr. and Mrs. Lock of Norbury Park, and to we know not whom else—and it seems, beyond all doubt, to have been prepared and left by her for ultimate publication. Strange blindness to imagine that anything like fame was to be gathered from this deplorable exhibition of mock-modesty, endeavouring to conceal, but only the more flagrantly exposing, the boldest, the most *horse-leech* egotism that literature or Bedlam has yet exhibited.

If indeed—which would be a charitable but hardly credible explanation—she was herself under a delusion as to her feelings and motives—if she really mistook the itchings of vanity for the tremors of diffidence—it would only remind us of what she herself said of poor mad Barry, the painter—that ‘ with an innocent belief that he was the *most modest of men*, he nourished the most *insatiable avidity* for applause.’ In mentioning a Doctor Shepherd, one of the canons of Windsor, she says, “ In no *farce* did a man ever *more* floridly open upon his own perfections,” vol. iii. p. 436 ; and we may safely say that in no *farce* did man or woman ever so floridly open on their own perfections as Miss Burney ; and

* See Quarterly Review, vol. xlix. p. 101.

assuredly neither Barry, nor Shepherd, nor any other glutton of flummery that we have ever heard of, could manage to feed themselves *with their own spoons* with such appetite and activity as 'the author of *Evelina*.' Dr. Johnson said of another celebrated novelist, 'Sir, that fellow, Richardson, was not content to sail quietly down the stream of reputation, without longing to *taste the froth from every stroke of the oar*.' But Richardson never thought of the happy process by which Miss Burney conducted her system of self-adoration, and which we really think the cleverest trait in her whole history. It was no easy task to reconcile and carry on, *pari passu*, the pretension of modesty and the cravings of vanity; but her device, if not successful, is at least ingenious—she never, in her own proper person, very directly or outrageously praises Fanny Burney—she never absolutely says '*I am the cleverest writer—I am the most amiable woman in the world*'—on the contrary, she humbles herself with all the genuine modesty of a newly-elected *Speaker*—but then, on the other hand, she thinks it her duty, as a mere historian and relater of facts, to record, in the most conscientious detail, all the panegyrics and compliments—however extravagant—which anybody and everybody might address to her. '*Dear Doctor Johnson pronounced that F. B. was the cleverest writer that ever lived*,'—'*Sweet Mrs. Thrale exclaimed that F. B. was the most charming girl in the world*;' and then, having sucked in all these sugared details with undisguisable relish, F. B. thinks it decent to blush—to stammer—to tremble—to fall into hysterics of wounded modesty, and to bewail to her confidants the intolerable torture—the eternal martyrdom of that universal admiration and worship to which she—poor victim—is thus reluctantly exposed. Even after what we have said, the following specimen of humility will, we think, startle our readers, and it is the more remarkable, because it forces into notice another feature of her vanity, which, we should have supposed, Miss Burney, instead of recording, would have been equally anxious to obliterate from her own memory and from that of others:—

'And now I cannot resist telling you of a dispute which Dr. Johnson had with Mrs. Thrale, the next morning, concerning me, which that *sweet woman* had the *honesty and good sense* (!) to tell me. Dr. Johnson was talking to her and Sir Philip Jennings of the amazing progress made of late years in literature by the women. He said he was himself astonished at it, and told them he well remembered when a woman who could spell a common letter was regarded as all-accomplished; but now they vied with the men in everything.

"I think, Sir," said my friend Sir Philip, "the young lady we have here is a very extraordinary proof of what you say."

"So

“So extraordinary, Sir,” answered he, “that I know none like her,—nor do I believe there is, or there ever was, a man who could write such a book so young.”

“They both stared—no wonder, I am sure!—and Sir Philip said,

“What do you think of Pope, Sir? could not Pope have written such a one?”

“Nay, nay,” cried Mrs. Thrale, “there is no need to talk of Pope; a book may be a clever book, and an extraordinary book, and yet not want a Pope for its author. I suppose he was *no older than Miss Burney when he wrote ‘Windsor Forest’*;—[Pope is said to have written ‘Windsor Forest’ at 16.]—and I suppose ‘Windsor Forest’ is equal to ‘Evelina!’”

“Windsor Forest,” repeated Dr. Johnson, “though so delightful a poem, by no means required the knowledge of life and manners, nor the accuracy of observation, nor the skill of penetration, necessary for composing such a work as ‘Evelina:’ he who could ever write ‘Windsor Forest’ might as well write it young as old. Poetical abilities require not age to mature them; but ‘Evelina’ seems a work that should result from long experience, and deep and intimate knowledge of the world; yet it has been written without either. Miss Burney is a *real wonder*. What she is, she is intuitively. Dr. Burney told me she had had the fewest advantages of any of his daughters, from some peculiar circumstances. And such has been her timidity, that he himself had not any suspicion of her powers.”

“Her modesty,” said Mrs. Thrale (as she told me), “is really beyond bounds. (!!!) It quite provokes me. And, in fact, I can never make out how the mind that could write that book could be ignorant of its value.”

“That, madam, is another wonder,” answered my dear, dear Dr. Johnson, “for modesty with her is neither pretence nor decorum; ‘tis an ingredient of her nature: for she who could part with such a work for twenty pounds, could know so little of its worth, or of her own, as to leave no possible doubt of her humility.”—vol. i. pp. 235, 236.

The ‘good sense’ of that ‘sweet woman’ in repeating these hyperboles is nearly on a par with the ‘modesty and humility’ of the writer, who, let it never be forgotten, not only circulated them amongst her friends at the time, but bequeathed them to the wonder of posterity; though conscious, all the while, that the main point of Dr. Johnson’s admiration—namely, the *extreme youth of the author*—was an elaborate *deception* on the part of herself and her friends. We beg leave to refer to our former article on Madame D’Arblay’s ‘Memoirs of her Father,’* for the details of this manœuvring; suffice it here to repeat that it was at the outset represented that *Evelina* was the work of a *girl of seventeen*—very shy—remarkably backward—and hardly yet emerged from the school-room;—that it was written and printed

* Quarterly Review, vol. xlix. p. 107.

by stealth, as a mere *childish* frolic—unknown to her father, and even *unseen by herself*, until, after the lapse of six months, its immense success forced it upon their notice. All this was very surprising, but it was so confidently asserted, that no one we believe doubted its truth, till Madame D'Arblay began her career of self-adulation, in the '*Memoirs of her Father*.' Here it was observed that, while repeating, with many heightening circumstances, the previous story of her *extreme youth* when '*Evelina*' was published, she involved in studied obscurity not merely the time of her own birth, but every other date and circumstance which could directly or indirectly tend to ascertain it. This strange silence on the most remarkable peculiarity of her whole story excited, at first curiosity, and afterwards suspicion, and at length it was with some difficulty ascertained by the parish register of Lynn, in Norfolk, that Frances, the second daughter of Charles Burney, was born in the summer of 1752;* and that consequently she was at the time of the publication of '*Evelina*' (1778)—*not seventeen*, but—*between twenty-five and twenty-six* years old. This, it is obvious, changes the whole aspect of the affair—the miracle is reduced to a very ordinary fact. Whatever be the merit of the novel, it would not, as the work of a *woman of five-and-twenty*, have excited the wonder and enthusiasm that it did, when supposed to be written, in the circumstances stated, by a *girl of seventeen*: the foregoing dialogue, for instance, between Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale never could have happened. But this is not all. The original story, of the father's utter ignorance of the work, has been essentially modified. It is now admitted that she told him of it, and even obtained his previous sanction to its publication; but still, in order to keep up the original delusion, we are asked to believe that, though thus told of the novel and thus sanctioning its publication, he never saw a line of it—never inquired its name, and had not even the curiosity to ask whether it had actually been published or not—that this state of things lasted for *six months*—and that Miss Burney never knew by what means her father discovered the profound secret that the new novel which was making so much noise under the title of '*Evelina*' was in fact that very publication to which he had consented the year before; and which (though anonymously) was dedicated to himself. How or with whom this deception originated, it were now idle to inquire. It perhaps began in some, if not innocent, at least very venial attempt at preserving the author's incognito

* See Quarterly Review, vol. xlix. p. 110, where it is stated from the parish register that she was baptized in July, 1752. In the introduction to the *Memoirs* her age is (for the first time by her or her friends) stated, and it appears that she was born on the 13th June, 1752.

till the fate of the work should be decided : it then was probably persisted in from vanity ; and it was subsequently aided in the eyes of the world by the personal appearance of the heroine, which both in figure and feature continued, long after she had attained womanhood, to be remarkably childish. Even up to 1787, the last date to which these volumes carry us, when she had attained the mature age of 35, we find her still playing off all the little airs and manners of '*Miss in her Teens*.'

But whatever may have been the motive or excuse for the original deviation from truth, it was followed up by such immediate and important consequences, that neither Miss Burney nor her family could ever extricate themselves from it : it was, as we have said, the main cause of the kind of enthusiasm excited by the book and for its author : it was, as we have just seen, the prominent topic of Johnson's admiration, and of that of the literary world. It was one of the alleged motives of the royal favour subsequently shown to her : in short, it was the foundation of her fame and her fortune ; and it must be admitted, in excuse for her perseverance in this false position, that a retreat would have required an exertion of nerve and spirit from which even the sturdiest moralist might have shrunk.

We are convinced that this unlucky secret caused her many awkward embarrassments and many anxious moments, and had an injurious effect both on her own personal manners and the style of her subsequent works. It is impossible in reading her journals not to be struck by the everlasting conflict between her inordinate appetite for praise and her professed uneasiness at any mention of her works. Much of this uneasiness was no doubt mere affectation, put on as a kind of cloak, under which she might enjoy her vanity more decently ; but there was also probably some real trepidation at bottom. We cannot conceive a more painful catastrophe than if, on one of those numerous occasions where a crowd of eminent admirers were celebrating her precocious talents, the truth had by any accident transpired, and it had appeared that this *artless girl* and her *amiable family* had been guilty of so enormous a deception on the public as the subtraction of *one-third* from her real years. We can therefore very well imagine the mixture of fright and vanity with which she must have heard the bold and voluble Mrs. Cholmondeley descending on her *youth*, and pronouncing her with such marked emphasis 'not a *woman*, but a *GIRL*'—a *girl* of 27 !

But though it is possible that this deception began in accident or thoughtlessness, we cannot doubt that the natural predisposition of her mind was towards artifice and manœuvring. It was early remarked as a prominent defect in her novels that all her heroines were

were exhibited as the victims of trifling annoyances and imaginary difficulties, from which two words of candour and common-sense would have extricated them. The same error runs through her own memoirs. She represents herself as thrown into confusions, embarrassments, terrors, miseries, and so forth, by the most ordinary occurrences of common life. If she is spoken to, she is in a flutter of modest agitation: if not spoken to, she is still more alarmed at such ominous silence. If complimented, she is inclined to *creep under the chair*: if not attended to she retreats into indignant seclusion. She is afraid to make tea at an evening party, lest she should appear too obtrusive; and if she does not, she is in still worse agonies, lest she should be thought supercilious.

The most trifling incident—a word or a look—if it concerns her own important self, is treated with all the pomp of history; and the idlest and most trivial conversations are registered with more detail and care than if they were evidence in a court of justice on some momentous cause. The enormous extent of this prolixity will be superabundantly shown by the following instance. After Mr. Thrale's death, a young gentleman, of the name of Crutchley, who had been his ward, and was now one of his executors, made a visit to Streatham, where Miss Burney had previously come to console the widow, who, as it turned out, did not need much consolation. This visit produces the following scene:—

‘Sunday morning nobody went to church but Mr. Crutchley, Miss Thrale, and myself; and some time after, when I was sauntering upon the lawn before the house, Mr. Crutchley joined me. We were returning together into the house, when Mrs. Thrale, popping her head out of her dressing-room window, called out, “How nicely these men domesticate among us, Miss Burney! Why, they take to us as natural as life!”

“Well, well,” cried Mr. Crutchley, “I have sent for my horse, and I shall release you early to-morrow morning. I think yonder comes Sir Philip.”

“Oh! you’ll have enough to do with *him*,” cried she, laughing: “he is well prepared to plague you, I assure you.”

“Is he?—and what about?”

“Why, about Miss Burney. He asked me the other day what was my present establishment. ‘Mr. Crutchley and Miss Burney,’ I answered. ‘How well those two names go together,’ cried he; ‘I think they can’t do better than make a match of it: I will consent, I am sure,’ he added; and to-day, I dare say, you will hear enough of it.”

‘I leave you to judge if I was pleased at this stuff thus communicated; but Mrs. Thrale, with all her excellence, can give up no occasion of making sport, however unseasonable, or even painful.

“I am very much obliged to him, indeed!” cried I, *drily*; and
Mr. Crutchley

Mr. Crutchley called out, "*Thank him!—thank him!*" in a voice of pride and of pique that spoke him mortally angry.

'I instantly came into the house, leaving him to talk it out with Mrs. Thrale, to whom I heard him add, "So, this is Sir Philip's kindness!" and her answer, "I wish you no worse luck!"

'Now, what think you of this?—was it not highly insolent?—and from a man who has behaved to me hitherto with the utmost deference, good nature, and civility, and given me a thousand reasons, by every possible opportunity, to think myself very high indeed in his good opinion and good graces? But these rich men think themselves the constant prey of all portionless *girls*, and are always upon their guard, and suspicious of some design to take them in.'—vol. ii. pp. 24, 25.

We would not justify Mr. Crutchley's rudeness in showing in the lady's presence any pique at the flattering proposition made to him; but it might be suggested, in extenuation, that Miss Burney began the fray by '*drily*' expressing *her own* dissatisfaction; and it must be observed, moreover, that the '*portionless girl*' was now in her *nine-and-twentieth year*, and somewhat older, we believe, than the reluctant swain. It seems, however, that the poor man had no *swainish* thoughts in his head, and was quite at a loss to guess the cause of the resentment with which Miss Burney visited him—as appears throughout *sixteen or seventeen mortal pages* of such dialogue as this:—

' "Why, Miss Burney! why, what's the matter?"

' "Nothing."

' "Why, are you stricken, or smitten, or ill?"

' "None of the three." . . .

' "Are you affronted?"

' Not a word. Then again he called to Miss Thrale,—

' "Why, Queeny—why, she's quite in a rage! What have you done to her?"

' I still *sulked* on, vexed to be teased; but, though with a gaiety that showed he had no suspicion of the cause, he grew more and more urgent, trying every means to make me tell him what was the matter, till at last, much provoked, I said,—

' "I must be strangely in want of a confidant, indeed, to take *you* for one!" . . .

' Then Miss Thrale, stimulated by him, came to inquire if I had really taken anything amiss of *her*: No, I assured her.

' "Is it of *me*, then?" cried Mr. Crutchley, as if sure I should say *no*; but I made no other answer than desiring him to desist questioning me.

' "So I will," cried he; "only clear *me*,—only say it is not *me*."

' "I shall say nothing about the matter; so do pray be at rest."

' "Well, but it can't be *me*, I know: only say that. It's Queeny, I dare say."

' "No, indeed."

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' Then

"Then it's *you*," cried Miss Thrale; "and I'm glad of it, with all my heart!"

He then grew quite violent, and at last went on with his questions till, by being quite silent to them, he could no longer doubt who it was. He seemed then wholly amazed, and intreated to know what he had done; but I tried only to avoid him, and keep out of his way. . . .

He was presently, however, with us again; and when he came to my side, and found me really trying to talk of other matters with Miss Thrale, and avoid him, he called out,—

"Upon my life, this is too bad! Do tell me, Miss Burney, what is the matter? If you won't, I protest I'll call Mrs. Thrale, and make her work at you herself."

"I assure you," answered I, "that will be to no purpose; for I must offend *myself* by telling it, and therefore I shall mention it to nobody."

"But what in the world have I done?"

"Nothing; you have done nothing."

"What have I *said*, then? Only let me beg your pardon,—only let me know what it is, that I *may* beg your pardon."

He was not, however, to be so dismissed. Again he threatened me with Mrs. Thrale, but again I assured him nothing could less answer to him.

"Well, but," cried he, "if you will not let me know my crime, why, I must never speak to you any more."

"Very well," answered I, "if you please, we will proclaim a mutual silence henceforward."

"Oh," cried he, "*you*, I suppose, will be ready enough; but to *me* that would be a loss of very great pleasure. If you would tell me, however, I am sure I could explain it off, because I am sure it has been done undesignedly."

"No, it does not admit of any explanation; so pray don't mention it any more."

"Only tell me what part of the day it was."

Whether this unconsciousness was real, or only to draw me in so that he might come to the point, and make his apology with greater ease, I know not; but I assured him it was in vain he asked, and again desired him to puzzle himself with no further recollections.

"Oh," cried he, "but I shall think of everything I have ever said to you for this half-year. I am sure, whatever it was, it must have been unmeant and unguarded."

"That, Sir, I never doubted; and probably you thought me hard enough to hear anything without minding it."

"Good Heaven, Miss Burney! why, there is nobody I would not sooner offend,—nobody in the world!"

"Well, ma'am, I hope we are now friends?"

"Yes!" cried I.

"And is it all quite over?"

"Entirely."

"Why, then, do, pray," cried he, laughing, "be so good as to let me know *what was our quarrel*?"

"No—

“No—no, I shan’t!” (cried I, laughing too, at the absurdity of quarrelling and seeming not to know *what for*): “it is all over, and that is enough.”

“No, by no means enough: I must really beg you to tell me; I am uneasy till I know. Was it that silly joke of mine at dinner?”

“No, I assure you, it was *no* joke!”

“But was it at dinner, or *before* dinner?”

“Is it not enough that it is over? I am sorry you knew anything of the matter, and I am obliged to you for taking so much trouble about it; so there let it rest.”—vol. ii. pp. 27—37.

And this kind of stuff is the staple commodity of the whole ‘*Diary*.’ The utter inanity and worthlessness of the greater portion of the dialogues, with which Miss Burney expands her volumes, have a tendency to render us, at first sight, indifferent to what is nevertheless a very serious offence,—the unpardonable breach of confidence, in thus stealthily treasuring up for publication every idle word which was uttered in the unsuspecting freedom of private society. She anticipated in her youth faults that more usually accompany a gossiping ‘*widowhood*.’ She was ‘*idle, wandering about from house to house; and not only idle, but a tatter also, and a busybody, speaking things which she ought not*.’ We need not here discuss under what peculiar circumstances, or to what limited extent, such a practice might be justifiable, because there are in Miss Burney’s case no extenuating circumstances whatsoever. The parties are all chatting in private intercourse, sometimes on personal subjects, always in the confidence that there is no tale-bearer by to repeat elsewhere anything that may have been said to the annoyance or disparagement of other parties, still less that there is a deliberate spy, who writes it all down, first for the amusement of her own friends, and eventually for publication to all the world. We can call this by no softer name than *treachery*; and the editor who has thought fit to publish this insipid, yet sometimes, we fear, malicious trash, not only injures the author’s character, but, we think, compromises her own. She will probably say in her defence that Madame D’Arblay intended—perhaps directed—that it should be published; but even if that be so, her *niece* should have had more tenderness for her memory than to have obeyed such an injunction.

This we say on general principles, and feel ourselves bound not to permit such a breach of good faith to pass uncensured; but we admit that individually there is not much harm done. Miss Burney is in general so absorbed in the merits of Miss Burney, that the faults or foibles of her acquaintance occupy a very secondary place in her thoughts or pages, and her little malice is

generally so obscure in its object, and so tedious in its process that, though a few surviving friends of certain parties may be offended, there are but two or three instances in which we think it worth while to enter a specific protest. These occur chiefly during the period of Miss Burney's domestication in Queen Charlotte's family, to which we shall now lead our reader's attention.

Miss Burney was in the summer of 1786 appointed second Keeper of the Robes to the Queen. This appointment she owed partly, it is said, to her literary reputation, but much more, we believe, to the friendship of the venerable Mrs. Delany, with whom, after Mrs. Thrale's miserable *mésalliance* with Piozzi, Miss Burney had become very intimate. This good old lady, born in 1700, and the widow of the celebrated Dr. Delany, lived in great intimacy with the old Duchess of Portland (granddaughter of Lord Treasurer Oxford, and Prior's '*Lovely, noble, little Peggy*'), and through her had become known to their Majesties, who, when the Duchess's death deprived Mrs. Delany of her usual country visit to Bulstrode, fitted up and appropriated to her use, as a summer residence, a small house belonging to the King, close to the gate of Windsor Castle, where they often made her morning visits, and whence she was frequently invited to the domestic evenings of the royal family. The elegant and considerate benevolence of their Majesties to this venerable relic of the days of Addison, Pope, and Swift was made more generally known about twenty years ago by the publication of Mrs. Delany's letters; and the best part of the present work is its minute corroboration of the amiable feelings and unaffected urbanity and condescension of those illustrious personages and their whole family, not merely to Mrs. Delany, but indeed to every one who entered or approached their domestic circle;—but more of this hereafter. At Mrs. Delany's their Majesties saw Miss Burney, and on a vacancy in the office of Keeper of the Robes, caused by the retirement to her own country of a Mrs. Haggerdorn, who had originally accompanied the Queen to England, Miss Burney was appointed assistant, or, as she would have had it, *colleague* of Mrs. Schwoellenberg—a name preserved in that lively satire, the '*Heroic Epistle*,' and bespattered in the filthy and forgotten libels of Peter Pindar. The main object of the selection of Miss Burney for the place—the satisfaction of Mrs. Delany, and the facilitating her intercourse with her royal friends—was no doubt accomplished, but in all other respects the choice seems not to have been very fortunate. Miss Burney thought herself above her business, though we rather suspect that she was really below it, and, whether from vanity,

vanity, or ignorance, or shyness, seems to have done it with a mixture of remissness and assumption which exercised all the indulgence of her gentle and tolerant mistress. These circumstances naturally occasioned her some petty distresses, which her peculiar propensity inflates and aggrandizes into such serious calamities that a hasty reader would conclude from her evidence that a court life, even under the best of sovereigns, is one of intolerable mortification and misery. The fact may be so abstractedly; but assuredly Miss Burney's miseries were chiefly of her own manufacture. This, to prevent misapprehension about what is called the *Court*, deserves some elucidation. First, Miss Burney had officially nothing to do with the *Court*, properly so called, and what she saw of the *Court* were the glimpses, through half-opened doors and down long passages, of a distant and humble spectator; her place was entirely domestic—in fact, *menial*; and, though in daily personal attendance, she never was admitted for a moment into the private *society* of the Sovereign—not even to stand in an outer room to listen to the evening music, nor, when Mrs. Siddons was once invited to the Castle to read a play, could Miss Burney find out ‘a convenient adjoining room’ where she might overhear the recital: though that favour was granted to Mrs. Schwellenberg (iii. 427). Her real position was that which in ordinary life would be called *lady's-maid*; and, though such menial offices about the person of the Sovereign do not derogate from, but indeed rather confirm, the character of *gentility* in the holders, yet they exclude them from the royal circle, either in public or in private. There is a well-known instance in which a lady of rank, appointed by special favour to a very profitable sinecure of this class, found, to her great mortification, that she could no longer go to *Court*, as her birth entitled her, and as she had done during all her previous life.

This inferior position was evidently a great grievance to Miss Burney, who was marvellously discomposed at finding that there was a bell in her room by which the Queen could *ring for her*, and who represents herself as blushing when the Treasurer of the Household paid her her salary, the Treasurer himself, as Miss Burney fancied, blushing also at having to offer such an indignity to the ‘author of *Evelina*.’

One is, at first, somewhat surprised at finding that the Queen, having attached a literary lady to her service, appears to have talked so little to her on literary subjects. This, as we shall see presently, was a great disappointment to Miss Burney; but there are two evident reasons for it—first, her appointed station and duties were not easily reconcileable with literary topics, and the Queen's
good

good sense had a tendency to keep every person and thing in their proper places—but, secondly, some little advances made by the Queen in that direction were discouraged by Miss Burney's own *maladresse*. It is remarkable how little of literature Miss Burney seems herself to have had—how little, at least, the memoirs show. She hardly ever alludes to a book except '*Evelina*' and '*Cecilia*!' She appears not to have read Cumberland's '*Observer*'—a work in which she herself, and most of her friends, are alluded to—till the Queen read some passages to her, and afterwards lent her the volumes. The first she seems to have heard of Hawkins's '*Life of Johnson*'—which we should have supposed she would have been most impatient to read—was from the King, who 'talked it over with great candour and openness.' One night that the Queen was explaining to Mrs. Schwellenberg a passage in Cowper's '*Task*,' published about two years before, she turned to Miss Burney, and asked her if she knew the poem?—'*Only by character*,' was the answer. Her taste for Shakspeare may be gathered from the following eulogy on Hamlet:—

'How noble a play it is, considered in parts; *how wild and how improbable taken as a whole!* But there are *speeches*, from time to time, of such exquisite beauty of language, sentiment, and pathos, that I could *wade* through the *most thorny of roads* to arrive at them, *especially* when, in meeting with them, I meet at the same time with a *sympathy like Mrs. Delany's* in feeling and enjoying them.'—vol. iii, p. 238.

To complain of the *wildness* and *improbability* of a romantic drama, of which two mad people and a ghost are the chief ingredients, seems somewhat hypercritical; and the '*thorny roads*' through which one is to '*wade*' (with the help of Mrs. Delany's *sympathy*) to certain *speeches* in Hamlet, look to us like a confusion of ideas as well as of metaphors. Now and then she makes literary blunders, slight in themselves, but rather strange in a professed author. Living within ten yards of *St. George's Chapel*, she calls it a '*Cathedral*.' A lively allusion made by one of Jacob Bryant's friends to his antediluvian studies, she thus mystifies:—'Bryant is a very good scholar, and knows all things whatever *up* to Noah, but not a single thing *beyond* the Flood.' This sounds like the very reverse of what was intended; namely, that 'Bryant knew everything from the creation of the world *down* to the Deluge, but nothing *since*.' The Queen, she says, lent her

'an old Scotch ballad to read, that had lately been printed in Germany, with an introductory essay upon the resemblance still subsisting between the German and Scotch languages. The ballad is entitled the "*Gaberlunzie Man*." It had to me no recommendation, *save its curiosity* in a vocabulary and glossary, that pointed out the similitude of the two languages.'—vol. iii. p. 164.

Most

Most persons who had never before seen 'The Gaberlunzie Man' would have probably been struck with its happy though not very delicate humour, its very clever versification, and the *curiosity* of such a ballad having been written by a *king*—James V. of Scotland. But as to the German pamphlet which the Queen showed her, it had been printed to illustrate a philological fact—and it satisfied even Miss Burney as to that fact—yet she complains that it did not do something else—we know not what! In short her general literature seems to have been very slight; but she had been so *fêtée* and flattered as a first-rate author, that we are not at all surprised to find that she *expected* that the Queen intended to make her a kind of literary aide-de-camp:—

'Wednesday, August 17th.—From the time that the Queen condescended to desire to place me in immediate attendance upon her own person, *I had always secretly concluded* she meant me for her *English Reader*; since the real duties of my office would have had a far greater promise of being fulfilled by thousands of others than by myself. This idea had made the prospect of reading to her extremely awful to me: an exhibition, at any rate, is painful to me, but one in which I considered Her Majesty as a judge, interested for herself in the sentence she should pronounce, and gratified or disappointed according to its tenor—this was an exhibition formidable indeed, and must have been considered as such by anybody in similar circumstances.

'Not a book, not a pamphlet, not a newspaper, had I ever seen near the Queen, for the first week, without feeling a panic; I always expected to be called upon. She frequently bid me give her the papers; I felt that they would be the worst reading I could have, because full of danger, in matter as well as manner: however, she always read them herself.

'To-day [17th Aug.] after she was dressed, Mrs. Schwellenberg went to her own room; and the Queen, instead of leaving me, as usual, to go to mine, desired me to follow her to her sitting dressing-room. She then employed me in helping her to arrange her work, which is chair-covers done in ribbon; and then told me to fetch her a volume of the *Spectator*. I obeyed with perfect tranquillity. She let me stand by her a little while without speaking, and then, suddenly, but very gently, said "Will you read a paper while I work?"

'I was quite "consternated!" I had not then the smallest expectation of such a request. I said nothing, and held the book unopened.

'She took it from me, and pointed out the place where I should begin. She is reading them regularly through, for the first time. I had no choice: I was forced to obey; but my voice was less obedient than my will, and it became so husky, and so unmanageable, that nothing more unpleasant could be heard. The paper was a curious one enough—all concerning a court favourite. I could hardly rejoice when my task was over, from my consciousness how ill it was performed. The Queen talked of the paper, but *forbore saying anything of any sort about*

about the reader. I am sorry, however, to have done so ill,—vol. iii. pp. 117-119.

The mortification of Miss Burney at the Queen's having 'forborne to say anything of any sort about the reader' is obvious; but we suspect that it had a more serious and permanent effect on her temper and prospects, by dissipating all the hopes in which she had indulged of being elevated from the menial service of keeper of the robes to the higher and more lady-like duty of *Reader*. When she found that she really was to be Mrs. Schwollenberg's deputy, and like all other deputies subordinate to her principal—her vexation took a permanent shape and colour. She had not learned from honest Dogberry that, 'an two ride of a horse, one must ride behind,' and henceforward the struggle between her place and her pride made her, we have no doubt, exceedingly uncomfortable to herself and others.

At this period their Majesties' residence at Windsor was in a plain barrack-looking house, called the *Queen's Lodge*, erected a little to the south-eastward of the Castle, by Sir William Chambers, for George III., but fortunately demolished in the recent improvements. It is due to the memory of the Sovereign and the architect to say, that this excrescence, of which both the style and the position were, with reference to the Castle, exceedingly incongruous, was never meant to be permanent; but the Castle was not habitable for the royal family, nor capable of being made so at any reasonable expense, nor within any reasonable time; and George III., designing to restore it gradually, and wishing in the mean while to have the pleasure of living at Windsor, ran up, as we have understood, this lodge for a temporary residence, with the obvious intention of removing it when the Castle should be completed. In this house, with very limited accommodation and very few attendants, it was the King's pleasure to live very much in the style of a *country gentleman*, riding a great deal, hunting, farming, superintending his workmen, &c. The royal ladies lived in the same unceremonious fashion: drove out and paid visits in the mornings, and read and worked round the tea-table in the evenings, while the King chatted, or played backgammon with the equerry in waiting, commonly his only attendant. There was also generally music, of which the audience was the royal family and their very small suite, now and then an occasional visitor, and a few persons like Mrs. Delany, who might be called private friends. Every now and then this domestic circle, but on a still smaller scale, was, for a little variety and change of air for the royal children, removed to Kew:—

'You will perceive the Kew life is different from the Windsor. As there are no early prayers, the Queen rises later; and as there is no form or

or ceremony here of any sort, her dress is plain, and the hour for the second toilette extremely uncertain. The Royal family are here always in so very retired a way, that they live as the simplest country gentlemen. The King has not even an equerry with him, nor the Queen any lady to attend her when she goes her airings. — vol. iii. p. 37.

Once or twice a-week the King, and less frequently the Queen, would come to London, either for public business, or for levees and drawing-rooms. To this regular and simple style of life, their Majesties added early hours and strict punctuality; and living, as they did, in small houses and in so private a way, they received few visitors themselves, and expected—not unreasonably—that in this respect they should be imitated by their attendants. Miss Burney—who, no doubt, regretted the gross flattery of other circles, and had been regaling herself with the idea of playing lioness in a royal den—was very much disposed to infringe this rule, and it required some gentle hints from the Queen herself to bring her into discipline on this and some other points; for she had a wonderful alacrity at getting into petty scrapes, partly from ignorance, and partly from presumption. Miss Burney's ordinary duties may be compressed into the following summary:—

‘ I rise at six o'clock, dress in a morning-gown and cap, and wait my first summons [to the Queen], which is at all times from seven to near eight, but commonly in the exact half-hour between them. . . . The Queen never sends for me till her hair is dressed: this, in a morning, is always done by her wardrobe-woman, Mrs. Thielky, a German, but who speaks English perfectly well. Mrs. Schwellenberg, since the first week, has never come down in a morning at all. The Queen's dress is finished by Mrs. Thielky and myself! No maid ever enters the room while the Queen is in it. Mrs. Thielky hands the things to me, and I put them on. By eight o'clock, or a little after, for she is extremely expeditious, she is dressed. She then goes out to join the King, and be joined by the princesses, and they all proceed to the King's chapel in the castle, to prayers, attended by the governesses of the princesses and the King's equerry. Various others at times attend; but only these indispensably: I then return to my own room to breakfast: I make this meal the most pleasant part of the day; I have a book for my companion, and I allow myself an hour for it. . . . At nine o'clock I send off my breakfast-things, and relinquish my book, to make a serious and steady examination of everything I have upon my hands in the way of business—in which preparations for dress are always included, not for the present day alone, but for the court-days, which require a particular dress; for the next arriving birth-day of any of the royal family, every one of which requires new apparel; for Kew, where the dress is plainest; and for going on here, where the dress is very pleasant to me, requiring no show nor finery, but merely to be neat, not inelegant, and moderately fashionable. That over, I have my time at my own disposal till a quarter before twelve, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when I have it only to a quarter before

before eleven. . . . These times mentioned call me to the irksome and quick-returning labours of the toilette. The hour advanced on the Wednesdays and Saturdays is for curling and craping the hair, which it now requires twice a-week. A quarter before one is the usual time for the Queen to begin dressing for the day. Mrs. Schwellenberg then constantly attends; so do I; Mrs. Thielky, of course, at all times. We help her off with her gown, and on with her powdering-things, and then the hair-dresser is admitted: she generally reads the newspapers during that operation. When she observes that I have *run to her but half-dressed*, she constantly gives me leave to return and finish as soon as she is seated. If she is grave, and reads steadily on, she dismisses me, whether I am dressed or not; but at all times she never forgets to send me away while she is powdering, with a consideration not to spoil my clothes *that one would not expect belonged to her high station*. Neither does she ever detain me without making a point of reading here and there some little paragraph aloud. . . . Few minutes elapse ere I am again summoned. I find her then always removed to her state dressing-room, if any room in this private mansion can have the epithet of state; there, in a very short time, her dress is finished. She then says she won't detain me, and I hear and see no more of her till bed-time. . . . At five we have dinner. Mrs. Schwellenberg and I meet in the eating-room. . . . When we have dined we go upstairs to her apartment, which is directly over mine. Here we have coffee till the *terracing* is over: this is at about eight o'clock. Our *tête-à-tête* then finishes, and we come down again to the eating-room. There the equerry, whoever he is, comes to tea constantly, and with him any gentleman that the King or Queen may have invited for the evening; and when tea is over he conducts them and goes himself to the concert-room. This is commonly about nine o'clock. From that time, if Mrs. Schwellenberg is alone, I never quit her for a minute till I come to my little supper at near eleven. Between eleven and twelve my last summons usually takes place, earlier and later occasionally. Twenty minutes is the customary time then spent with the Queen; half an hour, I believe, is seldom exceeded. I then come back, and after doing whatever I can to forward my dress for the next morning, I go to bed—and to sleep, too, believe me: the early rising, and a long day's attention to new affairs and occupations, cause a fatigue so bodily that nothing mental stands against it, and to sleep I fall the moment I have put out my candle and laid down my head.—vol. iii. pp. 27-31.

These are the materials out of which Miss Burney contrived to make herself—or at least says that she was made—exceedingly miserable; and we have little doubt that she did make herself exceedingly ridiculous and disagreeable to her companions. Her grand grievance is the domineering spirit and tyrannical oppression of Mrs. Schwellenberg. We can easily believe that this good lady, the Queen's countrywoman and oldest friend and favourite—and now grown old, sickly, and probably peevish—was not particularly pleased at the introduction of a young English
authoress

authoress in the place of her old German associate, Mrs. Haggerdorn; and particularly as the new-comer's awkwardness, ignorance, and dissatisfaction at her subordinate situation created additional trouble and a species of annoyance which had never before broken the even tenor of Mrs. Schwellenberg's life. But, on the other hand, we think it is clear that Miss Burney's personal pretensions forced Mrs. Schwellenberg into something of a hostile vindication of her own position and the etiquette of her office: take for instance—the most frequent and fruitful cause of dissatisfaction to Miss Burney—the supreme command exercised by Mrs. Schwellenberg at the *dinner and tea tables*. In those days no gentleman and very few ladies were ever invited to dine at the royal table—but there was a regular and well-appointed table kept *nominally* for Mrs. Schwellenberg, but in reality for her and her assistant, and such attendants and occasional visitors as their Majesties—and particularly the *Queen*—might invite or cause to be invited to it. A similar table for the equerries was more specially filled by the *King's* invitation; and the guests at both tables were in the habit of meeting at tea in Mrs. Schwellenberg's apartments, where his Majesty would often condescend to walk in, and invite some of the party (but never persons of Mrs. Schwellenberg's or Miss Burney's rank) to the music or drawing room. In the Queen's first offer to Miss Burney her place at this table was clearly marked:—

'Her Majesty proposed giving me apartments in the palace; making me belong to *the table of Mrs. Schwellenberg*, with *whom* all her own visitors—bishops, lords, or commons—always dine; keeping me a footman, and settling on me 200*l.* a-year.'—vol. ii. p. 418.

This is plain enough—the table was Mrs. Schwellenberg's, to which Miss Burney was to be added, together with Her Majesty's occasional visitors. But Miss Burney attempted from the very first to alter the established forms:—

'When summoned to dinner [*the first day*] I was offered the seat of Mrs. Haggerdorn, which was at the head of the table; but that was an undertaking I could not bear. I begged leave to decline it; and, as Mrs. Schwellenberg left me at my own choice, I planted myself quietly at one side.'—vol. iii. p. 14.

The reason of this move, we presume, was that the seat of Mrs. Haggerdorn was not the post of honour; but it is certain that Miss Burney, whether from shyness or pride, chose to depart from the practice of her predecessor. At tea she repeated a similar pretension, under a similar guise of humility:—

'I find it has always belonged to Mrs. Schwellenberg and Mrs. Haggerdorn to receive at tea whatever company the King or Queen invite to the Lodge, as it is only a very select few that can eat with their Majesties, and

and those few are only ladies; no men, of what rank soever, being permitted to sit in the queen's presence. *I mean and hope to leave this business wholly to Mrs. Schwellenberg, and only to succeed Mrs. Haggerdorn in personal attendance upon the Queen.*—vol. iii, p. 17.

And she had previously, on this the very first evening of her residence, attempted a still higher stretch of independence—instead of accompanying Mrs. Schwellenberg into the tea-room, as her predecessor had always done and as all the rest of the company did, she ordered tea in her own room for herself and a visitor, who had called to congratulate her on her appointment.

Thus we find her, at the very outset, taking upon herself to innovate on the established order, by declining duties or honours, whichever they may have been, that belonged to her predecessor, by entertaining her own visitors in the King's house, and by acting in a way which she confesses must have been so 'offensive' to Mrs. Schwellenberg, 'who had begun very civilly and attentively.' Yet, before she had completed seven full days in office we find her writing,—

'We [Mrs. S. and Miss B.] are commonly *tête-à-tête* at dinner: when there is anybody added, it is from her invitation only. Whatever right my place might afford me of *also inviting my friends to the table* I have now totally lost, by want of courage and spirit to claim it.'—vol. iii. pp. 30, 31.

She forgets that she had just before told us that it was Mrs. Schwellenberg's table—she forgets that she had refused to take Mrs. Haggerdorn's place—she forgets her 'offensive' separation from the tea-party on the first day; and then she complains that she has lost prerogatives enjoyed by Mrs. Haggerdorn, through Mrs. Schwellenberg's encroachment and her own meekness and want of spirit; and all this within the first week!

This table, its etiquettes, and its guests, became to Miss Barney a frequent occasion for all sorts of petty miseries, of which we really can comprehend no more than that she seems to have resolved never to be pleased with anything, and that, in spite of her professions of humility, resignation, and so forth, she plagued herself and everybody near her with absurd jealousies and pretensions. Of course all the blame is laid upon the arrogance of Mrs. Schwellenberg; but, by and bye, it happens that Mrs. Schwellenberg falls sick, and removes to town for medical advice, leaving Miss Barney the 'presidency'—as she affects to call it—of the table. Let us see how she exercised it:

'No sooner did I find that my coadjutrix ceased to speak of returning to Windsor, and that I became, by that means, the presidentess of the dinner and tea table, than I formed a grand design—no other than to obtain to my own use the disposal of my evenings.

'From

'From the time of my entrance into this court, to that which I am writing, I had never been informed that it was incumbent upon me to receive the King's equerries at the tea-table; yet I observed that they always came to Mrs. Schwelkenberg, and that she expected them so entirely as never to make tea till their arrival. Nevertheless, nothing of that sort had ever been intimated to me, and I saw no necessity of falling into all her ways, without commands to that purpose; nor could I conclude that the King's gentlemen would expect from me either the same confinement or readiness of reception as had belonged to two invalid old ladies, glad of company, and without a single connexion to draw them from home.'—vol. iii. pp. 171, 172.

'In vain did the gentlemen assemble every evening as usual—in vain did they regularly send their compliments to Miss Burney, to say that they were come to tea, and waiting for her.'

'I determined not to notice this; and consequently, the first time Mrs. Delany was not well enough to give me her valuable society at the lodge, I went to her house, and spent the evening there, without sending any message to the equerries, as any apology must imply a right on their part that must involve me in future confinement.

'This I did three or four times, always with so much success as to gain my point for the moment, but never with such happy consequences as to ensure it me for the time to come; since every next meeting showed an air of pique, and since every evening had still, unremittingly, the same message for John.'—vol. iii. pp. 172, 173.

This kind of proceeding went on for several days, till at last it produced a direct remonstrance from Colonel Goldsworthy, the King's first equerry, on the part of himself and the rest; and then Miss Burney discovered—as she says—that her own footman, who had so regularly announced that the gentlemen were waiting for her, had also previously announced to the gentlemen that she was waiting for them. We can hardly believe this—for though the footman may have delivered the routine message the first evening in the usual way, yet when both he and the gentlemen found that the lady was not waiting, and that the lady never came, it seems scarcely possible that such a mistake could have been repeated night after night; but, be that as it may, it does not alter the substance of the case. Miss Burney, according to her own statement, formed a grand design of assuming a personal authority where she had none, and of innovating on an established usage of the King's family in a most offensive way; and it seems to us, that her whole temper and deportment were on all occasions marked with different shades of the same perversity and impertinence.

These miserable tracasseries may seem to our readers—as indeed they are—very paltry and tedious; but they form so large a feature in the book, and develop so clearly the author's character, that we cannot, in justice to all parties, omit to place them in what

what we consider their proper light; and with this object we shall say a few words more on the subject of Miss Burney's *bête noire*, 'old Madam Schwellenberg,' who, after all, really seems to have treated her young associate's very perverse proceedings with considerable forbearance—for Miss Burney, with all her avowed malevolence towards Mrs. Schwellenberg, acknowledges several instances of civility and kindness from her, particularly at first; while, on the other hand, she *specifies* but *one single* cause of complaint, and we may be assured that if she had more to tell it would not have been suppressed. But that specific complaint is, it must be owned, a serious one. In one of the journeys from Windsor to town, Mrs. Schwellenberg and Miss Burney being in the royal coach appropriated to their use, with Miss Planta and Mr. De Luc, two other of the attendants, Mrs. Schwellenberg desired that one of the glasses should be down—no very unreasonable wish with four people in a coach—but unfortunately she preferred its being down at Miss Burney's side; and we must say that, considering Mrs. Schwellenberg's age, ill health, and relative rank, and her long 'presidency' in that coach, *her wishes* ought to have prevailed. But Miss Burney's eyes were weak, and the cold air was exceedingly uncomfortable to her. Mr. De Luc first pulled up the glass for her relief, but Mrs. Schwellenberg objected to that—Mr. De Luc then goodnaturedly proposed that Miss Burney 'should change places with Miss Planta, who sat opposite to Mrs. Schwellenberg, and consequently on the sheltered side;' to this all agreed except Miss Burney, who told them—'*briefly*,'—that is, angrily,—that she 'was always sick in riding backwards.' (vol. iii. p. 460.) The elegance of the fact and of the phrase is worthy rather of *Miss Branghton* than *Evelina*. We suspect, however, that it was not so much the fear of sickness as the supposed loss of dignity from '*riding backwards*,' that operated on Miss Burney; and we cannot but smile at the *haut-en-bas* style in which she always affects on all occasions to treat Miss Planta, who had been the *governess*, and was now the *companion*, of the elder Princesses, and therefore, we believe, in official station, as she certainly was in good manners, good sense, good nature, and everything—except self-opinion—at least the equal of the *second keeper of the robes*. This adventure of the coach-glass is made the occasion of much harsh language and malignant insinuation against poor Mrs. Schwellenberg, which would not be worth our notice, except as affording additional proofs of the style of exaggeration and misrepresentation in which the *Memoirs* are generally written.

It would be insufferably tedious to wade through a tithe of the blunders, squabbles, complaints, and miseries in which Miss Burney

Burney contrived by her own vanity and vulgarity to involve herself—but there is one transaction of so peculiar and prominent an aspect, that we cannot pass it over with the contempt that its intrinsic absurdity would deserve.

Amongst the Queen's attendants—a frequent guest at *the table* and companion in *the coach*—was a gentleman whom Miss Burney chooses to call Mr. *Turbulent*, but whose real designation was the Reverend Charles Giffardier,* French reader to the Queen and Princesses, and very much in the favour and confidence of all those illustrious ladies. With him Miss Burney managed very early in their acquaintance to get into a series of most extraordinary discussions and perplexities, amounting to passionate transports on his part and awkward indecision and embarrassment on hers. If we gave implicit credit to her statements we must believe that Mr. Giffardier, though a beneficed clergyman, and in the highest confidence of Queen Charlotte, was lax in his moral views and unsteady in his religious principles, and, though a married man, violently enamoured of Miss Fanny, who represents herself as so astonished and awed by the *turbulence* of the man's language and deportment, that she had not courage to disentangle herself from his visits. We need hardly remark, that if her wishes to do so had been sincere, a single word, a single look—situated as the parties were—would have sufficed to silence any Mr. Turbulent that ever lived. Nor can we understand on what principles of good faith or good taste she should have thought herself justified in thus elaborately recording for circulation and publication so much idle, and, as she affects to have thought it, offensive trash. But idle and dull as, in her representation, it certainly is, it clearly was not to her—whatever she may say—offensive: it flattered her *amour-propre* more than it alarmed her prudery—she received it with a sentimental flutter as a homage to her attractions, and she was delighted—as she had been in the *Crutchley* and some other affairs—at the opportunity of exhibiting herself—even at the sacrifice of a little accuracy—as a heroine of romance who touched the heart, or turned the head of every man who approached her. Her innate propensity was to *make mountains of mole-hills*. That is a leading defect in her novels, and is still more prominent in these memoirs; and though we do not accuse her of downright fabrication, we see that she frequently inflates and discolours her anecdotes into something very like falsehood;—and this observation—true as it is of the whole work—applies with peculiar force to this individual

* So he was commonly called, but his name correctly written was, we believe, *De Giffardiére*. He had a prebendal stall at Salisbury, and was vicar of Newington and rector of Berkhamstead.

story of Mr. Giffardier, for we have here positive proof from her own pen of serious inaccuracy on her part. She professes—be it observed—to write a *diary* in letters to her sister—which are despatched as soon as the sheet is full: such a diary, we need hardly say, can tell the story only of *to-day* or *yesterday*, but never of *to-morrow*. Now the first distinct mention of Mr. Turbulent is on the 4th November, 1786, when he dined as a *new-comer*, and by the Queen's command, at *the* table, and then she adds—

'Shall I introduce to you this gentleman such as I now think him at once? or wait to let his character open itself to you by degrees, and in the same manner that it *did* to me? I wish I could hear your answer! So capital a part as you will find him *destined to play hereafter in my concerns*, I mean, *sooner or later*, to the best of my power, to make you fully acquainted with him.'—vol. iii. p. 207.

Here is manifest inaccuracy and self-contradiction. She confounds '*now*' and '*hereafter*,' and betrays, clumsily enough, that the pretended '*Diary*' was—in this instance at least—*dressed up* at a subsequent period, when the novelist chose to metamorphose poor Mr. Giffardier into a hero, '*destined to play so capital a part in her concerns*.'

And such a part! We know not how to describe it; for Miss Burney's style of narrative unites the contradictory qualities of being too diffuse to be extracted, and too obscure to be abridged. In fact, we can very seldom make out what her squabbles with Mr. Turbulent were about. The two main points seem to have been his anxiety that Miss Burney (Mrs. Schwellenberg being absent) should invite Colonel Greville, the equerry in waiting and a particular favourite of his own, to the tea-table, and that he himself wished for more of the enchanting conversation and company of Miss Burney than it seems she chose to allow him. These very ordinary matters are discussed between the parties in a style of passion on one side and prudery on the other, of which one or two passages—the shortest and least unintelligible we can find—will give our readers a more than sufficient specimen:—

'Mr. Turbulent became now every journey more and more violent in his behaviour. He no longer sued for leave to bring in his Colonel [Greville], who constantly sent in his own name to ask it, and invariably preserved that delicacy, good-breeding, and earnestness to oblige, which could not but secure the welcome he requested.'—vol. iii. p. 347. Then why did she make such difficulties about it, if not to keep up her discussions with Mr. Turbulent? She proceeds:—

'We were travelling to Windsor—Mr. Turbulent, Miss Planta, and myself—the former in the highest spirits, and extremely entertaining, relating various anecdotes of his former life, and gallantly protesting he was content to close the scene by devoting himself to the service of the

the ladies then present. All this for a while did mighty well, and I was foremost to enter into the spirit of his rhodomontading; but I drew a little back when he said we did not live half enough together during these journeys, and desired he might come to breakfast with me. "Why should we not," he cried, "all live together? I hate to breakfast alone. What time do you rise?"

"At six o'clock," cried I.

"Well, I shall wait upon you then—call you, no doubt, for you can never be really up then. Shall I call you? Will you give me leave?"

"No, neither leave nor the trouble."

"Why not? I used to go to Miss Planta's room before she rose, and wander about as quiet as a lamb."

Miss Planta was quite scandalized, and exclaimed and denied with great earnestness. He did not mind her, but went on:—

"I shall certainly be punctual to six o'clock. If I should rap at your door to-morrow morning early, should you be very angry?—*can* you be very angry?"

"An unfortunate idea this, both for him and for me, and somewhat resembling poor Mrs. Vesey's, which she expressed once in the opening of a letter to me in these words:—" *You look as if you could forgive a liberty!*" I fear Mr. Turbulent thought so too.

His vehemence upon the eternal subject of his colonel lasted during the whole journey; and when we arrived at Windsor he followed me to my room, uttering such high-flown compliments, mixed with such bitter reproaches, that sometimes I was almost tempted to be quite serious with him, especially as *that manner which had already so little pleased me returned, and with double force*, so as to rise at times to a pitch of gallantry in his professions of devotion and complaints of ill-usage that would have called for some very effectual exertion to subdue and crush, had I not considered all the circumstances of his situation, and the impossibility of his meaning to give me cause for gravity.

All his murmurs at the weariness of these winter journeys, and all his misanthropical humours, were now vanished. He protested he longed for the return of the Windsor days; and when he got into my room upon our arrival, he detained me in a sort of conversation hard to describe, of good-humoured railery and sport, mixed with flighty praise and protestations, till I was regularly obliged to force him away, by assurances that he would disgrace me, by making me inevitably too late to be dressed for the Queen. Nevertheless, till this evening, to which I am now coming, I was altogether much amused with him, and, though sometimes for a moment startled, it was only for a moment, and I felt afterwards constantly ashamed I had been startled at all.

I must now, rather reluctantly I own, come to recite a quarrel, a very serious quarrel, in which I have been involved with my most extraordinary fellow-traveller. One evening at Windsor Miss Planta left the room while I was winding some silk. I was content to stay and finish the skein, though my remaining companion was in a humour too flighty to induce me to continue with him a moment longer. Indeed I had avoided pretty successfully all *tête-à-têtes* with him since the time when

his eccentric genius led to such eccentric conduct in our long conference in the last month. This time, however, when I had done my work, he protested I should stay and chat with him. I pleaded business—letters—hurry—all in vain; he would listen to nothing, and, when I offered to move, was so tumultuous in his opposition that I was obliged to re-seat myself to appease him. A flow of compliments followed, every one of which I liked less and less; but his spirits seemed uncontrollable, and, I suppose, ran away with all that ought to check them. I laughed and rallied as long as I possibly could, and tried to keep him in order, by not seeming to suppose he wanted aid for that purpose; yet still, every time I tried to rise, he stopped me, and uttered at last such expressions of homage—so like what Shakespeare says of the schoolboy* who makes “a sonnet on his mistress’ *eyebrow*,” which is always his favourite theme—that I told him his real compliment was all to my *temper*, in imagining it could brook such mockery. This brought him once more on his knees, with such a volley of asseverations of his sincerity, uttered with such fervour and violence, that I really felt uneasy, and used every possible means to get away from him, rallying him, however, all the time, and disguising the consciousness I felt of my inability to quit him. More and more vehement, however, he grew, till I could be no longer passive, but forcibly rising, protested I would not stay another minute. But you may easily imagine my astonishment and provocation, when, hastily rising himself, he violently seized hold of me, and compelled me to return to my chair, with a force and a freedom that gave me as much surprise as offence.

‘All now became serious. Raillery, good-humour, and even pretended ease and unconcern, were at an end. The positive displeasure I felt I made positively known; and the voice, manner, and looks with which I insisted upon an immediate release were so changed from what he had ever heard or observed in me before, that I saw him quite thunderstruck with the alteration; and, all his own violence subsiding, he begged my pardon with the mildest humility. He had made me too angry to grant it, and I only desired him to let me instantly go to my own room. He ceased all personal opposition; but, going to the door, planted himself before it, and said, “Not in wrath! I cannot let you go away in wrath!” “You *must*, Sir,” cried I, “for I *am* in wrath!” He began a thousand apologies, and as many promises of the most submissive behaviour in future; but I stopped them all, with a peremptory declaration that every minute he detained me made me but the more seriously angry. His vehemence now was all changed into strong alarm, and he opened the door, profoundly bowing, but not speaking as I passed him.

I am sure I need not dwell upon the uncomfortable sensations I felt in a check so rude and violent to the gaiety and entertainment of an acquaintance which had promised me my best amusement during our winter campaigns. I was now to begin upon quite a new system, and instead of encouraging, *as hitherto I had done*, everything that could lead to vivacity and spirit, I was fain to determine upon the most distant

* Shakespeare talks no such nonsense.

and even forbidding demeanour with the only life of our parties, that he might not again forget himself.'—vol. iii. pp. 347-351.

And this is the *shortest* specimen we can give! Nothing, indeed, can equal the stupid and prolix solemnity with which she labours all the details of this affair, except the incredible blindness which prevented her seeing the explanation of the enigma,—*Mr. Giffardier was all the while only laughing at her*. The truth is, that he was a very worthy man, and as incapable, from temper and principle, of indulging, as Miss Burney was of exciting, any irregular transports. But he was somewhat of a humorist—a kind of Yorick—fond of fun—a ready manufacturer of practical jokes and ridiculous stories, with which, 'within the limits of becoming mirth,' even the queen and princesses would sometimes condescend to be amused; and it is quite clear that he soon saw and seized the opportunity of entertaining himself, with the affectations, assumptions, and absurdities of this foolish little woman, who persisted in taking it all *au grand sérieux*—though she herself records many similar instances of Mr. Giffardier's style of pleasantry, particularly a scene played by him before the Princess Augusta (vol. iii. p. 339), which must have opened any eyes but those of so incorrigible an egotist. Twenty times she seems to have suspected what every one else saw, that it was all a *mauvaise plaisanterie*; but the delight of being worshipped soon overcame these gleams of common sense, and she gladly relapsed into the flattering conviction that she had inspired a passion! In short, this grand affair, which so tormented her and so wearied her readers, was from beginning to end a mere *mystification*—the occasional amusement of the gentleman, but an obstinate and cherished self-delusion on the part of the lady.

Some readers may be disposed to think that we have given more space to the exposure of Miss Burney's vanity and absurdity than so trivial a subject deserves; but be it recollected that the work is of considerable pretension, and that if it be not *now* reduced to its proper value, it may become hereafter a kind of authority in the history of manners, and may injuriously affect the reputation of persons whose talents it depreciates, and whose conduct it misrepresents. Is it, for example, not our duty to show that a clergyman honoured with the intimate confidence of good Queen Charlotte, and employed by her in the education of her royal daughters, was not such a profligate madman as Miss Burney's Mr. Turbulent. There is, indeed, as we have already admitted, no great harm done. She generally deals in very trivial concerns, and the tomb has closed over most of those that are mentioned; but we have still amongst us a few amiable and honoured survivors, who, as well as the friends and relatives of the departed, have too much

reason to complain of these foolish gossipings. As the succeeding volumes reach later times, this inconvenience is likely to become more serious; we therefore hasten to enter our protest against it, and to warn the editor of a difficulty—we might almost call it a danger—which she does not appear sufficiently to appreciate.

But though the larger portion of the work, as far as it has gone, is of this worthless and vexatious character, we readily admit that there are some few episodes of a better description. In the short—alas, very short!—intervals in which Miss Burney's *amour-propre* is permitted to slumber, we pick up some amusing details of the state of society sixty years ago, and some interesting anecdotes of remarkable persons. But even these passages are written so much in the style of the '*Précieuses Ridicules*,' and are spun out with such incompressible prolixity, that we confess ourselves utterly unable to separate, within any reasonable space, the grains of wheat from the bushels of chaff. We shall endeavour, however, to find room for some sketches of the most interesting subject of the work, and that which is, on the whole, the best executed,—the domestic life of George III., Queen Charlotte, and the Princesses. The Princes rarely came under Miss Burney's observation.

It is really—whatever *hypercritics* may think—a pleasure to praise. It has been a most reluctant and painful duty to expose, as we have done, the style and temper of Miss Burney, and we are glad, whenever we can with any colour of truth, to say something favourable of her memoirs, and this we can venture to do in the very few passages in which her personal vanity has permitted her to see clearly and to breathe freely. Amongst her equals or those only a little above her in society, she is captious, perverse, pompous, and, we believe, deceitful—she is always striving to be something which she is not; but with her royal master and mistress her position was so clearly defined and so incapable of flights and fancies, that she was, as it were, pinned down to the reality, and it would seem as if the simplicity and dignity of their personal character inspired Miss Burney with short gleams of corresponding sobriety, both of feeling and description—not that she is not very ready 'to bestow her tediousness' on kings and princes, as well as on her 'even Christian'—but she has discretion or reverence enough to restrain her fabulous verbosity within stricter limits than she thought necessary for Mr. Crutchley, or Mr. Turbulent, or even Dr. Johnson.

Ladies now-a-days will hardly understand the dependence of our grandmothers on hair-dressers. Miss Burney's first attempt at doing the duties of her office, unassisted by Mrs. Schwellenberg,

berg, was in waiting on the Queen in a visit, first to Nuneham Courtney, the seat of Lord Harcourt, and thence to Oxford, in the summer of 1786. She was exceedingly disturbed at the absence of that degree of personal attention on the part of the noble ladies of the family, to which she, forgetting the humble character in which she appeared there, thought herself entitled, and we have long pages of the ridiculous miseries which she inflicted on herself in consequence of these imaginary indignities; but the following distress was, in those days of powder and pomatum, of a more real, though hardly less ludicrous character:—

‘My next difficulty was for a hair-dresser. Nuneham is three or four miles from Oxford; and I had neither maid to dress, nor man to seek a dresser. I could only apply to Mrs. Thielky, and she made it her business to prevail with one of the royal footmen to get me a messenger, to order a hair-dresser from Oxford at six o’clock in the morning.

‘*August 13th.*—At six o’clock my hair-dresser, to my great satisfaction, arrived. *Full two hours was he at work*, yet was I not finished, when Swarthy, the Queen’s hair-dresser, came rapping at my door, to tell me her Majesty’s hair was done, and she was waiting for me. I hurried as fast as I could, and ran down without any cap. She smiled at sight of my hasty attire, and said I should not be distressed about a hair-dresser the next day, but employ Swarthy’s assistant, as soon as he had done with the Princesses: “You should have had him,” she added, “to-day, if I had known you wanted him.”

‘When her Majesty was dressed, all but the hat, she sent for the three Princesses; and the King came also. I felt very foolish with my uncovered head; but it was somewhat the less awkward, from its being very much a custom, in the Royal Family, to go without caps; though none that appear before them use such a freedom.

‘As soon as the hat was on,—“Now, Miss Burney,” said the Queen, “I won’t keep you; you had better go and dress too.”’—vol. iii. pp. 89, 90.

This was the more good-natured on the part of the Queen, for Miss Burney had the habitual misfortune of being always in a hurry and generally too late for her duty, and here we see she consoled herself for her negligence by a circumstance that would have additionally distressed a really modest person; she found herself, by this accident, dressed as the *Royal Ladies* sometimes were, and as ‘no one else took the freedom to be.’ She seems, as we before hinted, to have tried the Queen’s patience in a variety of ways. Could it be believed that, one day when Mrs. Schwellenberg’s absence enabled ‘the sweet Queen’ to gratify Miss Burney with the great object of her ambition, ‘the presidency of the table,’ by desiring her to invite a German clergyman to dinner, she did it by a verbal message through the same footman whose blunders she had often experienced, and who, on this occasion, as ignorant as she was negligent, conveyed

conveyed it to a wrong person? This produced a series of embarrassments to all the parties, which the Queen had the trouble of setting right by desiring Mrs. Schwollenberg (who had fortunately returned that evening) to invite the proper gentleman for the next day. At this and similar mixtures of neglect and blunder her Majesty only smiled, or sometimes, when they seemed likely to lead to graver consequences, condescended to set her right. Miss Burney, it must be added, had the grace to be very sensible of all this kindness on the part of her Majesty, and records it with a gratitude which would be amiable if it were not spoiled by the affectations of all sorts with which it is, to use a vulgar, but therefore most appropriate term, *interlarded*.

Here and there we find more important traits of her Majesty's character. Some common friends of Miss Burney and Madame de Genlis wished to establish a regular *correspondence* between them; Mrs. Delany's good sense saw the danger, in Miss Burney's situation, of such confidential intercourse with a lady of Madame de Genlis's very public and *peculiar* position, and advised Miss Burney to submit the matter to the Queen.

'An opportunity offered the next morning, for the Queen again commanded me to follow her into her saloon; and there she was so gentle and so gracious, that I ventured to speak of Madame de Genlis.

'With many pauses, and continual hesitation, I then told her that I had been earnestly pressed by Madame de Genlis to correspond with her; that I admired her with all my heart, and, with all my heart, believed all good of her; but that, nevertheless, my personal knowledge of her was too slight to make me wish so intimate an intercourse, which I had carefully shunned upon all occasions but those where my affection as well as my admiration had been interested; though I felt such a request from such a woman as Madame de Genlis as an honour, and therefore not to be declined without some reason stronger than my own general reluctance to proposals of that sort; and I found her unhappily, and I really and sincerely believed undeservedly, encircled with such powerful enemies, and accused with so much confidence of having voluntarily provoked them, that I could not, even in my own mind, settle if it were right to connect myself with her so closely, till I could procure information more positive in her favour, in order to answer the attacks of those who asperse her, and who would highly blame me for entering into a correspondence with a character not more unquestionably known to me. I had been desirous to wait, suspended, till this fuller knowledge might be brought about; but I was now solicited into a decision by M. Argant, who was immediately going to her, and who must either take her a letter from me, or show her, by taking none, that I was bent upon refusing her request.

'The Queen heard me with the greatest attention, and then said, "Have you yet writ to her?"

'No, I said. "I will speak to you then," cried she, "very honestly:
if

if you have not yet writ, I think it better you should not write. If you had begun, it would be best to go on; but as you have not, it will be the safest way to let it alone. You may easily say, without giving her any offence, that you are now too much engaged to find time for entering into any new correspondence."

'I thanked her for this open advice as well as I was able, and I felt the honour its reliance upon my prudence did me, as well as the kindness of permitting such an excuse to be made.

'The Queen talked on then of Madame de Genlis with the utmost frankness; she admired her as much as I had done myself, but had been so assaulted with tales to her disadvantage, that she thought it unsafe and indiscreet to form any connection with her. Against her own judgment, she had herself been almost tormented into granting her a private audience, from the imprudent vehemence of one of Madame de G.'s friends here, with whom she felt herself but little pleased for what she had done, and who, I plainly saw, from that unfortunate injudiciousness, would lose all power of exerting any influence in future. Having thus unreservedly explained herself, she finished the subject, and has never started it since. But she looked the whole time with a marked approbation of my applying to her. Poor Madame de Genlis! how I grieve at the cloud which hovers over so much merit, too bright to be hid, but not to be obscured!'—vol. iii. pp. 127-129.

We have made this long extract not only because it relates to that very remarkable woman Madame de Genlis, but as contrasting the simple and concise good sense of the Queen with the verbosity and inflation, bordering on nonsense, of the literary attendant. The following is a pleasing picture:—

'*Sunday, August 6th.*—The private conduct of the Royal Family is all so good, so exemplary, that it is with the greatest pleasure I take, from time to time, occasion to give my Susan some traits of it. This morning, before church, Miss Planta was sent to me by the Queen for some snuff, to be mixed as before: when I had prepared it I carried it, as directed, to her Majesty's dressing-room. I turned round the lock, for that, not rapping at the door, is the mode of begging admission; and she called out to me to come in. I found her reading aloud some religious book, but I could not discover what, to the three eldest Princesses. Miss Planta was in waiting. She continued after my entrance, only motioning to me that the snuff might be put in a box upon the table. I did not execute my task very expeditiously; for I was glad of this opportunity of witnessing the maternal piety with which she enforced, in voice and expression, every sentence that contained any lesson that might be useful to her Royal daughters. She reads extremely well, with great force, clearness, and meaning.'—vol. iii. p. 57.

And this is a touching one:—

'*December 24th.*—When I attended the Queen to-day after church, she kept me with her the whole morning, and spoke with more openness and trust upon various matters than I had yet observed. Chiefly the subject was the unhappy and frail Lady C. The Queen had known her

all

all her life, and particularly interested herself in all her proceedings: she had frequently received her in private, and had taken pains as well as pleasure in showing a marked, a useful, and a partial regard for her. What a disappointment, what a shock, then, did she not receive by her fall! She spoke of the whole transaction, gave me her character, her story, her situation—all at large; and at last, in speaking of her utter ruin and all its horrors, the tears ran down her face, and she held her handkerchief to her eyes some time before she could dry them.'—vol. iii. pp. 250, 251.

And we have good reason to know that the following estimate of her Majesty's understanding is perfectly just:—

'The Queen was unremittingly sweet and gracious, never making me sensible of any insufficiency from my single attendance; which, to me, was an opportunity the most favourable in the world for becoming more intimately acquainted with her mind and understanding. For the excellency of her mind I was fully prepared; the testimony of the nation at large could not be unfaithful; but the depth and soundness of her understanding surprised me: good sense I expected; to that alone she could owe the even tenor of her conduct, universally approved, though examined and judged by the watchful eye of multitudes. But I had not imagined that, shut up in the confined limits of a court, she could have acquired any but the most superficial knowledge of the world, and the most partial insight into character. But I find now I have only done justice to her disposition, not to her parts, which are truly of that superior order that makes sagacity intuitively supply the place of experience. In the course of this month I spent much time quite alone with her, and never once quitted her presence without fresh admiration of her talents.

'There are few points I have observed with more pleasure in her than all that concerns the office which brings me to her in this private and confidential manner. All that breaks from her, in our *tête-à-têtes*; upon the subject of dress, is both edifying and amiable. She equips herself for the drawing-room with all the attention in her power; she neglects nothing that she thinks becoming to her appearance upon those occasions, and is sensibly conscious that her high station makes her attire in public a matter of business. As such, she submits to it without murmuring; but a yet stronger consciousness of the real futility of such mere outward grandeur bursts from her, involuntarily, the moment the sacrifice is paid, and she can never refuse herself the satisfaction of expressing her contentment to put on a quiet undress.'—vol. iii. pp. 169, 170.

Although the Queen treated Miss Burney, as she seems to have done everybody, with great kindness and condescension, she certainly repressed all approach to familiarity and confidence; she rarely spoke to her beyond a few necessary words, and appears on the whole to have been—we had almost said—*shy* of her. Whether this arose from Miss Burney's station, or her manners—or her reputation

reputation as an author—or a suspicion that she might be *keeping a diary*—we cannot say; but the fact is, we think, very evident—and in one view we regret it.—We have already expressed our disapprobation of publishing private conversations, but the little Miss Burney has told us of the Queen is so amiable that we cannot but wish that, since she did break the ice, she had had more to tell. In truth nothing can be more charming than the whole domestic character of her Majesty—her tender and affectionate reverence for the King—her fond, yet judicious, treatment of her children—her indulgent consideration and kindness towards her attendants—her high scale of morals—her unvarying good temper—her plain yet elegant manners—her terse and appropriate style of conversation—her sound good sense—her prudence—her patience—her piety—her dignified deportment:—all which, on proper occasions, gave lustre even to her exalted station; and were accompanied by a real simplicity of taste and feeling that would have made her happy and respectable if she had been but a curate's wife. Every one knows historically the general excellence of her character, but Miss Burney saw the Queen in some of the details of her private life; and every line in which her Majesty is mentioned gives proof of some one or other of her admirable and amiable qualities. It is no great compliment to the practical exercise of English liberty, that this illustrious lady—one not only of the most illustrious but the most virtuous, benevolent, and blameless of women—was during her whole life the object of libels and obloquy, under which a weaker mind would have sunk—against which a more ambitious spirit would have revolted; but which her meek dignity and conscious rectitude had the magnanimity to disregard, and the happiness to *outlive*.

Much the same may be said of the KING; every additional light which time throws on his public or his private character raises him in our esteem and reverence; but it was long before he was justly appreciated. He had a hurried utterance—particularly in his youth, and when addressing strangers—which made an unfavourable impression; and the *eh? eh?* and *what? what?* which were in truth only symptoms of nervous excitability, were quoted by ignorance or malevolence as proofs of a trivial mind. No man in his dominions had a mind less trivial: he appreciated the duties of his station with a correctness of judgment, and executed its duties with a diligence and ability, of which thrones afford but few examples; he was, in the highest sense of the word, 'an honest man,—the noblest work of God;' and if he was not what the world calls a *great* king, it is only because he lived in times and under a constitution in which the personal action of the sovereign on public councils is concealed under the responsibility of

of his ministers, and, like the spring of a watch, is to the common eye only visible by the ostensible movement of the hands on the dial: but we speak advisedly when we assert, that if ever, and to whatever extent, his daily correspondence with his successive ministers upon the various business of the state shall be published, the world will then, and not fully till then, be able to appreciate his virtues and his talents; his unwearied affection for his people, too often ungrateful; his knowledge of and anxiety for their true interests, by themselves too often mistaken; his conscientious and disinterested love of justice, too often sacrificed to passion and party; and his steady support of the constitutional liberties of England, of which he always considered himself as the first representative and official guardian. Miss Burney has, of course, even less to tell of him than of the Queen; for though she frequently met him, it was at moments and under circumstances in which nothing could be exhibited but his affability and good nature. She saw him occasionally in the Queen's dressing-room, and more frequently in the evening in the tea-room appropriated to the Queen's attendants and visitors, where he would look in, either to invite some of the party to the drawing or music rooms, or to converse—which he would sometimes do for an hour—with some guest of note, as the Provost of Eton, Mr. Bryant, or Dr. Burney, who he might hear were in the house. On the few occasions in which anything worth telling occurred, Miss Burney's details confirm what was already generally known, that his manners were remarkable for their dignified frankness and ease, and his conversation for its unpretending good sense and unaffected good nature.

The following incidents are very slight, and, like almost everything else in the book, relate chiefly to Miss Burney herself: but they afford characteristic and pleasing traits of his Majesty's good nature:—

' *November 7th.*—When I rang this morning at the garden-door at Mr. Smelt's, I was informed the King was upstairs: of course I instantly retreated, and was walking back through the garden, hardly able to make my way, through the violence of the wind, blowing hard from the Thames, when I heard a tapping from a window upstairs: I looked up,—and thought I saw the King;—but, too uncertain to trust to eyes so short-sighted as mine, I hastily looked down again, and affecting not to hear the rap-tapping, though it was repeated, and louder, I proceeded on my way.

' 'Tis almost inconceivable the inconvenience I suffer, thus placed among the royals of the land, from my utter inability to confide in my own sight. I never know whether they look at me or at some one beyond me, nor whether they notice me, or pass me regardlessly.

' In a few instants my footsteps were hastily pursued with a loud call.

I then

I then thought I might venture to turn, and beheld Mr. Smelt, quite out of breath with running, but highly delighted to bring me word that the King had ordered me back, and into the room where they all were assembled, that I might not have two such walks in so high a wind, without rest.'—vol. iii. p. 215.

And on another occasion :—

'The royal family had all been to review Colonel Goldsworthy's regiment. Upon their return they saw through my windows that Mrs. Delany was with me, and the King and Queen both came in to speak to her. How they love her! and what mutual honour does such love confer on all three! The King counselled me to be as much as possible in the air, for the recovery of my strength, graciously naming to me that I should walk in the garden for that purpose—giving me, in those words, the licence with the advice. You may believe I would not let the day pass without accepting both.'—vol. iii. p. 363.

Our readers may perhaps be amused with two or three scenes, and we think the only ones in which Miss Burney describes His Majesty's deportment in his public character; everywhere else he is little better than *Farmer George*—a name which, though given by malice, by no means displeased the King's simple tastes and good old English feeling.

The first is, the King's behaviour on the attempt (2nd August, 1786) of Margaret Nicholson to assassinate him—a species of atrocity then unheard of, and which filled the nation with astonishment and indignation—feelings which the repetition of similar crimes has, since that first unhappy example, too frequently revived amongst us.

'While the guards and his own people now surrounded the King, the assassin was seized by the populace, who were tearing her away, no doubt to fall the instant sacrifice of her murderous purpose, when the King, the only calm and moderate person then present, called aloud to the mob, "The poor creature is mad!—Do not hurt her! She has not hurt me!" He then came forward, and showed himself to all the people, declaring he was perfectly safe and unhurt; and then gave positive orders that the woman should be taken care of, and went into the palace, and had his levee. There is something in the whole of his behaviour upon this occasion that strikes me as proof indisputable of a true and noble courage; for in a moment so extraordinary—an attack, in this country, unheard of before—to settle so instantly that it was the effect of insanity, to feel no apprehension of private plot or latent conspiracy—to stay out, fearlessly, among his people, and so benevolently to see himself to the safety of one who had raised her arm against his life—these little traits, all impulsive, and therefore to be trusted, have given me an impression of respect and reverence that I can never forget, and never think of but with fresh admiration.

'The insanity of the woman has now fully been proved; but that noble

noble confidence which gave that instant excuse for her was then all his own. Nor did he rest here; notwithstanding the excess of terror for his safety, and doubt of further mischief, with which all his family and all his household were seized, he still maintained the most cheerful composure, and insisted upon walking on the terrace, with no other attendant than his single equerry. The poor Queen went with him, pale and silent,—the Princesses followed, scarce yet commanding their tears. In the evening, just as usual, the King had his concert: but it was an evening of grief and horror to his family; nothing was listened to, scarce a word was spoken; the Princesses wept continually; the Queen, still more deeply struck, could only, from time to time, hold out her hand to the King, and say "I have you yet!"

'The affection for the King felt by all his household has been at once pleasant and affecting to me to observe: there has not been a dry eye in either of the Lodges on the recital of his danger, and not a face but his own that has not worn marks of care ever since.'—vol. iii. pp. 45-48.

This conduct might have been expected from THE KING, from his innate courage, and from the habitual dignity and self-possession which a reign of already six-and-twenty years would naturally create; but much more noble, or at least more surprising, was the hereditary spirit of his illustrious granddaughter on the late more trying occasion, in which we saw, with equal wonder and admiration, a young woman—a young sovereign—a young wife—a young mother—acting, not on a mere impulse, but with *calm and considerate courage, and sense of duty*, which would have done honour to the bravest and most experienced of her ancestors, and meeting a fore-known danger with no other fear than that of exposing her attendants to a risk which she felt it her own personal duty to disregard. History may be suspected of romancing on the theme of Edward and Eleanor; it does justice to George III., and will do so to Louis Philippe—all subjected to somewhat similar trials; but we cannot hesitate to say that nothing in ancient or modern story can exceed the amiable magnanimity, the gentle heroism of Queen Victoria, as attested by the indisputable evidence of the recent trial for High Treason.

Soon after the attack on King George the royal family paid that visit to Nuneham which was the source of so many tribulations to Miss Burney, and to Oxford, where, to do her justice, she seems to have almost forgotten herself in the enthusiasm which His Majesty's appearance after his recent danger lighted up:—

'The theatre was filled with company, all well dressed, and arranged in rows around it. The area below them was entirely empty, so that there was not the least confusion. The Chancellor's chair, at the head
of

of about a dozen steps, was prepared for the King; and just below him, to his left, a form for the Queen and the Princesses.

'The King walked foremost from the area, conducted by the University's Vice-Chancellor. The Queen followed, handed by her own Vice-Chamberlain. The Princess-Royal followed, led by the King's Aide-de-camp, General Harcourt; and Princess Augusta, leaning on Major Price. Princess Elizabeth walked alone, no other servant of the King being present, and no rank authorising such a conduct, without office.

'Next followed the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough; then the Duchess of Ancaster, and Marquis of Blandford; next, Lord and Lady Harcourt, then the two Lady Spencers and Lady Charlotte Bertie, then the Miss Vernons, and then Miss Planta and a certain F. B.

'We were no sooner arranged, and the door of the theatre shut, than the King, his head covered, sat down; the Queen did the same, and then the three Princesses. All the rest, throughout the theatre, stood. The Vice-Chancellor then made a low obeisance to the King, and, producing a written paper, began the Address of the University, to thank his Majesty for this second visit, and to congratulate him and the nation on his late escape from assassination. He read it in an audible and distinct voice; and in its conclusion an address was suddenly made to the Queen, expressive of much concern for her late distress, and the highest and most profound veneration for her amiable and exalted character.

'The Queen could scarcely bear it, though she had already, I doubt not, heard it at Nuneham, as these addresses must be first read in private, to have the answers prepared. Nevertheless, this public tribute of loyalty to the King, and of respect to herself, went gratefully to her heart, and filled her eyes with tears—which she would not, however, encourage, but, smiling through them, dispersed them with her fan, with which she was repeatedly obliged to stop their course down her cheeks. The Princesses, less guarded, the moment their father's danger was mentioned, wept with but little control; and no wonder, for I question if there was one dry eye in the theatre. The tribute, so just, so honourable, so elegant, paid to the exalted character of the Queen, affected everybody, with joy for her escape from affliction, and with delight at the reward and the avowal of her virtues. When the address was ended the King took a paper from Lord Harcourt, and read his answer. The King reads admirably; with ease, feeling, and force, and without any hesitation. His voice is particularly full and fine. I was very much surprised by its effect. When he had done, he took off his hat, and bowed to the Chancellor and Professors, and delivered the answer to Lord Harcourt, who, walking backwards, descended the stairs, and presented it to the Vice-Chancellor.

'After this, the Vice-Chancellor and Professors begged for the honour of kissing the King's hand. Lord Harcourt was again the backward messenger; and here followed a great mark of goodness in the King: he saw that nothing less than a thorough-bred old courtier, such as Lord Harcourt,

Harcourt, could walk backwards down these steps, before himself, and in sight of so full a hall of spectators; and he therefore dispensed with being approached to his seat, and walked down himself into the area, where the Vice-Chancellor kissed his hand, and was imitated by every Professor and Doctor in the room.'—vol. iii. pp. 95-97.

The following is interesting in a different style:—

'*Monday, January 1st.*—The King was to make an offering as Sovereign of the Garter. He was seated in the Deau of Windsor's stall, and the Queen sat by his side. The Princesses were in the opposite seats, and all of them at the end of the church. When the service was over, the offering ceremony began. The Dean and the Senior Canon went first to the communion-table: the Dean then read aloud, "Let your light so shine before men," &c. The organ began a slow and solemn movement, and the King came down from his stall, and proceeded, with a grave and majestic walk, towards the communion-table. When he had proceeded about a third of the way, he stopped, and bowed low to the altar: then he moved on, and again, at an equal distance, stopped for the same formality, which was a third and last time repeated as he reached the steps of the altar. Then he made his offering, which, according to the order of the original institution, was ten pounds in gold and silver, and delivered in a purse: he then knelt down, and made a silent prayer, after which, in the same measured steps, he returned to his stall, when the whole ceremony concluded by another slow movement on the organ. The air of piety, and the unaffected grace and dignity, with which the King performed this rite, surprised and moved me; Mr. Smelt, the most affectionate of his many loyal subjects, even shed tears from emotion, in looking at him in this serious office. The King, *I am told*, always acquits himself with true majesty, where he is necessarily to appear in state as a monarch.'—vol. iii. pp. 269, 270.

We wish Miss Burney could have given us more of such scenes as these, instead of her squabbles with the Crutchleys, the Turbulents, and the Schwellenbergs. We have already intimated that, though living in the same house and in daily intercourse with their Majesties, her station did not enable her to form any part of their society; but still a woman of observation and sagacity might, if not wholly absorbed in self-admiration, have given us, without any undue betrayal of private confidence, or any deficiency in duty to her royal patrons, many more valuable anecdotes than the few which these pages afford. We fully admit that in all she says of the royal family her narration is in better taste than any other portion of her *Diary*. We only lament that, talking so much, she says so little; and finding all the pages of the third volume so studded with the names of the King and Queen, we really have not been able to extract anything more interesting than we have presented to our readers.

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The result of all is that we are conscientiously obliged to pronounce these three volumes to be—considering their bulk and pretensions—nearly the most worthless we have ever waded through, and that we do not remember in all our experience to have laid down an unfinished work with less desire for its continuation. That it may not mend as it proceeds, we cannot—where there is such room for improvement—venture to pronounce; and there is thus much to be said for it, that it can hardly grow worse.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Correspondence between Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Rutland, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1781—1787.* (Privately printed.) London. 1842. pp. 174.

IT has been laid down as a rule by a great orator of ancient times, that writing well is the best and surest preparation for speaking well. *Stilus optimus et præstantissimus dicendi effector et magister* are the words of Cicero.* On the other hand, it seems natural to suppose that a man able and ready with his tongue should be still more able and ready with his pen. If he can without premeditation pour forth acute arguments in eloquent language, surely the advantages of leisure will supply the same acuteness and the same eloquence in at least equal perfection.

Neither of these conclusions, however, is entirely borne out by experience. Burke, whose writings will delight and instruct the latest posterity, often delivered his harangues to empty benches or a yawning audiencē, and was known to his contemporaries by the nickname of ‘the Dinner-Bell.’

‘Too deep for his hearers, he went on refining;
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining!’

Fox, so pre-eminent as a debater, appears with small distinction in his authorship. Nay more, even the high skill of the Reporters’ Gallery fails to give any just idea of the real merits of a speech as well or ill adapted to its hearers. Every one must have frequently felt surprise at his inability to discover—with the ‘Times’ or the ‘Chronicle’ in his hand—any good points in the speech which the night before has made the whole House ring with enthusiastic cheers; or, on the contrary, has wondered at the slight effect produced at the time, by what he afterwards reads with so much pleasure. We have heard a most eminent living statesman observe how very erroneous an idea, as to the comparative estimation of our public characters, would be formed by a foreigner who was unacquainted with our history, and who judged only from

* De Oratore, lib. i. c. 33.

Hansard's 'Debates.'* Who, for instance, now remembers the name of Mr. Charles Marsh? Yet one of the most pointed and vigorous philippics which we have read in any language stands in the name of Mr. Marsh, under the date of the 1st of July, 1813.

It has, therefore, always been a subject of doubt and discussion, notwithstanding the oratorical eminence of Mr. Pitt, whether he likewise excelled in written composition. Up to this time the general impression, we believe, is, that he did not. This impression has, in part perhaps, proceeded from the example of his father, the great Lord Chatham, whose style in his correspondence appears by no means worthy of such a mind—swelling, empty, cumbrous—and, even to his own family, seeking metaphors and epithets instead of precision and clearness. Another cause of that impression may have been, that Mr. Pitt, whenever it was possible, preferred transacting business in personal interviews rather than in writing.

Of this usual course in Mr. Pitt a strong proof came under our own observation. Once, when the writer of this article was on a visit at Lowther Castle, the venerable Earl, who amidst advancing years never wearies in acts of courtesy and kindness to all around him, indulged his friend's curiosity with a large packet of letters addressed by Mr. Pitt to himself, and to his kinsman Sir James. These letters had been most properly preserved as autographs; but, with one or two remarkable exceptions, they were very short, and nearly in the following strain:—'Dear Lowther, Pray call on me in the course of the morning.'—'Dear Lowther, Let me see you at the Treasury as soon as you can.'—'Dear Lowther, When shall you be next in town, as I wish to speak to you?'—in short, referring almost every subject to conversation instead of correspondence.

But whatever doubts may have been entertained as to Mr. Pitt's abilities for writing, are now, as we conceive, set at rest by a fortunate discovery in the House of Rutland. It may be recollected, that the late Duke was appointed by Mr. Pitt, in 1784, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and died as such, in 1787, at the early age of thirty-three. The Duchess, his widow, survived till 1831. Not long since, as their eldest son, the present Duke, was arranging Her Grace's papers, he unexpectedly lighted upon a long series of confidential communications between Downing Street and Dublin Castle. In this case it was manifestly impos-

* We cannot mention Hansard's 'Debates' without noticing the valuable addition to them now in course of publication—Sir Henry Cavendish's Reports. These Reports (1768—1774) contain much curious matter—*inter alia*, upwards of one hundred new speeches of Burke;—they, in fact, go very far to fill up a hitherto hopeless gap in our Parliamentary history—and the publication, with its important appendices, does great honour to the skill and industry of the discoverer and editor, Mr. Wright.

sible for the Prime Minister to hold personal interviews with the Lord-Lieutenant: in this case, therefore, Mr. Pitt wrote, and wrote most fully and freely. The greater part of the letters are marked 'private,' 'most private,' 'secret,' 'most secret,' and are evidently composed, not merely as between official colleagues, but familiar friends. The value of these documents to illustrate the history of the times and the character of Mr. Pitt could not fail to be apparent, and although there might be some ground against their publication at present, the Duke of Rutland has in the most liberal manner consented that a certain number should be printed for the gratification of his friends.

Of the letters thus printed in the course of the present summer, we have had the honour to receive a copy, and we feel no hesitation in saying that—written though many of them were, in the very height of the session, or the utmost hurry of business—they appear to us models in that kind of composition. We can scarcely praise them more highly than by saying that they rival Lord Bolingbroke's celebrated diplomatic correspondence, of which, as we know from other sources, Mr. Pitt was a warm admirer. They never strain at any of those rhetorical ornaments which, when real business is concerned, become only obstructions, but are endowed with a natural grace and dignity—a happy choice of words, and a constant clearness of thought. Although scarce ever divided into paragraphs, they display neither confusion, nor yet abrupt transition of subjects, but flow on, as it were, in an even and continuous stream.

Of these merits, however, we shall now give our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves. Here, for example, is a confidential inquiry, which was addressed to the Duke of Rutland as to some faults imputed to his secretary, Mr. Orde,* and which, as it seems to us, most justly combines a zeal for the public service with a tenderness for personal feelings:—

' Mr. Pitt to the Duke of Rutland.

' [Secret.]

' Brighthelmstone, Oct. 28, 1785.

' My dear Duke,—I would not break in upon you in the course of your tour, if the business I wish to bring under your consideration was less pressing and important than it is. You will be so good to understand what I have to say upon it as being in the most entire confidence and secrecy, as indeed the subject itself sufficiently implies. Various accounts have reached me from persons connected with Ireland, too material to the interest of your government, and, consequently, to us both, to make it possible for me to delay communicating the substance immediately to you, and desiring such farther information and advice as you alone can

* The Right Hon. Thomas Orde. He had been Secretary of the Treasury, in 1782. In 1797 he was created Lord Bolton, and died in 1807.

give. While all quarters agree in eulogiums, which do not surprise me, on every part of your own conduct, and on the prudence, spirit, and firmness of your government, the picture they give of the first instrument of your administration is very different. They state that Mr. Orde has incurred the imputation of irresolution and timidity, and a suspicion even of duplicity, still more prejudicial than his want of decision; and that if the management of the House of Commons, and the duties of secretary, are left in his hands, it will be impossible to answer what may be the consequences to Government even in the next session. This information you may imagine does not come directly to me; and I neither know how far it is to be depended upon, nor have any means myself of ascertaining it, but by stating it to you, who may be able to do so. I receive every such intimation with great allowance for a thousand prejudices or secret motives in which it may originate; but I still think it too serious to be wholly disregarded. From all I have had an opportunity of seeing, I give Mr. Orde credit for considerable abilities and industry, and for perfect good intention. I am, therefore, inclined to think such representations as I have mentioned at least greatly exaggerated. But I am sensible that his manners do not lead him to be direct and explicit in doing business, and that his temper is not decisive. This may make him not distinct enough in his dealings with men or personal objects, and content, without knowing as distinctly as he ought, on the other hand, what he has to trust to from them; and these circumstances will sometimes have the appearance, and generally the bad effect, of the qualities imputed to him. It is stated particularly, that when the commercial bill was brought forward he had neither taken sufficient pains to ascertain who were the friends of Government, nor to collect those who were certainly so, but had trusted to vague assurances and general expectations, which produced the consequences we saw. This I am more apt to believe, because I think, even now, after that session, he is not prepared to give any clear and satisfactory statement of the support on which Government may rely. I do not mention what passed on the commercial question as a thing to be lamented in the event: on the contrary, if the effect of more exertion in Mr. Orde had been to procure twenty or thirty more votes in the House of Commons, it would, as events have proved, perhaps have been a misfortune; but occasions might arise in which the same want of address or vigour might be fatal.

‘Upon the whole, if there is any reasonable ground for the suggestions I have mentioned, I think you will agree with me that it would be very desirable to open a retreat for Orde, and to endeavour to find some other person whom you would approve of to take his place. But, at the same time, this is not a resolution to be lightly taken, because, although the pledge for the continuance of the same system, and the main grounds of confidence, would still continue (where they have hitherto existed) in your own person, yet even the change of the secretary must interrupt and derange for a time the machine of government in a way which ought to be avoided, if there is no strong necessity for hazarding it. All, therefore, that occurs to me, under these circumstances, is, first, what I have now done, to state the whole to you, and to desire the most confidential

dential communication of your opinions and wishes concerning it. You may, perhaps, in your situation, find it difficult to obtain from the truest friends of Government their real sentiments on so delicate a point; you may have a difficulty in endeavouring to sound any of them; and I know not whether there are any whose integrity and good sense you would trust sufficiently to communicate with them on such points; but it is possible that you may find opportunities of doing so without committing yourself too far. At all events, you can compare what I have stated with the result of your own experience and observation of Mr. Orde's conduct, and you will be best able to judge whether there is any probability of its being founded. And, above all, you will have the goodness to tell me freely, whether, if (from such materials as we can collect) the opinion here should incline to remove Mr. Orde, you feel in your own mind any objection, provided you can pitch upon a proper person to succeed him; and be persuaded that the knowledge of your inclination in this respect will be decisive, both on my opinion and my wishes. The only other way by which I can be enabled to judge farther on this subject is by calling on Mr. Orde himself (as may naturally be done in the present circumstances) to state, more precisely than he has hitherto done, the strength and reliance of Government, and the prospect he has of carrying through the public service in the House of Commons. By this means, one material part of the consideration may, I think, be ascertained with a good deal of accuracy.

It may seem premature to proceed already to talk of the person to succeed before the preliminary point is ascertained. In mentioning it, however, I do not mean to anticipate your decision on the prudence of making the change (in which my own opinion is in no degree settled), but I wish, in order to avoid delay (whatever may be the final result), that the whole subject should be at once before you. I need hardly say, that, if the change should take place, any person whom you could select for this trust would be sure to be at once acquiesced in here. But from what has passed formerly I must doubt whether you have any one to name, Fitzherbert* being, from his situation, so far out of the question. Only three names have occurred to me, which I mention to you that you may turn them in your mind. The first is W. Grenville;† I do not know that he would take it, and rather suppose that he would not. I think, too, that his near connexion with Lord Buckingham is itself perhaps a sufficient objection, though in temper and disposition he is much the reverse of his brother, and in good sense and habits of business very fit for such a situation. The second I have to name is Steele:‡ I know as little whether he would take it, having never hinted a syllable to him on the subject, and I could very ill spare him from his present situation at the Treasury; but if no other good arrangement could be found, I believe I should make the sacrifice, for such it would be. He has exceeding good abilities, great clearness and dis-

* Alleyne Fitzherbert. He became Secretary for Ireland under the Duke of Rutland's successor, and in 1801 was created Lord St. Helen's.

† William Wyndham Grenville, afterwards Lord Grenville.

‡ The Right Hon. Thomas Steele, for many years Secretary of the Treasury.

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cretion, the most manly disposition, the best temper, and most agreeable manners possible, and speaks well in public. The third person is Faulkener, whom I believe you know quite as well as I do. He has the reputation of uncommon cleverness, is very accomplished, and seems a man of spirit. I have had some opportunity of seeing him in business at the Privy Council, on occasions which tried his abilities, and have from thence been led to rate him very high. He is, however, reckoned to be of a bad temper; but you would not be exposed to the inconvenience of it, and I should hope he would have sense enough to control it in public. I have now unbosomed myself of everything, and need not repeat, that, as I have written without a shadow of reserve, all I have said is for yourself only. Have the goodness to return me an answer as speedily as you can, after revolving all this in your mind, as the season of the year requires that, one way or other, the business should be soon decided.

‘I have many other things to write to you upon, but this letter is too long already. I cannot conclude without telling you the pride and satisfaction I take in the credit and honour which, under all the difficulties and disappointments of the time, has resulted to yourself, and which will, I trust, be increased and confirmed in every hour of your government.

‘Believe me ever,

‘My dear Duke,

‘Most faithfully and affectionately yours,

W. PITT.

‘P.S.—I must just add (though foreign from the subject of this letter) that the situation of our finances here proves flourishing beyond almost what could be expected. We are in possession, from the existing taxes, of a surplus of about 800,000*l.* for sinking fund already, and it is advancing fast to a clear million.

‘I should have stated, that, if the change should take place, every management would be had for Orde’s feelings, and it might be made to appear an act of choice in him.’

No copy of the Duke’s reply to this letter is preserved among his papers, but it appears to have entirely acquitted Mr. Orde from blame, since Mr. Pitt, in his next communication (Nov. 13, 1785), thus rejoins:—

‘I am, be assured, infinitely happy at finding the suggestions I had thought myself obliged to communicate to you, to so great a degree contradicted. Every idea of Mr. Orde’s retirement will be totally laid aside in my mind.’

It may easily be supposed that—the scene being laid at Dublin—there is no lack of applications for place and promotion. These the Lord Lieutenant, as was his duty, transmits to the Prime Minister. In one communication (June 16, 1784) he observes:—‘You are so unused to receive letters which contain no application, that if it were for form’s sake only I must recommend’—and then follows the name of ‘*a friend*.’ Foremost among

among such as these come demands for Irish Marquises or English Baronies, from noblemen of large parliamentary interest at Dublin. But to such requests Mr. Pitt states a strong objection (July 19, 1786):—

‘I am certainly very anxious to forward any thing you think material for the ease and success of your government, and extremely inclined to concur in showing a marked attention to its stedfast supporters; but I have no difficulty in stating fairly to you, that a variety of circumstances have unavoidably led me to recommend a larger addition to the British peerage than I like, or than I think quite creditable, and that I am on that account very desirous not to increase it now farther than is absolutely necessary.’

It is remarkable that the large multiplication of honours which has been charged against Mr. Pitt’s administration took place at a subsequent period. We may therefore conclude that in advising or acceding to it, Mr. Pitt consulted rather the growing difficulties of the times than the natural dictates of his judgment.

We may remark, also—not merely as to the point of patronage or promotion, but as to every other subject treated in these pages—how pure appears the mind, how lofty the view of the Great Minister. There is never the least approach—not even on the congenial soil of Ireland—to *a job*. While he shows every anxiety to gratify his colleagues, or to serve his friends, all his determinations, all his expressions, bear the stamp of the noblest public spirit.

Among the few persons for whose employment Mr. Pitt himself expresses a wish in these pages, it is interesting to trace the name of one who has since attained such high renown in the public service, and who still survives in a green and honoured old age—the then Earl of Mornington, the present Marquess Wellesley. In a letter of August 9th, 1784 (Lord Mornington being then but twenty-four years of age) Mr. Pitt says:—

‘The immediate object I have in writing at this moment is to state to you some circumstances relative to Lord Mornington, and to beg you to let me know how far the ideas I have conceived on the subject correspond with yours. I find he considers himself as entitled, from the assurances he received both from you and me (either personally or through Lord Temple), before you went to Ireland, to expect the earliest mark of the favour of government in that country which its circumstances could admit of. He expresses a full disposition to have made every allowance for the exigencies of a new government, at so critical a time, but I think he seems to imagine that there was an appearance of his pretensions being postponed, either without sufficient grounds, or without their being so confidentially stated to him as he supposed he had a claim to. He seems at the same time to feel a real zeal for the interests and credit of your government, and a strong sense of the marks
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of your personal friendship. I am very anxious, for all our sakes, that there should be no misapprehension on the subject, both from a high opinion of him, and from feeling (as I am sure you will) a great desire that any thing like an engagement, or even a reasonable expectation, should not be disappointed.'

And on the 15th of August following the Duke of Rutland thus replies :—

'I can have no hesitation of saying that Lord Mornington shall have the first office which may fall worthy of his acceptance. His merits are very great, which I am sure I am one of the first men to allow. Lord Mornington, as I have always stated to him, stands first for whatever may offer. I have his interest much at heart, as well from private regard as from a conviction of his powers to render the public essential service.'

One of the most important and most difficult subjects which engaged the Duke's attention was that of Irish tithes, on which we find him (September 13th, 1786) refer to Mr. Pitt for direction :—

'The question of the tithes, with the commotions of the Whiteboys, will, I am apprehensive, form business for a very tedious session. A parliamentary investigation into the causes of their complaints will certainly take place, and is indeed become necessary. It is of the utmost consequence to prevent this question from falling into the hands of opposition, who would employ it to the most mischievous purposes, and who might raise a storm which it would not be easy to direct. This business is of extreme delicacy and complication. We have the most rooted prejudices to contend with. The episcopal part of the clergy consider any settlement as a direct attack on their most ancient rights, and as a commencement of the ruin of their establishment; whereas many individual clergymen, who foresee no prospect of receiving any property at all under the present system, are extremely desirous of a fair adjustment. The Established Church, with legions of Papists on one side and a violent Presbytery on the other, must be supported, however, decidedly, as the principle that combinations are to compel measures must be exterminated out of the country and from the public mind; at the same time the country must not be permitted to continue in a state little less than war, when a substantial grievance is alleged to be the cause. The majority of the laity, who are at all times ready to oppose tithes, are likewise strong advocates for some settlement. On the whole it forms a most involved and difficult question; on all hands it is agreed that it ought to be investigated: but then it is problematical whether any effectual remedy can be applied without endangering the Establishment, which must be guarded; and next, whether any arrangement could be suggested which the Church (who must be consulted) would agree to, adequate to the nature and extent of the evil complained of. In short, it involves a great political settlement worthy of the decision of your clear and incomparable judgment.'

The letter of Mr. Pitt in reply is perhaps the most remarkable
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of this whole collection. It is dated Burton Pynsent, November 7th, 1786:—

‘I have thought very much since I received your letter respecting the general state of Ireland, on the subjects suggested in that and your official letters to Lord Sydney. The question which arises is a nice and difficult one. On the one hand, the discontent seems general and rooted, and both that circumstance and most of the accounts I hear seem to indicate that there is some real grievance at bottom, which must be removed before any durable tranquillity can be secured. On the other hand, it is certainly a delicate thing to meddle with the Church Establishment in the present situation of Ireland; and any thing like concession to the dangerous spirit which has shown itself is not without objection. But on the whole, being persuaded that Government ought not to be afraid of incurring the imputation of weakness, by yielding in reasonable points, and can never make its stand effectually till it gets upon right ground, I think the great object ought to be, to ascertain fairly the true causes of complaint, to hold out a sincere disposition to give just redress, and a firm determination to do no more, taking care in the interval to hold up vigorously the execution of the law *as it stands* (till altered by Parliament), and to punish severely (if the means can be found) any tumultuous attempt to violate it.

‘I certainly think the institution of tithe, especially if rigorously enforced, is a great obstacle to the improvement and prosperity of any country. Many circumstances in practice have made it less so here; but even here it is felt; and there are a variety of causes to make it sit much heavier on Ireland. I believe, too, that it is as much for the real interest of the Church as for that of the land to adopt, if practicable, some other mode of provision. If from any cause the Church falls into general odium, Government will be more likely to risk its own interests than to save those of the Church by any efforts in its favour. If, therefore, those who are at the head of the clergy will look at it soberly and dispassionately, they will see how incumbent it is upon them, in every point of view, to propose some temperate accommodation; and even the appearance of concession, which might be awkward in Government, could not be unbecoming if it originated with them. The thing to be aimed at, therefore, seems, as far as I can judge of it, to find out a way of removing the grievances arising out of a tithe, or, perhaps, to substitute some new provision in lieu of it; to have such a plan cautiously digested (which may require much time), and, above all, to make the Church itself the quarter to bring forward whatever is proposed. How far this is practicable must depend upon many circumstances, of which you can form a nearer and better judgment, particularly on the temper of the leading men among the clergy. I apprehend you may have a good deal of difficulty with the Archbishop of Cashel;* the Primate† is, I imagine, a man to listen to

* Dr. Charles Agar, afterwards translated to the Archbishopric of Dublin. In 1795 he was created Lord Somerton, and in 1806 Earl of Normanton.

† Dr. Richard Robinson, Archbishop of Armagh. He had been, in 1777, created Lord Rokeby.

temperate

temperate advice: but it is surely desirable that you should have as speedily as possible a full communication with both of them; and if you feel the subject in the same light that I do, that, while you state to them the full determination of Government to give them all just and honourable support, you should impress them seriously with the apprehension of their risking every thing if they do not in time abandon ground that is ultimately untenable.

'To suggest the precise plan of commutation which might be adopted is more than I am equal to, and is premature; but in general I have never seen any good reason why a fair valuation should not be made of the present amount of every living, and a rent in corn to that amount to be raised by a pound rate on the several tenements in the parish, nearly according to the proportion in which they now contribute to tithe. When I say a rent in corn, I do not actually mean paid in corn, but a rent in money regulated by the average value from time to time of whatever number of bushels is at present equal to the fair value of the living. This would effectually prevent the Church from suffering by the fluctuations in the value of money, and it is a mode which was adopted in all college leases, in consequence, I believe, of an act of Parliament in the time of Queen Elizabeth. I need not say that I throw out these ideas in personal confidence to yourself; and I shall wish much to know what you think of them, and whether you can make any thing of your prelates, before any measure is officially suggested. It seems material that there should be the utmost secrecy till our line is decided upon, and it must be decided upon completely before Parliament meets.

'Yours faithfully and sincerely,
'W. PITT.'

We have been greatly struck at observing how closely the proposal thus hastily thrown out resembles the plan on which the English Tithe Commutation Act was recently framed. What deep heart-burnings—what violent collisions—might have been spared had Mr. Pitt's enlightened policy prevailed fifty years before!

Other questions of paramount importance that are discussed between the Duke and the Minister refer to the celebrated commercial propositions. We may trace in these letters their gradual growth and development in the mind of Mr. Pitt. He states his first impressions as follows:—

'Mr. Pitt to the Duke of Rutland.

*[Private.]

Putney Heath, Oct. 7, 1784.

'My dear Duke,—I have been intending every day for some time past to trouble you with a letter; though in many respects I cannot write so fully as the important subjects in question require, till I receive materials of information which I expect from the result of Mr. Orde's inquiries, and from the various questions I have persecuted him with. I am in hopes now that your situation is such as to allow a little more respite from the incessant

cessant calls of the day, and to furnish leisure for going forward in the great and complicated questions we have to settle before the meeting of Parliament. I have desultorily, at different times, stated in my letters to him the ideas floating in my mind, as the subjects in question carried me to them; and I have not troubled you with any repetition of them, because I knew you would be acquainted with them as far as they were worth it, and they certainly were neither distinct nor digested enough to deserve being written twice. I feel, however, notwithstanding the difficulty of deciding upon many of the delicate considerations which present themselves in the arduous business you have in your hands, that a plan must be concerted on all the points, and as far as possible adapted to all the contingencies that may happen, before the meeting of Parliament. The commercial points of discussion, though numerous and comprehensive, may certainly be ascertained and reduced to clear principles by diligent investigation. The internal question of Parliamentary reform, though simpler, is perhaps more difficult and hazardous; and the line of future permanent connexion between the two countries must be the result of both the preceding questions, and of such arrangements as must accompany a settlement of them. I am revolving these in every shape in my mind; and when I have had the information which I hope to receive in Mr. Orde's next packets, I trust I shall be able to send you the best result of my judgment, which I shall wish to submit to your private consideration, in order to learn confidentially the extent of your ideas on the whole plan to be pursued, before it is formally brought under the consideration of the Cabinet here. I own to you the line to which my mind at present inclines (open to whatever new observations or arguments may be suggested to me) is, *to give Ireland an almost unlimited communication of commercial advantages, if we can receive in return some security that her strength and riches will be our benefit, and that she will contribute from time to time in their increasing proportions to the common exigencies of the empire*; and—having, by holding out this, removed, I trust, every temptation to Ireland to consider her interest as separate from England—to be ready, while we discountenance *wild and unconstitutional attempts, which strike at the root of all authority*, to give real efficacy and popularity to Government by acceding (if such a line can be found) to a *prudent and temperate reform of Parliament*, which may guard against or gradually cure real defects and mischiefs, may show a sufficient regard to the interests and even prejudices of individuals who are concerned, and may unite the Protestant interest in *excluding the Catholics from any share in the representation or the government of the country*.

Neither on parliamentary reform, nor on the contribution to be expected from Ireland in return for commercial advantages, did the Duke of Rutland take altogether the same view as his friend in Downing Street. Mr. Pitt accordingly reverts to both questions. Of reform in parliament he writes (October 8, 1784):—

‘What I venture to suggest for your consideration is, whether it be possible for you to gain any authentic knowledge (without committing yourself)

yourself) of the extent of the numbers who are really zealous for reform, and of the ideas that would content them. By all I hear accidentally, the Protestant reformers are alarmed at the pretensions of the Catholics, and for that very reason would stop very short of the extreme speculative notions of universal suffrage. Could there be any way of your confidentially sounding Lord Charlemont without any danger from the consequences?’

And again (December 4, 1784) :—

‘Parliamentary reform, I am still sure, after considering all you have stated, *must* sooner or later be carried in *both countries*. If it is well done, the sooner the better. I will write to you, by as early an opportunity as I can, the full result of all my reflections on the subject. For God’s sake, do not persuade yourself, in the mean time, that the measure, if properly managed, and separated *from every ingredient of faction* (which I believe it may be), is inconsistent with either the dignity or the tranquillity and facility of government. On the contrary, I believe *they* ultimately depend upon it. And if such a settlement is practicable, it is the only system worth the hazard and trouble which belongs to every system that can be thought of. I write in great haste, and under a strong impression of these sentiments. You will perceive that this is merely a confidential and personal communication between you and myself, and therefore I need add no apology for stating so plainly what is floating in my mind on these subjects.’

To the contribution which was expected from Ireland in return for commercial advantages, Mr. Pitt applies himself in several letters before the meeting of parliament with great warmth and earnestness. The longest of these letters we shall here insert, without any apology for its length, since, notwithstanding the haste with which, as the postscript mentions, it was written, we think that the reader will agree with us when we call it a masterly argument :—

‘*Mr. Pitt to the Duke of Rutland.*

‘[*Secret.*]

‘*Downing Street, Jan. 6, 1785.*

‘My dear Duke,—You will receive by the messenger from Lord Sydney the official communication of the unanimous opinion of the cabinet on the subject of the important settlement to be proposed as final and conclusive between Great Britain and Ireland. The objects have been considered with all possible attention; and though minuter inquiry may still be necessary, with regard to some few points included in the propositions, we are so fully satisfied with the general principles on which they rest, that they are without hesitation transmitted to your Grace, as containing the substance of a system from which it appears wholly impossible for us to depart. I am confirmed by the opinion of Mr. Foster* and Mr. Beresford, as well as Mr. Orde, that the complete

* The Right Hon. John Foster, afterwards Lord Oriel, was at the time Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.

liberty and equality in matters of trade which will by this plan be given to Ireland ought to give the fullest satisfaction on that subject; and if that opinion is enforced and supported by all the arguments it admits, and vigorous exertions used to circulate it, I trust your Grace will meet with less difficulty than has been imagined in obtaining from Ireland those measures on their part which are indispensable to accompany it, in order to make the advantage reciprocal, and of course to make the system either consistent or durable. I am not sanguine enough to suppose that any plan could at once be accepted with universal approbation. No great settlement of this extent was ever carried without meeting some, perhaps, strong objections, and without requiring much management and perseverance to accomplish it: but these will, I am sure, not be wanting on your part; and considering the strength of government in parliament, and all the circumstances of the country, it is impossible to believe that your friends and supporters should have really any hesitation, if they once understand, what they must know sooner or later, that the settlement between the two kingdoms, and of course the giving tranquillity to Ireland, and security to any interest *they* have at stake, must turn on this fundamental and essential point, *of reciprocity in the final compact to be now formed*. If the point is secured in parliament, *which I cannot allow myself to doubt*, I do not apprehend much additional clamour or discontent without doors. It will be difficult for malice and faction to find many topics calculated to catch the mind of the public, if the nature of the measure is fairly stated, and sufficiently explained in its true light.

‘I am unwilling to trouble you at present very much at length, and have myself little time to spare; but yet I have the success of this whole arrangement so much at heart, from every personal and public feeling, knowing that your credit and my own are equally concerned with the interest of both countries, and the future prosperity of the empire, that you will, I am sure, forgive me, if I call your attention more particularly to what strikes me as the true state of *what* it is which we propose to give, and *what* we require in return. If it appears to you in the same light as it does to me, I trust you will feel the impossibility of our reconciling our minds to waive so essential an object. I assure you there is scarce a man whom I have here consulted who does not feel it at least as strongly as I do.

‘The general tenor of our propositions not only gives a full equality to Ireland, but extends that principle to many points where it would be easy to have urged just exceptions, and in many other points possibly turns the scale in her favour, at a risk, perhaps a remote one, of considerable local disadvantages to many great interests of this country. I do not say that in practice I apprehend the effect on our trade and manufactures will be such as it will perhaps be industriously represented; but I am persuaded (whatever may be the event) that, by the additions now proposed to former concessions, we open to Ireland the chance of a competition with ourselves on terms of more than equality, and we give her advantages which make it impossible she should ever have anything to fear from the jealousy or restrictive policy of this country in future.

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Such an arrangement is defensible only on the idea of relinquishing local prejudices and partial advantages, in order to consult uniformly and without distinction the general benefit of the empire. This cannot be done but by making England and Ireland *one country* in effect, though for local concerns under distinct legislatures; *one* in the communication of advantages, and of course in the participation of burdens. If their *unity* is broken, or rendered absolutely *precarious*, in either of these points, the system is defective, and there is an end of the whole.

‘The two capital points are, the construction of the Navigation Act, and the system of duties on the importation into either country of the manufactures of the other. With regard to the Navigation Act, it has been claimed by the advocates for Ireland as a matter of justice, on the ground that the same act of parliament must bear the same construction in its operation on Ireland as on Great Britain. Even on the narrow ground of *mere construction*, it may well be argued as at *least doubtful* whether the provisoes in the act of 14th and 15th C. II. (by which it was in effect adopted by authority of the Irish parliament) do not plainly do away that restriction on imports of colony produce from England to Ireland which is not done away by any proviso or otherwise with regard to the same importation from Ireland into England. On such a supposition it might be very consistent that the Act of Navigation should be enforced here (as it was by subsequent acts of parliament) in its original strictness, and in Ireland with those exceptions in favour of colony produce imported from hence which the provisoes I allude to seem to have admitted; and the practice of more than a hundred years has been conformable to this distinction. But this is on the mere *point of construction*. The question is, not merely what has been or ought to be the construction of the existing law, but what is really fair in the relative situation of the two countries. Here, I think, it is universally allowed, that, however just the claim of Ireland is not to have her own trade *fettered and restricted*, she can have no claim to any share beyond what we please to give her in the trade of *our colonies*. They belong (unless by favour or by compact we make it otherwise) *exclusively to this country*. The suffering Ireland to send anything to those colonies, or to bring anything *directly* from thence, is itself a *favour*; and is a deviation, too, for the sake of favour to Ireland, from the general and almost uniform policy of all nations with regard to the trade of their colonies. But the present claim of Ireland has gone further: it is not merely to carry produce thither, or to bring it from thence, but it is to supply us, *through Ireland*, with the produce of *our own colonies*, in prejudice, as far as it goes, of the direct trade between those colonies and this country. Can it be said that Ireland has any right to have the liberty of thus *carrying for us*, because we have the liberty of carrying *for them*, unless the colonies with whom the trade subsists are as much *their colonies* as they are *ours*? It may be true that the favour granted by former concessions in this respect is in some measure compensated by their securing in favour of our colonies a monopoly of their consumption; though it may well be doubted whether
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on any possible supposition they could be supplied from the colonies of any other country on terms of similar indulgence. But the liberty to be now given stands on a separate ground, and is a *mere and absolute favour*, if ever there was anything that could be called so. It is a sacrifice, too, which cannot fail to be magnified here, even beyond its true value, as a departure from the principles of the Act of Navigation, which has been so long idolized in this country. But what I principally state this for is to prove the *liberal and conciliating spirit* which induces us to agree to the proposal. I do not wish to exaggerate its probable effects. I do not expect that in practice it will materially interfere with the trade of this country; but it is unquestionably true that, even though we should not immediately lose by it, yet Ireland will be considerably benefited, by opening so near a market, which will encourage her merchants to a freer speculation, and enable them to avail themselves more than they have hitherto done of the advantages they are already possessed of. Some persons here may, perhaps, even apprehend that the liberty of supplying our market may *gradually* enable them to lay in a stock for the supply of other markets also, which perhaps they could not do otherwise; and if that should be the effect, not only they will be gainers, but we shall be losers in the same proportion. On the whole, however, I am fully reconciled to the measure, because, even supposing it not to produce these effects, it must be remembered that it is a liberty which Ireland has strongly solicited, and on which she *appears to set a high value*. As such, it is the strongest proof of cordiality to grant it, in spite of prevailing and perhaps formidable prejudices; and in truth it establishes in favour of Ireland so intimate a connexion and so equal a *participation* with this country, even in those points where we have the fullest right to exclusive advantage, that it gives them an interest in the protection of our colonies and the support of our trade equal in proportion to our own.

‘I come now to the system of duties between the two countries; and here, too, I think Ireland has not less reason to be satisfied and to be grateful. By lowering our duties to the standard of Ireland, we put her in possession of absolute equality, on the face of the arrangement; but I think in truth we put her in possession of something more. If, however, it were bare equality, we are departing, in order to effect it, from the policy of prohibiting duties so long established in this country. In doing so we are perhaps to encounter the prejudices of our manufacturing [interest] in every corner of the kingdom. We are admitting to this competition a country whose labour is cheap, and whose resources are unexhausted; ourselves burdened with accumulated taxes, which are felt in the price of every necessary of life, and of course enter into the cost of every article of manufacture. It is, indeed, stated on the other hand, that Ireland has neither the skill, the industry, nor the capital of this country; but it is difficult to assign any good reason why she should not gradually, with such strong encouragement, imitate and rival us in both the former, and in both more rapidly from time as she grows possessed of a large capital, which, with all the temptations for it, may perhaps to some degree be transferred to her from hence, but
which

which will at all events be increased if her commerce receives any extension, and will as it increases necessarily extend that commerce still farther. But there is another important consideration which makes the system of duties more favourable to Ireland than she could expect on the ground of perfect equality. It is this: although the duties taken separately on the importation of each article will be the same in the two countries, it is to be remembered, that there are some articles which may pass from one to the other perfectly free; consequently, if the articles which in the actual state of the trade we are able to send to Ireland are those which pay *some* duty, if the articles which she principally sends to us are articles which *pay no duty*, can anything be plainer than that, although upon each article taken separately there is an appearance of impartiality and equality, the result of the whole is manifestly to a great degree *more favourable to Ireland than to this country?*

‘The case I have just stated will actually exist with regard to the woollen and linen trades. We send you a considerable quantity of woollen, *subject to some duty*; you send us linen to an immense amount, *subject to none*. This single circumstance of the linen would have been a fair and full answer (even without any reduction of duties on the import of other articles) to the clamour for protecting duties. The whole amount of the British manufacture which Ireland actually takes from England, under a *low duty*, and on which she has threatened prohibitory duties, does not amount to so much as the single article of linen, which we are content to take from you, *under no duty at all*. I have stated all this to show that this part of the arrangement is in the same spirit with the other. What is it, then, that can reconcile this country to such concessions, under these circumstances? It is perhaps true that with regard to some of the articles of manufacture there are particular considerations which make the danger to us less than it might be imagined. In the great article of the woollen, if we confine the raw material to ourselves, and let Ireland do the same, perhaps the produce of Ireland, and what she can import from other places, can never enable her to supplant us to a great extent in this article. This undoubtedly must be our policy, and it makes part of the resolutions proposed: it can never, in my opinion, be thought any exception to the general freedom of trade, nor do I believe any man could seriously entertain any expectation of the contrary line being adopted. If each country is at liberty to make the most of its own natural advantages, it could not be supposed that we should part with a material indispensable to our staple manufacture. If there is any other similar prohibition on the export of raw material now in force in Ireland, it would be equally fair that it should be continued; but, on the other hand, it is essential that no new one should be hereafter imposed in either country, as this part of the system should, like the rest, be finally settled, and not left open to future discussion. But this consideration affects only the particular article of woollen. The fundamental principle, and the only one on which the whole plan can be justified, is that I mentioned in the beginning of my letter—that for the future the two countries will be to the most essential purposes united. On this ground the wealth and prosperity

prosperity of the whole is the object ; from what local sources they arise is indifferent. We trust to various circumstances in believing that no branch of trade or manufacture will shift so suddenly as not to allow time, in every instance as it arises, for the industry of this country gradually to take another direction ; and confident that there will be markets sufficient to exercise the industry of both countries, to whatever pitch either can carry it, we are not afraid in this liberal view to encourage a competition which will ultimately prove for the common benefit of the empire, by giving to each country the possession of whatever branch of trade or article of manufacture it is best adapted to, and therefore likely to carry on with the most advantage. These are the ideas I entertain of what we give to Ireland, and of the principles on which it is given.

The unavoidable consequence of these principles brings me back to that which I set out with—the indispensable necessity of some fixed mode of contribution on the part of Ireland, in proportion to her growing means, to the general defence. That in fact she ought to contribute in that proportion I have never heard any man question as a principle. Indeed without that expectation the conduct of this country would be an example of rashness and folly not to be paralleled. But we are desirous to content ourselves with the strongest general pledge that can be obtained of the intention of Ireland, without requiring anything specific at present. I must fairly say that such a measure neither can nor ought to give satisfaction. In the first place, it is making everything take place immediately on our part, and leaving everything uncertain on that of Ireland, which would render the whole system so lame and imperfect as to be totally indefensible. It would reserve this essential point as a perpetual source of jealous discussion, and that even in time of peace, when, with no objects to encourage exertion, men will be much more disposed to object than to give liberally ; and we should have nothing but a vague and perhaps a fallacious hope, in answer to the clamours and apprehensions of all the descriptions of men who lose, or think they lose, by the arrangement. If it is indispensable, therefore, that the contribution should be in some degree ascertained at present, it is equally clear, on the other hand, that the quantum of it must not be fixed to any stated sum, which of necessity would either be too great at present, or in a little time hence too small. The only thing that seems reasonable is to appropriate a certain fund towards supporting the general expenses of the empire in time of peace, and leave it, as it must be left, to the zeal of Ireland to provide for extraordinary emergencies in time of war as they arise. The fund which seems the best, and indeed the only one that has been pointed out for this purpose, is the hereditary revenue. Though the effect will not be immediate, our object will be attained if the future surplus of this revenue beyond its present produce, estimated at the medium of the four or five last years, is applied in the manner we wish. Such a fund, from the nature of the articles of which it is composed, must have a direct relation to the wealth, the commerce, and the population of Ireland. It will increase with their extension, and cannot even begin to exist without it. Towards this country it will be more

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acceptable than a much larger contribution in any other way, because, if in fact the commerce of Ireland should be increased at our expense by our manufactures and trade being transferred in any degree thither, the compensation will arise in the same proportion. It has this further inestimable advantage, from being fixed according to a standard which will apply to all the future circumstances of the two countries, that it will, from the very permanence of the principle, tend to unite them more closely and firmly to each other. In Ireland, it cannot escape consideration, that this is a contribution not given beforehand for uncertain expectations, but which can only follow the actual possession and enjoyment of the benefits in return for which it is given. If Ireland does not grow richer and more populous she will by this scheme contribute nothing. If she does grow richer by the participation of our trade, surely she ought to contribute, and the measure of that contribution cannot, with equal justice, be fixed in any other proportion. It can never be contended that the increase of the hereditary revenue ought to be left to Ireland as the means of gradually diminishing her other taxes, unless it can be argued that the whole of what Ireland now pays is a greater burden in proportion than the whole of what is paid by this country, and that therefore she ought, even if she grows richer, rather to diminish that burden on herself than give anything towards lightening ours. Indeed, if this were argued, it would be an argument, not against this particular mode of contributing, but against any contribution at all. For if Ireland were to contribute voluntarily from time to time, at the discretion of her Parliament, it would, if the contribution were real and effectual, equally prevent any diminution of her own burdens;—only the mode and the proportion would be neither so certain nor so satisfactory. It is to be remembered that the very increase supposed to arise in the hereditary revenue cannot arise without a similar increase in many articles of the additional taxes; consequently, from that circumstance alone, though they part with the future increase of their hereditary revenue, their income will be upon the whole increased, without imposing any additional burdens. On the whole, therefore, if Ireland allows that she ought ever in time of peace to contribute at all, on which it is impossible to frame a doubt, I can conceive no plausible objection to the particular mode proposed.

‘I recollect but two or three topics that have been suggested as likely to be urged by those who wish to create difficulties. The first, if it applies at all, applies as an argument against any contribution of any sort. It is *that the wealth of Ireland is brought by absentees to be spent in this country*. In the first place, the amount of this is indefinite, and the idea, I believe, greatly overrated. What this country gains by it I am sure is small. The way in which it must be supposed to injure Ireland is, by diminishing the capital in the country, and by obstructing civilization and improvement. If this is true, what follows? That the effect of this, as far as it operates to prevent the increase of trade and riches, will prevent also the existence or the increase of the fund on which the contribution is to depend. Therefore this argument, giving it its utmost weight, does not affect the particular

particular plan in question. Besides this, Ireland in its present state bears this evil, and under these circumstances supports her present burden. If she grows richer, will she not be able to support, out of that additional wealth, some addition of burden, at least, without any increase of hardship or difficulty? But if Ireland states the wealth we are supposed to draw from her by absentees on one hand, we may state what she draws from us by commerce on the other. Look at the trade between Great Britain and Ireland, and see how large a proportion of what we take from her is the produce of her soil or the manufactures of her inhabitants (which are the great sources of national riches). How small, comparatively, the proportion of similar articles which she takes from us. The consequence is obvious, that she is in this respect clearly more benefited than we are by the intercourse between us.

‘The other topic is, that it is impolitic and odious that this arrangement should have the appearance of a *bargain*, and such an idea will render it unpopular with the public. If a permanent system is to be settled by the authority of two distinct legislatures, I do not know what there is more odious in a bargain between them than in a treaty between two separate crowns. If the bargain is unfair, if the terms of it are not for mutual benefit, it is not calculated for the situation of two countries connected as Great Britain and Ireland ought to be. But it is of the essence of such a settlement (whatever name is to be given to it) that both *the advantage* and *the obligation* should be reciprocal; one cannot be so without the other. This reciprocity, whether it is or is not to be called a bargain, is an inherent and necessary part of the new system to be established between the two countries. In the relations of Great Britain with Ireland there can subsist but two possible principles of connexion. The one, that which is exploded, of total subordination in Ireland, and of restrictions on her commerce for the benefit of this country, which was by this means enabled to bear the whole burden of the empire; the other is, what is now proposed to be confirmed and completed, that of an equal participation of all commercial advantages, and some proportion of the charge of protecting the general interest. If Ireland is at all connected with this country, and to remain a member of the empire, she must make her option between these two principles, and she has wisely and justly made it for the latter. But if she does think this system for her advantage as well as ours, and if she sets any value either on the confirmation and security of what has been given her, or on the possession of what is now within her reach, she can attain neither without performing on her part what both reason and justice entitle us to expect.

‘The only remaining consideration is, for what service this contribution shall be granted, and in what manner it shall be applied. This seems a question of little difficulty. The great advantage that Ireland will derive is, from the equal participation of our trade, and of the benefits derived from our colonies. Nothing, therefore, is so natural as that she should contribute to the support of the navy, on which the protection of both depends. For the rest, it seems only necessary to provide some proper mode of ascertaining to the Parlia-

ment of Ireland that the surplus is annually paid over, to be applied together with other monies voted here for naval services, and to be accounted for, together with them, to the Parliament of this country. There can be but *one navy* for the empire at large, and it must be administered by the executive power in this country. The particulars of the administration of it cannot be under the control of anything but the Parliament of this country. This principle, on the fullest consideration, seems one which must be held sacred. Nothing else can also prevent the supreme executive power, and with it the force of the empire, being distracted into different channels, and its energy and effect being consequently lost. As the sum to be received in this manner from Ireland can never be more than a part (I fear a small one) of the whole naval expense, as its amount from time to time will be notorious, and as it will go in diminution of the supplies to be granted here, the Parliament of this country will have both the means and the inducement to watch its expenditure as narrowly as if it was granted by themselves. Ireland, therefore, will have the same security that we have against any misapplication, and she will have the less reason to be jealous on the subject, because we have a common interest with her, and to a still greater extent, in the service which it is intended to support; and if any deficiency arises from mismanagement it will (according to this arrangement) fall, not upon them, but upon us, to make it good.

‘I have no more to add. I have troubled you with all this from an extreme anxiety to put you in possession of all that occurs to me on one of the most interesting subjects that can occupy our attention in the course of our lives. You will, I am sure, forgive my wearying you with so much detail. I release you from it, in the persuasion that you will feel how much depends upon this crisis for both countries, and in the certainty that your exertions, and those of your friends, will be proportioned to its importance. I will only add, that difficulties may be started at first, but I think they must vanish on discussion. At all events, believe me, my dear Duke, it is indispensable to us all, and to the public, that they should be overcome. By address and dexterity in the management of the business, and above all, by firmness and a resolution to succeed, I have no doubt that it will be found both possible and easy. I shall then have to congratulate you on your having the happiness to accomplish a scheme which may lay the foundation of lasting tranquillity and reviving prosperity to both countries.

‘I am ever, with constant affection and attachment,

‘My dear Duke,

‘Your faithful and sincere friend,

‘W. PITT.

‘*Downing Street, Friday, Jan. 7, 1785,*

‘*½ past 12, P.M.*

‘I need hardly tell you that I am obliged to send you these sheets as they are, without the leisure either to copy or revise them.’

The commercial propositions, as is well known, did not prosper in the Irish parliament. On the 4th of July, 1785, the Duke of Rutland reports—

‘I have

‘ I have seen Mr. Grattan, but found him impracticable in a degree scarcely credible. I desired to be apprised of his objections, and stated my reliance on your disposition to modify, as far as candour could require, those parts which were deemed exceptionable in Ireland ; but his ideas of objection were such as to render them impossible to be obviated. He said that he could admit nothing which intrenched on old settlements ; that it seemed an attempt to resume in peace concessions granted in war ; that rendering the fourth proposition conditional was of but little avail ; that everything should be left to national faith, and nothing covenanted.’

But the final blow, it will be seen, was struck in the month of August.

‘ The Duke of Rutland to Mr. Pitt.

‘ MY DEAR PITT,

‘ Dublin Castle, August 13, 1785.

‘ I am most extremely concerned to inform you, that after a tedious debate, which continued till past nine in the morning, the House came to a division, when the numbers for admitting the bill were 127 to 108. You may well imagine that so small a majority as nineteen on so strong a question as the admission of the bill affords no great hopes as to the ultimate fate of the measure. It will be an effort of our united strength to get the bill printed, that at least it may remain as a monument of the liberality of Great Britain, and of my desires to promote a system which promises such essential advantage to the empire. All my influence must likewise be exerted on Monday to defeat a motion from Mr. Flood, to the purpose of declaring “ the four propositions, as passed in the Parliament of Great Britain, as destructive of the liberties and constitution of Ireland.” Such a declaration is of a nature too hostile to be endured for a moment. The speech of Mr. Grattan was, I understand, a display of the most beautiful eloquence perhaps ever heard, but it was seditious and inflammatory to a degree hardly credible. The theory and positions laid down both in his speech and that of Mr. Flood amounted to nothing less than war with England. This was distinctly told him in so many words by Mr. Pole.* The Attorney-General† supported me in the most honourable and manly manner, and has committed himself without reserve. Our only line left is to force, if possible, the bill to be read, and then to adjourn, that men may have time to return to their senses. It grieves me to think that a system which held out so much advantage to the empire, and which was so fair between the two countries, should meet a fate so contrary to its deserts ; and I may say Ireland will have reason to repent her folly if she persists in a conduct so dangerous, so destructive of her true interest, and repugnant to every principle of connexion between herself and Great Britain. I have only to add, that I still do not absolutely despond ; but, be the event what it may, no alteration shall take place in my determination : I will never think of quitting my station while I can render an iota of strength to your government, or to the great cause in which we are em-

* Now Lord Maryborough.

† The Attorney-General for Ireland was then the Right Hon. John Fitzgibbon, afterwards Lord Chancellor and Earl of Clare.

barked.

barked. I will write more fully after Monday. I was up all last night, and am quite worn out.

'Believe me to be ever yours,

'RUTLAND.'

We will add Mr. Pitt's reply:—

'Mr. Pitt to the Duke of Rutland.

'Putney Heath, Aug. 17, 1785.

'My dear Duke,—I confess myself not a little disappointed and hurt in the account brought me to-day by your letter and Mr. Orde's of the event of Friday. I had hoped that neither prejudice nor party could on such an occasion have made so many proselytes against the true interests of the country; but the die seems in a great measure to be cast, at least for the present. Whatever it leads to, we have the satisfaction of having proposed a system which, I believe, will not be discredited even by its failure; and we must wait times and seasons for carrying it into effect. I think you judge most wisely in making it your plan to give the interval of a long adjournment as soon as the bill has been read and printed. With so doubtful a majority, and with so much industry to raise a spirit of opposition without doors, this is not the moment for pressing farther. It will remain to be seen whether, by showing a firm and unalterable decision to abide by the system in its present shape, and by exerting every effort both to instruct and to influence the country at large into a just opinion of the advantages held out to them, a favourable change may be produced in the general current of opinion before the time comes for resuming the consideration of the bill. I am not at all sanguine in my expectations of your division on the intended motion on Monday last. Though an Opposition frequently loses its advantage by attempting to push it too far, yet, on such a question, and with the encouragement of so much success, I rather conclude that absurdity and faction will have gained a second triumph; but I am very far from thinking it impossible that reflection and discussion may operate a great change before the time which your Parliament will probably meet after the adjournment. I very much wish you may at least have been just able to ward off Flood's motion, lest its standing on the journals should be an obstacle to farther proceedings at a happier moment. It is still almost incomprehensible to me who can have been the deserters who reduced our force so low, and I wait with great impatience for a more particular account.

'All I have to say, in the mean time, is very short: let us meet what has happened, or whatever may happen, with the coolness and determination of persons who may be defeated, but cannot be disgraced, and who know that those who obstruct them are greater sufferers than themselves. You have only to preserve the same spirit and temper you have shown throughout in the remainder of this difficult scene. Your own credit and fame will be safe, as well as that of your friends. I wish I could say the same of the country you have been labouring to serve. Our cause is on too firm a rock here to be materially shaken, even for a time, by this disappointment; and when the experience of this fact has produced a little more wisdom in Ireland, I believe

believe the time will yet come when we shall see all our views realized in both countries, and for the advantage of both. It may be sooner or later, as accident, or perhaps (for some time) malice, may direct; but it will be right at last. We must spare no human exertion to bring forward the moment as early as possible; but we must be prepared also to wait for it on one uniform and resolute ground, be it ever so late. It will be no small consolation to you, in the doubtful state of this one important object, that every other part of the public scene affords the most encouraging and animating prospect; and you have, above all, the satisfaction of knowing that your government has made a more vigorous effort (whatever be its ultimate success) than I believe any other period of Irish history will produce, since the present train of government has been established. I write this as the first result of my feelings, and I write it to yourself alone.

‘ Believe me ever

‘ Your most affectionate and faithful friend,

‘ W. PITT.’

In the extracts we have given relative to the commercial propositions there is one passage which at first sight may have excited the reader's surprise—where Mr. Pitt so emphatically declares his resolution ‘to exclude the Catholics from any share in the representation or the government.’ Strong expressions from the same minister who, in 1801, resigned office on finding his Royal Master refuse to concede the Roman Catholic claims! The words of the letter may, we say, have excited surprise at first sight—but at first sight only; for on examination it will be found that the principles of Mr. Pitt, on both occasions, were perfectly uniform and constant. He held, that so long as Ireland was a separate kingdom, with a parliament of its own, so long the Roman Catholics, forming a majority of the population, could not, with safety to the Established Church and Constitution, be admitted to a share—since their share would then be a large preponderance—in the representation: but that if the two nations were blended and mingled together by a legislative union, then the Roman Catholics, becoming only a minority of the population of the whole empire, might without danger be admitted to equal privileges. Such are the principles laid down by Mr. Pitt himself in the letter to the King, which is dated January 31, 1801, and which, in 1827, was first made public by Lord Kenyon.* We have no thoughts of here inflicting upon our readers any renewed discussion on the momentous question of the Roman Catholic claims; we are at present only concerned in showing that, whether Mr. Pitt's views upon this question be considered wise or unwise, salutary or pernicious, they were exactly the same in 1786 as in 1801, and were alike pursued with lofty

* See *Quart. Rev.* vol. xxxvi. p. 290. *Annual Register*, 1827, vol. ii. p. 472.
firmness.

firmness. For their sake he was equally ready in the first year to hazard popularity, and in the latter year to sacrifice power.

We cannot leave the subject of Ireland without doing justice to the character and conduct of the Duke of Rutland.* Throughout this correspondence he appears to very great advantage, combining a frank and cordial spirit, and a delicate sense of honour, with good judgment, prudence, and vigilant attention to his duties. In reference to the very subject which we touched upon just now—the Irish Union—a prediction which he makes on the 16th of June, 1784, indicates surely no common degree of foresight and sagacity. He is speaking of the Irish volunteers:—

‘The volunteer corps were reviewed in the Phoenix Park about a fortnight since. Their numbers were much diminished from the former year, in spite of all the exertions made use of to alarm and irritate; so that I am in hopes this self-appointed army may fall to the ground without the interposition of government, which would prove a most fortunate circumstance. If some such event should not have effect, the period cannot be far distant when they must be spoken to in a peremptory and decisive manner. For the existence of a government is very precarious while an armed force, independent of and unconnected with the state, for the purpose of awing the legislature into all its wild and visionary schemes, is permitted to endure. The northern newspapers take notice of an intention in some of the corps to address the French king; and which they recommend as a very proper and spirited measure. No meeting for such a *laudable* purpose has yet taken place. I can scarcely believe it, though the madness of some of these armed legislators might go to anything. Were I to indulge a distant speculation, I should say that, without *an union*, Ireland will not be connected with Great Britain in twenty years longer.’

Irish subjects are not the only ones treated in this correspondence—there are also frequent and interesting touches of English politics. We will give from Mr. Pitt’s letters three extracts referring to these at three very different periods. The first when he and the Duke of Rutland were battling together in opposition, but with the prospect of power close before them; the second when Mr. Pitt, in power, had yet to struggle against an adverse and exasperated majority of the House of Commons; the third when Mr. Pitt, after appealing to the people, again met the House of Commons, and found himself as strong in parliamentary as in popular support.

The first is dated November 22, 1783:—

‘We are in the midst of contest, and, I think, approaching to a crisis.

* We may be pardoned for recalling to our readers the amiable impression of His Grace’s private life and manners derived from the Memoirs of his venerated *protégé*, Mr. Crabbe, who, on Mr. Burke’s recommendation, became domestic chaplain at Belvoir Castle in 1782, and owed all his subsequent preferments to the kindness of the House of Rutland.

The bill which Fox has brought in relative to India will be, one way or other, decisive for or against the coalition. It is, I really think, the boldest and most unconstitutional measure ever attempted, transferring at one stroke, in spite of all charters and compacts, the immense patronage and influence of the East to *Charles Fox, in or out of office*. I think it will with difficulty, if at all, find its way through our House, and can never succeed in yours. Ministry trust all on this one die, and will probably fail. They have hurried on the bill so fast that we are to have the second reading on Thursday next, *Nov. 27th*. I think we shall be strong on that day, but much stronger in the subsequent stages. If you have any member within fifty or a hundred miles of you, who cares for the constitution or the country, pray send him to the House of Commons as quick as you can. I trust you see that this bill will not easily reach the House of Lords; but I must tell you that Ministry flatter themselves with carrying it through before Christmas.'

The second is of March 23, 1784:—

'The interesting circumstances of the present moment, though they are a double reason for my writing to you, hardly leave me the time to do it. *Per tot discrimina rerum*, we are at length arrived within sight of a dissolution. The bill to continue the powers of regulating the intercourse with America to the 20th of June will pass the House of Lords to-day. That, and the Mutiny Bill, will receive the Royal Assent to-morrow, and the King will then make a short speech and dissolve the Parliament. Our calculations for the new elections are very favourable, and the spirit of the people seems still progressive in our favour. The new Parliament may meet about the 15th or 16th of May, and I hope we may so employ the interval as to have all the necessary business rapidly brought on, and make the session a short one.'

The 24th of the following May is the date of our third extract:—

'I cannot let the messenger go without congratulating you on the prospect confirmed to us by the opening of the session. Our first battle was previous to the address, on the subject of the return for Westminster. The enemy chose to put themselves on bad ground, by moving that two Members ought to have been returned, without first hearing the High-Bailiff to explain the reasons of his conduct. We beat them on this by 283 to 136. The High-Bailiff is to attend to-day, and it will depend upon the circumstances stated whether he will be ordered to proceed in the scrutiny, or immediately to make a double return, which will bring the question before a committee. In either case I have no doubt of Fox being thrown out, though in either there may be great delay, inconvenience, and expense, and the choice of the alternative is delicate. We afterwards proceeded to the address, in which nothing was objected to but the thanking the King expressly for the dissolution. Opposition argued everything weakly, and had the appearance of a vanquished party, which appeared still more in the division, when the numbers were 282 to 114. We can have little doubt that the progress of the session will furnish throughout a happy contrast to the last. We have indeed

indeed nothing to contend with but the heat of the weather and the delicacy of some of the subjects which must be brought forward.'

We close this volume with the earnest hope that it may not be the only one of its class to come before us. Every succeeding day, as it bears us further from the era of Pitt and Fox, removes more and more of the few who yet lingered amongst us, the contemporaries and friends of those illustrious men. Only last year we saw depart the sole surviving cabinet colleague of Pitt in his first administration; only last month the devoted widow of Fox. But Time should not all destroy; and while, on the one hand, it breaks the remaining links of living affection, so, on the other hand, it should cast aside the ties of official reserve—it should unlock the most secret scrutoire—it should draw forth the most hoarded papers. The words 'private' and 'most private' on the cover need be no longer spells to restrain us. We may now, without any breach of public duty—without any wound to personal feelings—explore the hidden thoughts, the inward workings of those two great minds which stood arrayed against each other during twenty-three stormy and eventful years. We may trace them in their boyhood, and inquire whether it was in part through careful training, or all by their endowments at birth, that each of them inherited his father's gift of genius—that rarest of all gifts to inherit from a parent—as if, according to the fine thought of Dante, the Great Giver had willed to show that it proceeds from himself alone:—

'Rade volte risurge per li rami
L'umana probitate, e questo vuole
Quei che la dà, perche da lui si chiamì.'*

We may, perhaps, by the journal of some secretary or some trusted friend, pursue them in their country retirement, and their familiar conversation. We may walk by the side of Pitt along the avenue that he planted at Holwood, or sit with Fox beneath the wide-spreading cedar at St. Anne's. We may see the blotted notes from whence grew the elaborate oration still perused with delight; we may trace in some hasty sketch the germ of some great enactment by which we continue to be ruled. We may follow the rival statesmen in their far divergent paths through life, until their final resting-place, under the same stately roof, and within a few paces of each other: and thus, while such stores of information as the present volume supplies come gradually to light, both Pitt and Fox will no doubt become far better known to the present generation than they could be to the great mass of those amongst whom their own life was cast.

* *Purgat.*, lib. vii., verse 121.

- ART. II.—I. Αἰσχύλου Χοηφόροι. *The Choëphoræ of Æschylus, with Notes critical, explanatory, and philological.* By the Rev. T. W. Peile, M.A., &c. London. 1840.
2. *Bibliotheca Græca, curantibus* F. Jacobs et V. C. F. Rost. *Æschyli Tragædiarum*, Vol. I. *Orestea*: Sectio 2, *Choëphoræ*. Edidit Dr. R. H. Klausen. Gothæ et Erfordiæ. 1835.
3. *Dissertations on the Eumenides of Æschylus; with the Greek Text and Critical Remarks.* From the German of C. O. Mueller. Cambridge. 1835.
4. *Æschyli Tragædiæ.* Recensuit et illustravit Joannes Minckwitz. Vol. I. *Eumenides*. Lipsiæ. 1838.
5. *Die Æschylische Trilogie Prometheus, u. s. w., nebst Winken ueber die Trilogie des Æschylus ueberhaupt.* Von F. G. Welcker. Darmstadt. 1824.
6. *Nachtrag zur Trilogie, u. s. w.* Von F. G. Welcker. Frankfurt a. M. 1826.

WE cannot resume the subject of Æschylus and his Trilogies without adverting to the losses which this branch of scholarship has sustained since the publication of our 128th Number. Most of those whom we then alluded to have been already swept from the world. Bishop Butler of Lichfield has gone to his rest, after such severe and protracted sufferings as would have paralysed a less energetic mind. He has gone, full of labours and of honours, though not of years. And yet it is to be feared that he has gone with much of his merit unappreciated. If, however, it be reasonable to suppose that the education of the higher classes, and in particular of the clergy, is at least as important as that of the poor,—and if the silent but most practical reformation which has been at work in our public schools for many years past ever attracts the notice which it deserves,—then the time will come when men will feel an interest in tracing the steps of the improvement; and they will hardly fail to give honour due to that scholar who set the first example in remodelling our public education, and gave a stimulus which is now acting on almost all the public schools in the country.*

On the other hand, John Wordsworth has sunk in the prime of life, exhausted by his labours ere their fruits had been given to the public. ‘Non res, sed spes erat:’ but how well-grounded and sure a hope, all who know Cambridge can say. We will not add anything of our own to the following sketch from the hand

* It falls to our lot to speak of him only as the head of an important school: for his higher praise we must refer to his worthy pupil, chaplain, and friend, the Rev. R. W. Evans, in the preface to his *Bishopric of Souls*, a truly precious manual for the young clergyman.

of his brother, the distinguished master of Harrow School. (After the details of his childhood and boyhood, from his birth in 1805, the account proceeds :)—

‘ He became a Scholar of Trinity College in 1826, and a Fellow in 1830. He usually resided there till 1833, when he made a tour in France, Switzerland, and Italy. He spent a considerable time at Florence in making an accurate collation of the Medicean MS. of Æschylus; having, before his departure from England, contributed to the Philological Museum a series of critical observations on an edition of that poet. On his return from the continent, in 1834, he was appointed a classical lecturer in his own college; and the lectures which he then delivered will be long remembered by those who heard them, for the remarkable erudition which they displayed. He spared no labour in his philological researches, and he seemed unable to satisfy himself in them before he had exhausted the subject on which he was engaged. To the pursuit of these studies he brought great vigilance of observation, singular acuteness of discrimination, a sound judgment, a tenacious memory, and unwearied industry. He employed these faculties in his intellectual inquiries, and he recorded in his papers the results of his investigations with scrupulous and elaborate accuracy. . . . He proposed to publish not only the correspondence, but also some of the inedited works of Dr. Bentley, especially his Homer. He was employed at the same time in compiling a Classical Dictionary, which, if an opinion may be formed from the materials which he had amassed for that work, as well as from the portion which he had already executed, and from the plan which he had drawn out of the whole, would have proved a very useful and honourable monument of his indefatigable labour and comprehensive learning. But the work which, as a scholar, he most desired to execute, was an edition of Æschylus. During a period of several years he had directed his attention to that object; and if his life had been prolonged to the present time (Dec. 1841), some of the results of his industry would now, in all probability, have been before the world. For at his death, his observations on the works of that tragedian had reached such a state of maturity, that one of the plays illustrated by him will, it is hoped, ere long appear, to be followed at short intervals by others in succession. He was well conversant with the principal productions of modern literature, especially with the works of the English poets, and was a warm and judicious lover of the fine arts, particularly of painting and engraving. These intellectual endowments were based upon moral qualities of a graver kind. Serious in aspect, tall in person, thoughtful in demeanour, gentle and unobtrusive in manners, he bore in his appearance an air of earnestness. He was one of those who love much rather than many. He wished and strove for the advancement of others rather than his own; he judged no one with severity but himself. He was devotedly attached to the academic institutions to which he belonged, and entertained a dutiful and reverent affection for the Church of England, of which he was a minister, and whose service, had his life been spared, he would have adorned by his learning and

and his humility. He died at Trinity Lodge on the 31st day of December, 1839.*

From abroad the news of Klausen's death reached this country some time ago. Of his *Agamemnon* we formerly spoke; and we were waiting rather impatiently for the continuation of his edition. Meanwhile, he had removed from Bonn to Greifswald, an university in the extreme north of Germany, chiefly distinguished for the richness of its endowments. And he had published two comely octavos on *Æneas and the Penates*,—characters for whom we have the highest respect; yet even while we believed that the loss of time was not irretrievable, we grudged that he had digressed from what we thought so much more important.

Karl Otfried Mueller of Goettingen, though in more mature years, yet still prematurely, has also fallen a victim to his literary zeal. He had gone to Greece, to complete the researches necessary for the series of his great historical designs; and the ardour with which he applied himself to the examination of the inscriptions at Delphi under the scorching heat of a midsummer sun, produced apoplexy and immediate death; and he sleeps in his own beloved Athens, *inter silvas Academi*.† Naeke too is gone. Dissen's death was mentioned before. But it is useless to extend the melancholy catalogue: the above names are the most connected with our present subject.

Hermann, however, still survives, standing out like some antediluvian peak among the *débris* of the deluge; and two years ago a jubilee was held at Leipzig to celebrate the fiftieth year of his doctorate, which seems pretty nearly to have coincided with that of our own distinguished countryman, Dr. Routh, president of Magdalen College. Many and various were the compliments which Germany racked its brains to pay to 'old Godfrey.' Since that time he dips his pen in a splendid silver inkstand, the offering of the printers whose presses he has kept at work for more than half a century. He smokes (eternally of course) from a pipe

* Preface to 'Bentley's Correspondence,' (Lond. 1841) pp. xvi.—xix.

† This admirable scholar was born at Brigg in Silesia, 1797, where his father, we believe, was the pastor. His first schoolmaster was Lotheisen; and in 1813 he went to Breslau to study under Heindorf and Schneider. From thence he removed in 1815 to Berlin, where he placed himself under Boeckh and Buttmann; and in 1817 was appointed to the Magdalenum at Breslau. In 1819 he was raised, on the recommendation of Boeckh and Heeren, to the chair of archæology at Goettingen, where he continued, except for short intervals, until the end of his life. Of the long (yet incomplete) list of his works, given in the *Revue Analytique* of M. E. Miller (to which we are indebted for the above information) the most important are:—1. *The Dorians*, 1824: translated by Messrs. Tufnell and Lewis, in 2 vols. 8vo. 2. *Prolegomena zu einer wissenschaftlichen Mythologie*, 1825. 3. *Die Etrusker*, 1828. 4. *Archæologie der Kunst*, 1830. 5. *Æschyli Eumenides*, 1833 (translated). 6. *History of Greek Literature*, written for, and publishing by, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, 1840, &c.

of the same material. He snuffs from a gold box, the present of his sovereign; and as for congratulatory addresses, odes, idyls, &c., they were of course far beyond all reading or reckoning. It seemed as though the literature of universal Germany had vied in furnishing him with a collection of polyglot pipe-lighters. The most gratifying of the presents was doubtless the King of Saxony's handsome donation to enable his son to travel; and the most honourable of the addresses was that which emanated from the *German philologists*, the incorporated *accidence*, *syntax*, and *prosody* of Germany, assembled (as it were in one volume) after the manner of a British Association. Ritter F. Jacobs (if we remember right) held the pen in the name of all these wise men of *Gotha*; and among the choicest flowers of classical compliment dexterously insinuated a harmless yet pointed allusion to the edition of Æschylus, which has been in the *paulo post futurum* since the last century, by quoting 'unus qui nobis *cunctando* restitues rem.' We hope that Hermann will remember that other qualities besides *cunctatio* go to the making of a Fabius, lest impatient scholars *cap* Jacobs' quotation with 'Dilator, spe longus,' &c.

It is a practical question of considerable importance to all professors, editors, and sedentary reviewers, how Hermann has been preserved to such a green and vigorous old age. We have, in consequence, made every possible inquiry, and have to report that his friends attribute it in no slight degree to his study of some of Xenophon's minor treatises, viz. *de Re Equestri*, and *Magister Equitum*, if not also *de Venatione*. Many of our readers may remember a dissertation in the first volume of his *Opuscula*, '*de Verbis quibus Græci incessum equorum indicant.*' It is written not only *con scienza* but *con amore*; and we believe that he has never given up the practical study of the subject. Thus far indeed our own universities show that a vast number of our philological aspirants are adopting the same course—whether from the example of the great professor, or from an intuitive perception of the truth of the principle, we cannot pretend to say. But, if we are not misinformed, Hermann goes a step beyond them; like Achilles, whose spear could heal the wounds it inflicted, when Hermann has dirtied his horse, he can clean him again. If any of the said aspirants find in the day of trial that, notwithstanding all their devoted practice, they are 'plucked in Xenophon,' let them consider whether their failure may not be attributed to their having neglected this part of the charm.

Moreover, on this side of the channel, Mr. Peile is alive and lively:—at least the evidence of his vitality is before us in the substantial form of a second volume, announced as No. II. of the Trilogy,

Trilogy, and therefore, we hope, surely portending No. III. We say this in all sincerity, though we are sorry to observe that he looks upon us as his enemies. But mortal men will complain of criticism. We regret that we found it necessary to say some things (they were but few) which we cannot honestly retract because they displease Mr. Peile. Our objections to his plan, and in some instances to the taste in which he had executed it, were openly and fairly stated. But we spoke of him in the terms which his distinction as a scholar deserved; as one who could rub off these excrescences, if their real nature was exhibited. And therefore we alluded to them in such a tone as seemed likely to make him see them as they were:—certainly not captiously or malignantly. And, however Mr. Peile may dislike it, it is from the above-named article that his publisher has drawn the recommendation with which he advertises Mr. Peile's Agamemnon. If Klausen's eccentricities had been curable by any influence of ours, we should have taken the same course with him; but we gave up his minor faults as beyond our *medica manus*. Mr. Peile's complaint against us is, in fact, that we did not treat him as incorrigible, or not worth amendment; and to this we plead guilty.

However, he is right, and we were 'wrong, after all;—he is incorrigible! Like a true knight-errant, he will maintain most stoutly those precise points which we consider most defenceless; in some things misunderstanding and misrepresenting us; in others setting us at defiance. Now this is an act of downright rebellion, deserving of exemplary punishment. But even reviewers have their melting moods; and this is one of ours; and there is a *bonhomie* about Mr. Peile which we not only respect, but heartily like; so we shall not enter into further controversy with him—not from fear of damaging 'our knight's smart surcoat,' though he endeavours to *give check* to 'our knight' with his bishop: for, surcoats apart, his thinness of skin makes him less formidable as an antagonist than he would otherwise be; but because, having once for all made our protest against certain principles, it would be unedifying and uninteresting, if not unfriendly, to continue a war which must dwindle into petty criticism. He must not, therefore, think that we are insensible to the value of his labours if we express our regret at his perversity in multiplying his commentary as his text diminishes; and with the remark that he does not appear to have used Mueller's criticism on Klausen's Choëphoræ, or Hermann's *hypercriticism* * on that, we shake hands with Mr. Peile, and, while we take our

* For the Germans allow *Review upon Review*, which, of course, seems to us as thoroughly false heraldry as *colour upon colour*.

way, we wish him good speed on his, and all prosperity in his new sphere of usefulness at Repton.*

We have now to consider, in pursuance of our subject, *the poetry of the chorus* down to the times of the three great tragedians of Athens; for it is thus alone that we shall have a clue sufficient to guide us to a thorough understanding of Æschylus. This is usually traced, upon Horace's authority, simply up to Thespis. But, as Van Heusde remarks,† it was a matter of hoar antiquity in Horace's time; and every one knows what miserable antiquarians the Romans were. He chooses rather to take us at once to Plato, who, instead of a mere chronology of facts (and this erroneous) attending its outward cultivation, gives us the more philosophical account of the history of the thing itself. Mueller has pointed out‡ that Horace, while he thinks that he is giving the history of tragedy, is actually describing comedy; i. e. τραγῳδία, not κωμῳδία: the very words prove it, *peruncti facibus ora*. Plato enters into the general question of *dramatic* poetry, as consisting of *imitation*—that is, *expression* or *representation*—in short, *acting*; the object being not to tell all concerning the characters (which is history), but to set them forth as really bustling about. Even epic poetry aims at this; and the poet withdraws as soon as his characters are introduced, leaving them to speak for themselves. But the introduction of *a chorus* makes a striking difference; and this is traced as early as the Homeric Hymn to Apollo, where the choir of Delian virgins is spoken of as singing, first of Apollo, then of Leto and Artemis, and, after that, the lays of men and women of old time,—skilful to put on the very voice and language of all, until each one could fancy that himself was speaking (v. 158—164). Nay, even this is not the primitive chorus: it is the shadow of one higher still, to which we are carried onwards, where the Muses sing, and the Hours and Graces weave the dance, with Aphrodité at their head; Apollo himself, lyre in hand, ruling all their tones and movements, and delighting the heart of his parents, who look on (v. 194—206). Such is the poetic ideal of the Greek chorus, in so far as it comprehends the bodying forth (*μίμνησις*) of the deeds of the old heroic time, by the harmonious combination of all the means which the various arts of music, dancing, and poetry can furnish.

* We must remark, in parting, the very creditable manner in which the volume of Mr. Peile's *Choéphoræ* has been brought out at the *Durham University Press*.

† In his *Encyclopædia*, or *Socratic School*. We quote from the German translation, having unluckily mislaid our Low Dutch spectacles.

‡ In his *History of Greek Literature*, to which it will be convenient to refer once for all, as a work of the highest utility. The translation, we believe, is from the pen of his friend, Mr. G. C. Lewis.

Apollo

Apollo and the Muses are, according to Plato, sent down to earth to humanise the assemblies of men, and inspire them with the spirit of their own harmonies. But they have another god joined in their mission—Dionysus, the god of all exuberant impulse and excitement, of intoxication and enthusiasm—in short, the god of the Dionysia, and so of tragedy. This brings to view the peculiar vein of choral poetry which Athens furnishes. Everywhere else there were, as well as at Athens, the choirs, processions, and absurdities; but at Athens only, and there only at the Dionysia, was *tragedy* the result. By what steps this took place we cannot now imagine. Horace mentions the novelties on which he rests the claims of Æschylus to be thought the second inventor of tragedy: but these are but the outward decorations, which make him rather a machinist and property-man than a poet.* Far greater in the reality than in these adjuncts was the space between Thespis and Æschylus; especially if we are to adopt the common opinion, that the tragedy of Thespis was merely a monologue, or succession of monologues, in the intervals between the choral hymns. But this can scarcely be correct. If it were, Thespis is no more the inventor of tragedy than Hesiod;—not nearly so much so as Homer. But there can be little doubt that there was a *dialogue* in the tragedies of Thespis. Why, indeed, the name of ὑποκριτής, if there was nothing in the chorus for the actor to respond to? We may also be sure that, with Thespis, as since, one man in his time played many parts, so that he might actually represent a very simple plot: especially as on the Greek stage so much is done, even in later days, by messengers. Unless there was the dialogue, the distinction of *dramatic* poetry could not hold good with respect to Thespis: there could be no *action*. But if Thespis brought the chorus and the actor together by the bond of a plot in which both took part during the intervals of the hymns, he did make a great step, and his name is deservedly, though for the most part undiscerningly, honoured as the inventor of tragedy; for an *invention* it was to combine the two elements into a third whole; and of *this* Thespis was probably the author.

Yet, even granting this, let us look on Æschylus, and remember what a vast difference there is between the merit of Thespis, taken at the utmost, and his. The year in which the new invention is said to have been first brought before the public is

* 'Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ
Æschylus, et modiciis instruxit pulpita tignis,
Et docuit magnumque loqui nitique cothurno.'—*A. P.*, v. 278.

If we weigh the whole of the description it will, we think, be evident that even the *magnum loqui* does not refer (as one at first would suspect) to his *poetry*, but simply to some of those mechanical contrivances by which the masks were made to increase the power of the voice, as the *cothurnus* did the altitude of the figure.

B.C. 536. Æschylus was born eleven years later : and the boy who stared at some of the performances of Thespis might have listened in maturer years to most of the poetry of Æschylus :—nay, might, before his death, have witnessed the exhibition of the ‘Oresteia.’ The relation of our own Shakspeare to the drama before him is analogous, but not equal to this !

But, in speaking of this chorus, we are treading on smothered fires ; for this is one of the chosen spots for learned men to quarrel upon. The ground is narrow indeed ; but men fight the better for being closely cooped up. It is admitted that the tragic chorus grew out of the dithyrambic or cyclic chorus which danced round the altar ; and this consisted of fifty members. But the point at issue is no less than this,—did the tragic chorus itself consist of twelve or fifteen (these may be taken as one opinion), or of *fifty* ? Startling as the difference is, it is a disputed point. Not that any one supposes the chorus of each particular tragedy to have been so numerous ; but that, according to Mueller—(Hermann alleges that he borrowed it from some other scholar)—this chorus was portioned out among the four dramas of the tetralogy. This is ingenious and striking : it certainly recommends itself by furnishing a link to connect the two choruses, the cyclic and the tragic ; and by the explanation which it affords of that strange blunder of a grammarian about *fifty Furies* being brought upon the stage in the ‘Eumenides.’ As a mere conjecture it is very tempting. But Mueller proceeds to produce arguments and evidence in support of his view : and we are bound to say that we think he has completely failed in this ; his *reasons* seem futile, and his *facts* desperately uncertain. That there is room for wide speculation is clear from the fact that such a doubt can be entertained : and, certainly, it may have been as Mueller has suggested ; but, as certainly, from none of the reasons which he alleges. Unluckily, the comparative statements of the expenses of the several χορηγίαι will not help us here,* as might have been hoped. It is much to be regretted that on this particular head our information is so scanty.

Nor are we satisfied by Mueller’s demonstration that twelve was the choral number for the ‘Agamemnon.’ In the first place, his theory is not established by the admission of this number, though it falls at once to the ground if we find that there were fifteen ; and, secondly, his own arguments in support of the number *twelve* seem to us partly to prove nothing, and partly to go against him. For instance, he refers to the passages where the

* A tragic chorus cost the client of Lysias 3000 drachmæ (about 120*l.* ; see Professor Hussey’s *Ancient Weights and Measures*, c. iii.) ; a cyclic chorus (at the lesser Panathenæa), 300 : but if this proves anything, it proves too much.

chorus takes part in the dialogue, arguing, very fairly, that if any one predominant number can be traced there, it will probably be connected with the number of the chorus. What then is found in the 'Agamemnon?' At v. 268, we have *seven** speeches of the chorus, consisting each of one line. Again, at v. 538, in conversation with the herald, there are *seven* similar speeches. At v. 1198, we have (if we admit, as seems necessary, Hermann's transposition) *seven* speeches, one of four lines, the rest of one each; and at v. 1242, *six*, one of four, each of the others of one line. So that upon these we are even with him. But, *en revanche*, at v. 1295, there is a speech of four lines for the coryphæus, and *seven*, of one line each, for the rest of the chorus; and at the end of the play the chorus has *seven* single trochaic lines. All this indeed does not *prove* that there were seven pairs of choreutæ, who relieved the coryphæus by taking their share in the minor parts of the dialogue: but it seems to have been anything rather than accidental, and makes such a distribution, *à priori*, the most probable of all. Is there counter-evidence, then, sufficient to rebut this presumption? Mueller cites the scene where the chorus discuss the propriety of assisting Agamemnon at the moment when his cries are heard from within: and he maintains that they resolve themselves into a council of twelve, one of whom puts the question, and again speaks to ratify the decision when all the rest have voted upon it. But, not to dwell on the formal pedantry of such a proceeding (which Hermann is fully justified in ridiculing), we find in this passage fourteen speeches; and it is somewhat more than questionable whether we should be justified in excluding the first because it is of one line only, instead of two, and in assigning the second and fourteenth to the same person, simply to make it fit the framework on which Mueller has determined to stretch it? We hold, on the contrary, that this passage remarkably coincides with those mentioned above, wherein the number *seven* (here doubled) prevailed.† As to the lyric portion of the play, in which the chorus and Cassandra take part, it is so complicated a question that we must again refer to Hermann, who seems to us to have effectually disposed of

* Rejecting Mueller's conjectural interpolation: which, by the bye, if admitted, would not contribute to support his argument.

† So in the *Persæ*, v. 232, *seq.*, we find *seven* single trochaic lines; then a speech of three trochaics, followed by six commatic strains. As to six voices distinguishable in the evocation and in the concluding ode, we must confess that this is a refinement beyond our comprehension: and even granting that twelve was the number of a Greek *γερουσία* in the heroic ages, we do not see why this should be inflicted on the Persians of the time of Æschylus, instead of their own national number *seven* (each having an attendant): see in the book of Esther, ch. i. 14, the names of 'the seven princes of Persia and Media, which saw the king's face, and which sat the first in the kingdom;' and compare Ezra, c. vii. 14.

Mueller's theory. This is but a specimen of the controversies which have been mooted between them: but, in pity to our readers, we will not plunge deeper into the discussion. Mueller's 'Eumenides' is accessible in an English translation, though not such a good one as we could wish;* and there is an unpretending but very neat little edition, edited by *Minckwitz*, which may advantageously be used along with it; as the editor is a sworn follower of Hermann, and gives the sum of that part of his critique which treats of the text of the play.

But our business at present is not with the editors, but with the drama itself. In the structure of this it is manifest that there was a progressive change from Thespis onwards; a change much greater than that in the external adjuncts by which it was accompanied, and, as it were, typified. In this view the one thing to be considered is the chorus: this was at first, as has been already seen, the whole. Afterwards it became only a part—yet still bearing a twofold character; for it was both the chorus of the god and an actor in the play. But here an utter revolution was wrought in the interval between Thespis and Æschylus; and the old saw of οὐδὲν πρὸς Διόνυσον is all that antiquity has handed down to us to throw light upon it. This revolution took place in the time of Chœrilus and Phrynichus, and was effected by Pratinas, who invented the satyric drama. It is singular that we should know so little of so great a change; one which altogether withdrew the ludicrous element from the tragedy, and compounded with the versatile Athenians by giving one piece of the wine-god's unmixed inspiration without a drop of allaying Tiber in it. Chœrilus (B.C. 523—483) was celebrated for his satyric dramas: indeed, the comic poet dates from the epoch ὅτ' ἦν βασιλεὺς Χοιρίλος ἐν σατύροις. Phrynichus (B.C. 511—476) wrote a tragedy on the taking of Miletus, which therefore must have been entirely without the Dionysiac element: there could be nothing πρὸς Διόνυσον here. Pratinas therefore must have introduced the satyric drama before this time; but we have no date recorded; we only know that he was a competitor of Æschylus and Chœrilus in the 70th Ol. (B.C. 500—497).

To Pratinas and his invention we must not digress, having work

* We must give a couple of examples to confirm what is said above. At p. 221, Mueller quotes from Plato, 'eine ueberaus geistreiche Stelle,' which is rendered in the most patronising way, 'an exceedingly clever passage!' And at p. 249, we are referred to 'Pratinas, in the celebrated fragment on the subject of the hyporchesis,' with as much confidence as if the translator had known what 'the fragment' was, or what 'the hyporchesis' might be: the German original speaks of a 'hyporchematic fragment'—that is, of course, a fragment of a *hyporcheme*: on which the following writers may be referred to—Athenæus, p. 15, D, E; 628 D-F; Lucian, de Saltat. s. 16; Ilgen de Scoliiis, p. 34, note 31; Schneider ad Pind. Fragm. pp. 26—28.

enough

enough on our hands in the consideration of the effects of this invention on the character of tragedy: and, returning now to *this*, we find it, as it were, racked off the lees—completely and necessarily changed in its subjects and its tone. The chorus indeed is still there; but no longer the same chorus—no longer the representative of the festival and its god: it now appears as a body of persons connected indeed, but usually not very intimately connected (and hence the especial use of it), with the actors in the dialogue. Tracing it for a moment onward through its later vicissitudes, it may be remarked that in Æschylus the chorus holds the key to the plot throughout. In Sophocles it has lost this, and rather seems to look on and comment: its strains have now lost the depth of meaning which Æschylus infused into them. In Euripides, *the play* has well nigh pushed the chorus from its stool altogether; and its beautiful seductive lyrics have as little connexion with the piece in which they happen to be placed, as any modern song which has been forwarded to an opera-singer with a *douceur*, to be interpolated in everything which is brought out during the season. In the colloquial part the later character of the chorus is outwardly more like what it was earlier—with the same sort of mixture of shrewdness and simplicity which makes Polonius such a bore: but it is not too much to say that there is a meaning in this in the older drama, which is wanting in the new. As the chorus (in its own department) is not to give vent to the impressions or fancies of an individual or class of men, but to pour forth strains which are inspired, and are to be received as coming from the god, there ought not to be, and there is not, any peculiarity of character—anything to excite an individual interest in the members of the chorus. We are intended to lose sight of them, and to receive their strains apart from all such associations: and, *consequently* (as it appears to us), they are carefully made such persons as may be lost sight of. This divestment of character is indeed often carried to an extreme: but it has at least the effect of dissociating the solemn strains which we hear, from the human *ὑποφῆται* who pour them forth.

It must always be remembered that though the chorus lost its immediate and exclusive connexion with the god's service, yet tragedy did not lose its consecration. It was no mere invention of man for his own amusement, adopted and worked upon by various artists for good and evil, to be an instrument for carrying out their views upon the souls of men. It was an act—aye, the most solemn act—of their religious service. The *Sacri Vates* wrote for their own god's festival, under his inspiration; and they were, like the magnetic rings of which Plato tell us in his 'Ion,' the *conductors* from heaven to earth of a power and influence not
their

their own: and as it was primarily to the chorus that this sacred character of tragedy attached, so with the chorus too it necessarily sank.

But if, even in its palmy days in Greece, not to say those which have followed, tragedy varied so much, how are we to pick and choose what shall be our standard of it? The best way will be, if possible, to begin with a definition. And it fortunately is possible, as we have one at hand, from the most approved maker, the Stagyræite himself. This, doubtless, will make all clear! Alas! nothing less! But it will do that which is next best; it will narrow the ground of our inquiry, and bring us to issue on a point. Aristotle defines tragedy to be, *μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας, μέγεθος ἐχούσης, δι' ἐλέου καὶ φόβου περαινούσα τὴν τοιούτων παθημάτων καθάρσιν*. The question is, what does Aristotle mean? It is easy to understand that the subject-matter of tragedy is such as to strike us with feelings of pity and terror: on these feelings the poet has to work, that he may produce his effect. So far so good; but, again, what is the effect intended? 'To accomplish the purification of these and the like passions' (pity and terror). But how is tragedy, or any fictitious composition whatsoever, to effect this? In short, how are 'passions' to be 'purged,' and what becomes of them when they are so? Truly a right pithy and pertinent question; and one which it is hard to answer equally pithily. We have, however, no lack of answers. For instance, let us take Lessing, a poet and critic of no slight eminence. He seems to think that tragedy is to convert the raw material, as it were, of these feelings into virtuous habits, by bringing their excess or defect into that mean, in which moralists place true excellence.* But here is a difficulty; for as some men labour from excess, and others from defect, it seems to follow that, if all are to be brought to the mean, this remedy must have a sort of double operation, hardly known in the pharmacopœia,—to be taken in all cases, and to act homœopathically or allopathically, *pro re natâ*. Again, supposing all this to be successfully achieved, the practical result would be, it would appear, to generate pure apathy in the real trials of life. And some critics have even persuaded themselves that this is the actual end to be sought for by the contemplation of ills greater than those of real human life. On the other hand, Plato (to whom there is probably a covert controversial allusion in Aristotle's definition, as there is so frequently in his writings) complains of this kind of poetry (*μιμητική*), and accuses it of watering and cherishing those passions which we ought to mortify, and making them our masters instead of our becoming theirs.†

* Werke, vol. xiii. pp. 151-184.

† Republic, b. x. § 7, p. 606.

After all, there is something which partly reconciles the two opinions. Dramatic skill is the most powerful of all agents to excite intellectually persons of a susceptible temperament. In such, undoubtedly, it stirs the passions into a violent state of emotion; and, perhaps, for the time, due self-control is lost. Here, then, these impulses or passions are turned aside from their true object, which is, to serve under proper discipline as the main-springs of action. But then, the work of fiction, having brought us into this condition, abandons us in it; nothing comes of it; and we are left to get out of our lures as we best can, instead of being carried forward, as we ought, to something practical, under the guidance of good principle. In fact, we are placed in the unpleasant situation of having our sympathies baulked and wasted on the fictitious case, without our having gained any lesson for a possible one of the same description in real life. And what must be the consequence of this? These feelings, having been once and again summoned from the depths of our soul for nothing but to show themselves and retire, refuse to come when they are called the third time. Bishop Butler tells us (in his *Analogy*) that going over *the theory* of virtue in one's thoughts and drawing fine pictures of it, is so far from necessarily conducting to form a virtuous habit, that it may harden the mind in a contrary course, and make it gradually more insensible to all moral considerations. It is manifest that the mere excitement of the natural feelings by a composition which leads to nothing practical, and does nothing to modify them, will come under the same head with the 'passive impressions' of Bishop Butler. The tendency will be to blunt them; and every time that the experiment is tried, it diminishes their power of moving the mind at all, and so generates the 'passive habit' of callousness. But this is not a 'purifying' of the passions, unless in that sense of the word in which Garrick 'purified' a manuscript play from half its faults, by the expedient of blotting out every other line.

Let us, for the time, adopt the common view of what is requisite for a tragedy:—a chief character, not perfect, lest his misery should cause horror and disgust, but yet, comparatively speaking, undeserving of evil, is to be led on—if blindfold, so much the better—to the brink and over the precipice of ruin. This is the popular notion of the proper *catastrophe* of a tragedy. It must, indeed, be acknowledged that many of the Greek stage do not answer to this description, being merely *mythical plays* (with which we may compare Shakspeare's *historical plays*), or, as Herder* does not hesitate to call them, *melodramas*. But this, with-

* Literatur und Kunst, vol. xvii. p. 207.

out doubt, is what is looked upon as *the* genuine tragedy. If we analyse that one which is always considered the most perfect specimen of a single Greek tragedy, the *King Œdipus* of Sophocles, we find in him a hot-tempered, jealous, spoilt-child of fortune (ἐμαυτὸν παῖδα τῆς Τύχης νέμων· τῆς γὰρ πέφυκα μητρός, v. 1080), involved in calamity; and if his evils had borne any fair proportion to his infirmities, there would have been, indeed, a satisfactory moral lesson; but, then, what would have become of the tragedy? As the case stands, though his petulance is the means of his coming to the sense of his wretchedness a little more speedily, yet it is remarkable that the catastrophe is brought about rather by his good than his bad qualities; that is to say, that it is his devotion to a praiseworthy object, which brings to light the full truth and the horror of that position, in which he has been involved by a destiny working externally and mechanically upon him. If we try to connect the plot with any moral lesson, we are led singularly astray; for here is a culprit guilty of one thing, accused of another, and punished for a third. However awfully Destiny is developed in this play, it works only *upon*, not *through*, the human character; and therefore the human lesson is comparatively wanting. Solger, indeed (in the preface to his translation of Sophocles), maintains that this is human life in its fullest beauty, inasmuch as the Gods and Fate do not appear fighting, but they work. This is a point which we are not concerned to argue; nor shall we inquire too jealously whether Æschylus is inferior in this. But the difference of *effect* must be pointed out which exists between these two plans, in the formation of the spectator's or the student's character. And this is the true end of all poetry, of all intellectual effort whatsoever. For if beauty of any kind be the sole or highest aim of the poet, the highest beauty is not and cannot be attainable by him. Not only is poesy what Aristotle calls it, worthier and more philosophical than history; but it is, in reality, as much above philosophy as this is above history; though each, as it rises, loses itself in the other; witness the philosophy of Thucydides, and the poetry of Plato. For, how is it that they act? History takes and arranges the facts of life. To combine them, and subject them to the intellect, is the province of philosophy; and it is then that they come into the region of poetry, to be illuminated by her light from heaven. The first is the brute matter of the body; the second the animal life; the last the human soul divine. Poetry is humanity mirrored in the soul of the inspired poet. It is the highest and fullest truth, and therefore, from its very nature, of necessity the most beautiful and glorious: beautiful with a heavenly, not a sensual beauty, such as Britomart's was, when Arthegal,

‘long

‘ long gazing thereupon,
At last fell humbly down upon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heavenly goddess he did see.’

It must, indeed, ‘ charm at once and tame the heart ;’ charming necessarily, but at the same time unconsciously : if consciously, if as an end, if with an effort, then it may be beautiful, it may be beguiling, it may be enrapturing ;—but the appeal is to the lower part of our nature ; it is of earth, not of heaven. The goddess is not there ; and in her substitute, fair in form, and winning in motion (perhaps even more so, as being less *severe* in beauty) as she may be, we are embracing only the earthly nymph or the cloud of air. It is the fate of Ixion ; and his wheel is always coming round and round. On these grounds our tragedy may be pronounced defective. And not tragedy alone, but any fictitious composition which *only* excites the feelings, whether in the way of ministering as a stimulant to listlessness, ‘ furnishing a languid mind with fantastic shows and indolent emotions,’ or by thoroughly rousing and stirring up the soul through the passions,—if it then ceases from its work, and neither teaches a moral lesson nor leads to a practical result.

The greatest tragic poet of recent times, in his ‘ Essay on Tragic Art,’ has a passage which, in great part, serves singularly to confirm our views ; though it leads him (strangely, as we must think) to a conclusion very different from that which we have presumed to draw :—

‘ Whatever convenience there may be in having destiny to solve our perplexities, the notion of a blind subjection to it is degrading to man ; and this leaves something to be wished for, even in the finest specimens of the Greek stage ; for by this final appeal to destiny, while our reason demands reason, they in effect leave the perplexities absolutely unsolved. But at the highest point of the development of our moral nature this, too, is reconciled, and there is nothing any longer left to jar. Here even our quarrel with destiny is at an end, vanishing in a feeling, or rather a full consciousness, how all things are working together, providentially and propitiously, to one end. We then not only feel at one within ourselves, but are sensible of the exquisite adaptation of all the parts in one great whole ; and the seeming irregularity which hurt us in the isolated case only serves as a spur to make us look, for the vindication of the particular fact, into the general law, which will turn the seeming discord into perfect harmony. *To this height Greek art never raised itself, from the deficiency of their national religion and philosophy.*’ *

If this be taken simply as based on an induction of most single plays (such as the *King Œdipus* before named), it is both true

* Schiller, *Ueber die tragische Kunst*, Werke, vol. xvii. p. 333, seq. ; 1828.

and very important: and with that limitation we must assent to the position that in this respect the religion and philosophy of Greece were a fetter to the poet. *Speaking as heathens*, it must be confessed that the calamities of Œdipus, and the utter want of connexion between them and the parts of his character which stand in need of discipline, are not to be reconciled with a right order of things. For surely in *heathen* poetry there is an absolute necessity for poetical justice and a visible adjustment of the balance of good and evil, by the restoration of virtue and right to their privileges in this world; though this is not called for where a religion of better promises comes in to support the soul. How bitterly this void was felt may be seen in the dreary pictures which Homer, and after him the other Greek poets, give us of all that attends the decline of life! Not to refer only to the chilling words of Achilles in the nether world,—

Μὴ δὴ μοι θάνατόν γε παραῦδα, φαίδιμ' Ὀδυσσεῦ·
βουλοίμην κ' ἐπάρουρος ἔων θητεῦμεν ἄλλῳ
ἀνδρὶ παρ' ἀκλήρῳ, ᾧ μὴ βίοςτος πολὺς εἴη,
ἣ πᾶσιν νεκῦεςσι καταφθίμενοισι ἀνάσσειν,—

there is precisely the same spirit in the living picture of Laertes in the *Odyssey*, and in that which Achilles draws of his father Peleus in the *Iliad*. As soon as their way of life has fallen into the sere, they are, as a matter of course, set aside; and the remainder of their existence is a ghastly spectral life in death, haunting the scenes of their old pride and prowess. This is man, hanging on to earth, clinging the more closely to it as he feels it slipping from his grasp, because he knows or will know nothing beyond, which can fill its hollowness. Afterwards philosophy tried to do better things; but a miserable comforter was she; and rather exposed, by analysing, the nature of *heathen* consolations, than supplied the aching void in the weary heart.—No, Virtue's triumph and Vice's punishment must in *heathen* poetry be *visible*, or we lose that moral lesson, which to the Christian is more perfect when kept clear of all the transitory rewards and punishments of this life. Bearing on this point there are some admirable remarks of Scott (Preface to *Ivanhoe*) in answer to those who would have wished him to reward the lofty character of Rebecca with worldly prosperity:—

'A character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit; and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with or adequately rewarded by the gratification of our passions or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character

character is dismissed with temporal wealth, greatness, &c., the reader will be apt to say, Virtue has had its reward.'

Will it then be said that this very truth, that virtue has not always its reward nor vice its punishment in this world, does away with our objection to the want of a moral lesson in the catastrophe of a *modern*, i.e. a *Christian* tragedy? We apprehend that it cannot be justly said, for two reasons. The deficiency has not been the result of any alteration made to suit our different position as Christians, but has been received as handed down by the tradition of our heathen forerunners, with whom it could have no such significance. But a more important ground is, that modern tragedies are no more *Christian* than ancient ones. The religious view is never brought out:—the *religious*, at least *Christian*, virtues are not heroic:—Christian sufferings are not tragic:—the Christian character is not adorned by such bravery as the world loves, such magnanimity as the world can appreciate, or such human passion as creates a deep interest with the world. The Christian hero humbles himself, is as nothing in his own eyes, prefers all to himself. His sufferings do not raise him in human eyes. 'A spectacle' indeed he may be to men and angels; but how different a spectacle! Angels minister to him: but before men he fights with beasts. His greatness is such as men cannot see—could not comprehend or believe if they did see it.

Thus, in the light in which we stand, it is much to be feared that tragedy has a tendency to *heathenise* our minds; whereas to heathens the antique poet, when he knew his vocation, was the messenger and authoritative teacher of morality and religion, and from him the nations were fain to glean scattered fragments of the truth.

But if we place Schiller's objection side by side with the definition of Aristotle, it vanishes: it is an objection only to a description of tragedy which does not come up to the definition. We have yet to seek, and this is our next object, whether there be not something in which the idea of the ancient philosopher will be fully embodied so as to annihilate the modern poet's objection to the Greek drama. As to his assertion of the superiority of *modern* tragedy, we may content ourselves with protesting against it in passing. The present inquiry shall be strictly limited to the consideration of Greek tragedy, as in the highest sense a work of art, working on the most definite principles; and we are not without hopes of imparting to the reader something of our own conviction that Æschylus stands unrivalled as a consummate artist.

This must be done, however, not by considering single plays, which may have been, and which in many cases we know to have been only parts of a whole, but by examining the groups into which the

the poet formed them ; for it is with the Greek drama as with the Greek sculpture, in which every torso or separate limb of a single figure bears indeed the impress of the master mind ; but that mind is not rightly appreciated until we study the full group of the tympanum :—nay, until the temple too be taken into consideration, and the frame-work of earth and sky in which it stands.

It is now necessary to go back to the period at which the Satyric Drama was established, and the ludicrous element thus removed from tragedy. It is recorded that at this time the competitors were bound to exhibit a *tetralogy*, consisting of three tragedies (a trilogy), and a satyric drama. All the details of this arrangement are quite unknown, so that it is a fair subject for speculation ; and as a speculation the remark may be hazarded, that this proportion of *three to one* is a strange and startling one for the ἀποσδιόνουσα to bear to the worship of Bacchus in the compact or composition made between the poetry of the drama and the *religio temporis*. It seems, à priori, much more probable that the tragic portion was originally looked upon as one whole, and the satyric portion as another. This view would suggest the theory of *one* tragedy in *three* acts or parts, rather than of three tragedies ; and as it is not difficult to trace a progressive system of encroachment on the worship of the god by the chartered libertines of poetry, this account of the first step would help to make their gradual success more intelligible, and to explain how it happens that so little is heard of the revolution until it is found to be quietly, but fully accomplished ; when the satyric drama is so far from being any longer sole possessor of the field, that it does not even share it with one cor rival, but is driven up as it were into a corner, struggling hard to keep one quarter of its ancient kingdom ;—nay, even rudely jostled at times from this its last stronghold ; as is known to have been the case in the tetralogy to which *The Alcestis* of Euripides belonged.*

To come to the plays extant,—of Æschylus there is none of which it has not been conjectured that it formed part of a trilogy

* It had often been remarked that *the Alcestis* was scarcely to be called a tragedy ; and especially that Hercules sustains exactly that character in it which made him so popular in the satyric dramas ; we are now enabled to say positively (from a fragment of the Didascalizæ) that this play stood *fourth* in a tetralogy, and consequently did duty for a satyric play :—δύοτιμος Εὐριπίδης Κρήσσαις, Ἀλκμαίων τῷ διὰ Ψωφίδος, Τηλέφω, Ἀλκυστῖδι τὸ δὲ δράμα κομικωτέρῳ ἔχει κατασκευήν. The other tetralogies positively known are,—

(Æschylus) Phineus, Persæ, Glaucus Potnieus, (Prometheus Πυγμαλῖς).
 (Æschylus) Agamemnon, Choëphoræ, Eumenides, (Proteus)—*The Oresteia*.
 (Æschylus) Edoni, Bassarides, Νιανίσκοι, (Lycurgus)—*The Lycurgia*.
 (Euripides) Medea, Philoctetes, Dictys, (Theristæ).
 (Euripides) Alexander, Palamedes, Troades, (Sisyphus).
 (Xenocles) Œdipus, Lycaon, Bacchæ (Athamas).
 (Philocles) *The Pandionis*.

on some connected subject; but how closely connected and artificially worked up we cannot tell, and dare not guess; for we must confess that our mind is always thrown into an attitude of suspicion by the extreme plausibility with which Welcker plays at thimble-rig with these luckless trilogies. In every book that he publishes (and he writes unceasingly) they alter their form: the plays are never at rest, but are now here, now there, back and forwards, in and out of their respective groups; like the single eye of the mythical *Trilogy* of the Phorciades, which was transferred from one to another as it was wanted for the day; or that more anciently recorded trilogy still, which was

Πρόσθε λέων, ὅπιθεν δὲ δράκων, μέσση δὲ χίμαιρα.

But one trilogy has come down to us entire; and this, therefore, is safe ground upon which to try conclusions.

Of Sophocles there remain no trilogies:—indeed the grammarians record that he was author of the innovation of exhibiting *single plays*. This, however, can scarcely mean (as it was understood formerly) that he brought forward only one drama at one time. For we have the distinct record of his satyric plays, as well as of the trilogies and tetralogies with which his contemporaries and juniors contended against him for the prize. Now it is contrary to reason to suppose that he could have been allowed to contend with one play, against those who exhibited four; Welcker's explanation must therefore here be adopted, and *single plays* be understood simply to mean *unconnected*. Sophocles then was the author of the next step in the revolution, wherein there was no longer one story handled tragically and another embodied in a satyric play, but the three parts of the trilogy became wholly disunited, except by the external accident of their juxtaposition. This was not done, it must be inferred, by others until Sophocles had set the example; but doubtless it may be taken for granted, on the one hand, that Sophocles had written upon the old model—that is, in connected trilogies—before he arrived at sufficient eminence to make such an innovation: and, on the other, that Æschylus, before the end of his career, may have availed himself of this new licence, as he adopted other alterations which are ascribed to Sophocles. But we may rejoice that he did not entirely abandon the original law;—as we should have then been without the specimen of the trilogy which has come down to us; since this, as formerly stated, was produced almost at the close of the poet's life. Another tetralogy of Æschylus is mentioned under one collective name, and consequently, as may be surmised, consisting of a connected plot;—and of this it may further be remarked that the
satyric

satyric drama is also in union with the three tragedies. This is the *Lycurgia*; and the subject of it being taken from the Bacchic mythology, makes the introduction of the satyrs easy and natural. In the case of the *Oresteia* there seems to have been no such *quadruple alliance*, in spite of Schoell's theory, which we formerly propounded with such gravity as we were capable of. It is true that the *Oresteia* is sometimes called a *tetralogy*; but this would not unnaturally happen even if *the afterpiece* was not on the same subject with the three tragedies: and the scholiast on the *Ranæ* of Aristophanes, who gives it this name, tells us at the same time that Aristarchus called it a *trilogy*, which the critic could not have done if the plot had extended through all the four. To illustrate this by a modern analogy;—one series of the 'Tales of my Landlord' contained 'Old Mortality' in *three* volumes and the 'Black Dwarf' in *one*. This being so, though there is no connexion between the stories, there would be nothing surprising in hearing the whole *tetralogy* (so to speak), called loosely 'Old Mortality;' whereas, if the fourth volume had been a continuation of the three first, no one could have called these a *trilogy*.

The scholiast on the *Birds* of Aristophanes mentions a group of tragedies on the story of Pandion, a *Pandionid*, by Philocles: and among the tragedies of Euripides we find that the *Alexander*, *Palamedes*, and *Troades* were exhibited together: in which, if we may judge from the names, the plot was continuous. Here the satyric drama was the *Sisyphus*.

For the other trilogies—indeed for all the other plays which we find named—it is an easy task to divine some theme of a common plan or interest; because the few poor fragments that remain can scarcely contradict one; or, if they do, they can be lopped and cropped—a new name put upon one,—a leg cut off another,—a Taliacotian nose grafted upon a third,—until all are made to correspond in some measure to one's notions of the names intended for them: and if a first experiment is unsuccessful, it is but to shift the labels and begin again. 'Tis as easy as writing nonsense verses. But when we find that, after all this labour, the unity claimed for most of them is but a oneness of *moral*, thrice illustrated by three unconnected stories, what inducement is there for us to go further? Such performances are not trilogies; they are *acted charades*; and if Athenian cleverness could have discovered that the *Phineus*, *Persæ*, and *Glaucus* had no meaning but 'Greece triumphant over Barbary,'—they would have hooted the conundrum off the stage. How different from *this* is the unity in which the *Oresteia* came, as one perfect whole, from the head of the poet!

To this we now return; and in tracing it we must start with a
view

view of that destiny, which was doubly working for evil—in public and in private—on the family of the Pelopidæ. The drama opens upon us at the point where these two independent, but equally hostile influences converge.

In their public character the princes of 'Pelops' line' were exalted above all their contemporaries: and all made them but the more obnoxious to that jealousy of heaven—*φθονερὸν γὰρ τὸ θεῖον*—which always attended on more than mortal fortune, ready to avenge the more heavily the slightest false step of those who were so highly favoured. The taking of Troy, which was the climax of their glory, was also the crisis of their fate; for Troy too was 'divine;' Troy was a fated city, both in its glories and its sins; and the reckoning which it paid was proportionally fearful. But the reckoning *was* paid, and the victors now stood within the same danger. Raised on the ruins of the heaven-built city, her scourge could hardly fail to fall on them: all that had affronted heaven in Troy now redounded on their heads: and, besides, there was a long account of actual wickedness to settle, for violence and bloodshed in the siege, horrors and godlessness in the sack of the town. Nor was there wanting a cry to heaven against the sons of Atreus, from their own home, among their own people. All Greece had suffered the ills of the expedition, which had served only to avenge the quarrel of the one, and to enhance the renown of the other. Abroad, the flower of Greece was 'wede away;' and at home, in the absence of their lawful monarchs, the people were ground down by anarchy or tyranny.

And there were other horrors, more private, yet not less fearful. The line of Pelops was, from their very origin, under a curse, mysteriously bound up, as by a principle of compensation, with all their greatness. It is traced to the slaughter of Myrtilus in one generation: in another it bursts forth in the quarrel of Atreus and Thyestes, the incest of Thyestes with Aëropé, and the horrible revenge of Atreus. But the revenge was incomplete: according to the eastern proverb—

'Tyrants kill

Whom they will:

But never tyrant killed his heir.'

And the youngest, an infant child, is rescued, to grow up the born enemy, the *Goël*, or (may it not be said?) the personified Erinny of the house of Atreus. It is in this capacity that he appears; and—notwithstanding the allusions of the chorus to the 'enseamed bed,' and Cassandra's revelations of the wolf stealing into the lion's lair—Ægisthus, with all his vileness, is yet but one of the instruments through which evil is punished by evil. His adultery

adultery is kept comparatively in the background. We hear nothing of the story of the guardian minstrel; how his holy strains preserved Clytæmnestra from evil; and how the faithful man was borne to a lonely island, and her fall soon followed.* Their adultery is not the one grand crime bringing all others in its train; it is only one link in the chain of horrors, one thread in the endless inextricable web (ἄπειρον ἀμφίβληστρον) which involves, not Agamemnon only, but them all. It is the hereditary curse which is working itself out in each generation through the evil passions of man's heart, and visiting alternately each branch of the family by the agency of the other.

And if this be so with Ægisthus, still more emphatically is it so with Clytæmnestra. Probably very few, even of those who have read the Agamemnon most carefully, are conscious of the art with which this, the more degrading portion of her wickedness, is kept out of sight; because all come to the study of Æschylus with the details of the mythology in their minds: they are admitted into the mansion of the Pelopidæ up the back-stairs by Dr. Lempriere (the scandalous chronicler of the ancients), instead of coming with the triumphal procession of Agamemnon to the palace-gates. But let us recommend to our readers to glance over the play, with the special view of remarking the extreme delicacy with which this is shaded. One or two figurative hints of the chorus, one or two oracular metaphors of Cassandra, are all that prepare us for the bold and unembarrassed language of Clytæmnestra herself, after the deed of death is done, and the load of dissimulation off her mind: by which time the special sin of her connexion with Ægisthus is, as it were, merged in the unity of her awful character. In fact the strongest evidence against her, until this time, is to be drawn from her extreme and anxious self-exculpations. *Methinks, the lady doth protest too much*: and her whole appearance is, as it is intended to be, that of a person talking at random to conceal her thoughts, or occasionally venting them obscurely, as if in demi-soliloquy.† And then, what an array of crimes we have, brought up against King Agamemnon, and with what skill marshalled! His very entrance, accompanied by the captive Cassandra, carries his wife back to all the infidelities of his absence, while she forsooth, poor bird, was pining in her widowed nest at home. And in truth it does remind one vividly of the *naïveté* of the Homeric King of Men, who tells us that Chryseis was no whit inferior to his wedded wife; and that, *therefore*, he naturally preferred her:—

* Od. iii., 267, *seq.*

† Cf. v. 349, etc.

‘ ——— καὶ

‘ — καὶ γάρ ῥα Κλυταιμνήστρας προβέβουλα,
 κουριδῆς ἀλόχου· ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἔθεν ἐστὶ χερσίων,
 οὐδέμας, οὐδὲ φνὴν, οὐτ’ ἄρ φρένας, οὔτε τι ἔργα.’

Again, the *slaughter* (for in Æschylus we hear nothing of *Iphigenia in Tauris*) of his eldest child as the victim of his brother’s uxoriousness and his own ambition, is, not unnaturally, much and variously dwelt upon; until at last the picture of the murdered maiden welcoming to the banks of Acheron the father who had sacrificed her (v. 1503), makes the student feel the triumph of the poet in having, for a moment, trimmed the balance between the parties; though there is nothing in the perplexity thus produced which can permanently pervert the judgment.

Again, let the Queen’s inflated language, and the insidious pomp of Agamemnon’s reception, be noticed. Here is no deviation from nature; rather, under her circumstances, it is the highest nature;—but the effect is, for the time, to throw a shade of caricature over all his greatness and his person. All is forced to such an excess as to provoke reaction. She has become bold in length of time to tell her love-tale in the public ear; and an invidious one it is of a disconsolate, deserted wife, weeping to hear story after story of her husband’s death, until his body had been (said to be) thrice over drilled with eylet-wounds like a net, and himself—had he been three gentlemen at once—buried thrice deep! Forgotten and woeful matron, she had done nothing but weave herself halts, and her maidens had had their time fully occupied in cutting her down: nay, her dear Orestes had been taken from her, from some vague anticipation of his being hanged or deposed, we are not sure which. And as for tears, they must not be surprised that she sheds none; *she has none left*; the very fount of them is dry! But her eyes are sore, (if this will do as well) with weeping by unsnuffed candles (so we presume to translate τὰς ἀμφὶ σοῦ κλαίουσα λαμπηρουχίας ἀτημελήτους αἰέν); and the very ‘buzzing night-flies’ had kept her awake instead of ‘hushing her to her slumbers.’ But now, it is all past: Agamemnon is come! And now that he is come, what shall she say, what shall she call him? A house-dog—a cable—a pillar—an only child—a friendly shore—a fair day—a running stream! His very *foot* is a glorious foot, for it spurned Troy over; and it must not tread upon the earth.* All this
 Agamemnon

* The reader can hardly have forgotten the parody on this in the *Knights* of Aristophanes (v. 783 seq.):

ἐπὶ ταῖσι πύραις οὐ φροντίζει σκληρῶς σε καθήμενον οὐτως,
 οὐχ ὥς περ ἐγὼ βαψάμενός σοι τοῦτι φέρω· ἀλλ’ ἱπαναίρου,
 κατὰ καθίζου μαλακῶς, ἵνα μὴ τρίζῃς τὴν ἐν Σιλαμίνι.

Agamemnon takes meekly; protesting indeed against the splendour of his reception, as well as the length of her speech,—which latter he compares to the siege of Troy; but giving way at last, for the sake of a quiet life.

It may doubtless be said that this is ludicrous; so, in itself, it undoubtedly is: but how true to nature, and how wonderfully contrived to further the poet's purpose! Let us take Macbeth: if, at least, we may be forgiven for venturing, against certain modern authorities, to retain our belief that there is a family likeness between Lady Macbeth and Clytæmnestra. *She*, indeed, is more sparing of her rhetoric; but in her speech of welcome to Duncan there is the same frigid elaborateness: with both of them alike all is

‘In every point twice done, and then done double.’

In the same taste is that earlier speech of Clytæmnestra, wherein the description of the courier flame, which announced the capture of Troy, is worked up with the most marvellous union of real excitement and perturbation, with cold and inflated bombast. In a modern work, which has fallen into our hands in the course of our professional labours as ‘the scavengers of literature,’ we have found it authoritatively remarked, that ‘it is the orthodox custom of translators to render the dialogue of Greek plays in blank verse; but in this instance the whole animation and rapidity of the original would be utterly lost in the stiff construction and protracted rhythm of blank verse!’ Alas for Shakspeare then! Alas for Æschylus, who—though the whole range of ‘rapid’ and ‘animated’ choral metres was before him—chose so unaccountably to clothe this speech in a metre adopted, as Aristotle tells us, because it was *the most proselike*, the most like common discourse, of all! Alas for the lyrical translator, who has to soften down into ‘animated and rapid’ phraseology such expressions as ‘old-womanish heather’ (γῆραιά ἐρείκη), ‘a huge beard of flame’ (φλογὸς μέγαν πώγωνα), and the like, and especially that glorious description of the last beacon, οὐκ ἄπαππον Ἰδαίου πυρός—‘which,’ to translate accurately,

‘is not un-grandfather’d by Ida’s fire!’

Are we disparaging Æschylus by showing that among the fervid thoughts of this speech there are such frigid tropes intermingled? Quite the reverse; because we believe it to be natural, and that he knew it, to one in Clytæmnestra’s situation to use

‘Here’s a present you’ll prize: come, arise, Sir, arise!
 Then sit you down softly upon her:
 Since Salamis’ shock, what a shame the hard rock
 Should be chafing the seat—of your Honour!’

such

such language, instead of the gay prettinesses of our modern Midas, who turns everything that he touches to—tinsel.* To estimate her character, we must compare her language before and after the deed was done. *Afterwards* there is no elaboration, no disguise, no frigidity. Every word burns,—burns with hell-fire. Public and private ills have converged on the heads of the Atridæ; or rather—for the historical account of the shipwreck is ably applied to withdraw Menelaus—on the one head of Agamemnon. And she stands forth as the *Até* within the family, as *Ægisthus* from without; and this, rather than their illicit love (which, in fact, flows from it), is the bond of their unhallowed union.

This forms one means by which a catastrophe is prepared. But a still more important agent is the Chorus; and this is so employed by Æschylus as to need a more careful analysis. It was not (says the fine old Platonist, Philip van Heusde) merely by the outward improvements in his art, which we learn from Horace and the archæologists, that Æschylus did his work. It was by the masterpieces of his tragedy, the deep impression which they made on the spectator, filling him now with pity, now with terror, but always with elevating emotions. And this he attained, not by action and language, but most chiefly by the influence of the chorus. The tragedian was also probably the first lyric poet of Greece; and thus by the chorus in the pauses of his dramas his aim was to work up the souls of his hearers to the pitch of the tragedy which they were hearing, and to inspire them with a capacity for the feelings which were to be called forth. It is to this chorus that we chiefly trace the higher spirit which possesses us when we study the Greek tragedy:—

* We cannot resist the temptation to give one more specimen of *Æschylus puppy-dog*. It is characterised as 'one of those soft passages so rare in *Æschylus* (!), nor less exquisite than rare:—

‘ Ah! soon alive, to miss and mourn,
The form beyond the ocean borne,
Shall start the lonely king!
And thought shall fill the lost one's room,
And darkly through the palace gloom
Shall stalk a ghostly thing.’

(*I. e.*, as a note tells us, Menelaus, as lean as a ghost!)

‘ Her statues meet, as round they rise,
The leaden stare of sightless eyes:
Where is their ancient beauty gone?
Why leathe his looks the breathing stone?
Alas! The foulness of disgrace
Hath swept the Venus from her face!’

With some difficulty we have discovered that this is meant to be a translation from Agam., vv. 414-419 (αἰὶδ' ὑπὸ πύλαισι—καὶ Ἀφροδίτα).

' Ille bonis faveatque, et concilietur amicis ;
 Et regat iratos, et amet peccare timentes :
 Ille dapes laudet mensæ brevis, ille salubrem
 Justitiam, legesque, et apertis otia portis :
 Ille tegat commissa, Deosque precetur, et oret
 Ut redeat miseris, abeat Fortuna superbis.'

HOR. A. P., 196, seq.

It is remarked by Schlegel, that the Greek chorus is *the idealised spectator*, giving the fair comments of man's judgment in the abstract upon the acts or sentiments of the characters, and so, by the *impersonal* character of its moralising, gently leading the audience to do the like. But this is not a sufficient description of the chorus in Æschylus. With him it is no mere external critic upon the plot; it is the plot itself. The dialogue of the Agamemnon could be dispensed with as easily as the lyric portion of it. The chorus is no critical looker-on; it is *the poet soliloquising at his work*, and giving vent, as in involuntary strains, to the mysterious imaginations which crowd upon his soul, while he strives to embody them in their more definite, but thus less spiritual form. Without the chorus we could no more attain to the fulness of the poet's meaning than we could attune ourselves to the harmonies in which he clothes it. The chorus is altogether rapt out of the region of *reflection*. It is inspired.

It will be worth while to trace the clue of their strains through the earlier part of the play, from their entrance, summoned by Clytæmnestra to hear the news of the triumph which has been telegraphed from Troy. This carries them back ten years, to the time when the Atridæ departed, shouting for vengeance on Troy, like vultures wheeling over their empty nest,

' Right sorrowfully mourning their bereaved cares.'

Well! things must be as they may; and destiny and wrath will have their course; but 'our way of life is in the sere (φυλλὰδος ἤδη κατακαρφομένης), we linger on, unmeaning as a dream at mid-day.'

Yet old as they are, the spirit of song survives; and now the fated time suggests the strain,—how omens met the avengers on their way. And this was the rede of the prophet: time will come when Troy shall fall before the host; but a hostile influence darkens the future: the goddess of the wild-wood tribes is at the throne of Zeus to ask the fulfilment of the sign, prosperous in the main, yet deeply dashed with ill (δεξιὰ μὲν, κατάμομφα δέ). Heaven forefend that she demand a horrid sacrifice—horrid in itself, and source of future horror, treachery, and domestic vengeance. Sing woe, sing woe, and well away! (αἶλινον, αἶλινον εἰπέ, τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω) . . . A weight is on their soul, and who shall relieve

relieve them? The ancient powers of heaven are gone by; only Zeus remains; and *he* has ordained that by suffering shall mortals be taught to bow beneath the rod. Thus was his hand on Agamemnon, what time the host pined away to watch day after day the reflux waters of Euripus. But the remedy was worse than all; the monarch smote the earth and cried, 'A sorry choice! It is hard to disobey! and how hard to shed a virgin daughter's blood! and yet I owe a duty to my comrades; and must they not demand it?' Then he bowed to the yoke of fate, and steeled himself to dare the worst; for in the first guilt madness lies, and hardens man to recklessness; and so he set at nought his daughter's prayer and appeals to a father's name; muffling the curses which might fall from that melodious tongue, which had so often charmed the guests of his palace-hall; for there she stood as if in act to speak, fair as some pictured form, darting her glances round in pitiful appeal. . . . We saw not, dare not tell the rest; but this is sure, that prophecy will work its way, and those that *will* not learn, *shall* learn by suffering. But away with inquiries into the future. Enough that it *will* come, surely and speedily!

After hearing what the queen has to tell them of the conquest, and her rambling strain of moralising upon it, they again take up their parable, their theme being the sin of Troy and the certainty of judgment. But mark whither this leads them!

Zeus has bent his bow against the guilty. Ay, though men are found to say that the gods reck not of evil deeds, it was his doing: he shows himself in vengeance to the sons of an overweening race. Ours be the lowlier lot which knows no ill; for there is no redemption for the high and wealthy ones who spurn the altar of right. They are driven on to inevitable ill: the light within has ceased to be of heaven, but blazes lurid forth, hurrying them downwards; and no one hears their prayer, but mischief hunts the man who for a toy, a bird of gay plumage, transgresses. And even such a bird was Helen! Lightly she glided from her home, leaving a legacy behind her, the clash of arms and the battle stir, —bearing with her a dowry, ruin to Troy. . . . And *he*, the dishonoured, the unrepublishing! Silent is he: he cannot deem her gone: her form will haunt him yet in every hall where she has reigned as queen: all else in them is a blank; for the desire of his eyes is gone, and what is loveliness to him? In dreams he snatches an empty joy, and lo the vision is gone with the slumber! . . . But private sorrows are not all. There is a cry of mourning through universal Greece. Men ask for their children, and what have they? Ashes and an urn! And when they tell of this man's courage and that man's death, there comes the

the murmur, that it was all for one frail wife! Far off sleep the beautiful; but whispers deepen into curses here at home,—curses which fall not to the ground; for blood will have blood; and glory overmuch is not for good, but calls heaven's lightning down. Ours be no such fortune, but rather the unenvied lot, unharmed, unharmed!

Up to this point, at which the chorus seems to be interrupted by a shout of the citizens without, welcoming the arrival of the herald, we can clearly trace *the idea* of the drama in the lovely ode, which, for critical purposes, we have so rudely anatomised. The chorus endeavour to wake the song of triumph over Troy; but they are impressed with an undefinable though sure foreboding of evil, which always returns, however they may try to shake it off; and so *offensa resultat imago*, the echo of their song comes back upon them. Every topic of triumph, by alluding to Trojan misfortunes, suggests the danger of the Greeks. Nemesis, who waits on overmuch fortune, and overweening recklessness of right, bears heavily on those who have sacked a heaven-built city, and destroyed a sacred kingdom. There is blood crying to heaven. There is the muttered curse of those that dare not cry aloud. And there is a sure avenger for them that have no helper! And so they see but little difference between the misery of victor and vanquished, master and captive; and they pray to be delivered from both alike. These are intimations of evil to come, clear enough to him who hears or reads; naturally more clear to him than to the chorus themselves, who are possessed, rapt into futurity while they utter them; and who, when their dark hour passes, are too much mixed up with the events to rise to the pitch of their own inspiration, or judge of the fulness of their prophecy. But it must be borne in mind that, even to the hearer or reader, the warning does not stand so startlingly as we have represented it. It is all there, but invested in mystery by the art of the poet, which has been taxed to clothe the skeleton which is given above, in a wondrous form of beauty and glory.

At this conjuncture the herald enters with a thanksgiving for his safe return. He tells of the army's sufferings and triumph; but this is not all. His most important announcement is, that *the end has begun*. The storm which has been hanging over the Greeks has burst; and the shipwreck of the returning warriors is the earnest of all that the chorus has foretold. In this tempest they lose sight of Menelaus. Probably, indeed, thus much is historical; but it is not introduced here merely as an historical fact. As he does not appear again in the trilogy, some scholars conjecture that this allusion was meant to connect the trilogy with
the

the fourth drama, the *Proteus*. But this is not necessary to explain it. It is, as has been before hinted, a sufficient reason for his disappearance, that he was one of the *two* sons of Atreus (or Pleisthenes), on whom vengeance has been accumulating; and that by his being spirited away and lost sight of, the full weight of destiny is concentrated on the one head of the devoted Agamemnon.

The return of the herald follows the signal of the beacons, and is again followed by the appearance of Agamemnon, with little more than two choral odes intervening. Here is a problem for the sticklers for the unity of time. Afterwards, in the *Eumenides*, the scene shifts from Delphi to Athens, if not also from one part of Athens to another. So that the unities of time and place may equally be dispensed with. The technical canons, of which one has heard so much from the French school of expositors of Hellenic art, are not binding upon Æschylus. Indeed, these so-called Greek, or rather *Gallo-Grecian*, unities are but a modern forgery, foisting upon Aristotle a doctrine of which he never dreamt, and for oneness of conception, for the living whole of creative poetry, substituting a dead, mechanical union of parts filling up an arbitrary outline:—one indeed, but one as a *volume*, not as a *work* is one. Like other falsehoods, they are built upon a truth; and that is, that unity is excellence, and consistency indispensable. Hence, the more perfectly a tragedy combined all in detail, the more *in that point* it would approach perfection. Of this excellence no one was a more consummate master than Æschylus. The whole Trilogy is a proof of this: for it is *one* in a sense in which no other dramatic poem extant can be called so. But, in the detail, all minutiae must be duly subordinated to the grand whole; and one essential point in the definition was, that the subject-matter must be of weight and importance (*πρᾶξις μέγιστος ἔχουσα*), involving therefore various interests, events, and characters, and often spreading over a considerable time, in proportion to that greatness which gives it its fitness for tragic handling. The *niceties*, therefore, which go by the name of the unities of time and place, will frequently interfere with the development of the plot, in exact proportion to its tragic grandeur:—that is, when ‘the plot is a good plot,’ artfully devised and complicated, there will be far more difficulty in accommodating everything to these niceties than where there is little plot or none at all. When such difficulties occur, the minor consideration should give way. In scenes of a purely domestic character, it would be comparatively easy to adhere strictly to place and punctually to time; and hence in the later comedy we usually find this done; because here the intricacies of the plot extend no further

further than the concerns of two neighbouring families. But it is otherwise in such dramas as we are treating of.

And here let not the real question be mistaken: for mistaken it will be, if we are to inquire whether Æschylus leaves time enough to let the spectator or reader think that Agamemnon may have returned. This is an absurdity. We know that we are (as the case may be) witnessing or reading a *play*, with full purpose to give ourselves up to the illusion, if it be not rudely dispelled by some awkwardness in the artist:—we dream until we are forcibly awakened. The real question then is, whether the want of unity is such as to dispel the illusion, and to bring us back to the work-day world and the *measurement* of time. If we measure the choral odes, as Sterne's critic did the soliloquy, by the stop-watch, the Agamemnon cannot stand such a test as this. But, under such circumstances, what is there that *can* stand, which will be worth standing room? Let all the sticklers for the unities lay their heads together, and whence will they exhume, or when will they manufacture, a play in which the manager's or poet's clock will keep time with the clocks at the outside of the theatre, or with the watches of the audience? There never was a play in which some scenes did not require an *indefinite* interval to elapse between them. Let this be of minutes, or hours, or days, the stop-watch critic is answered; and with reasonable beings the matter is sooner or later brought to this issue. If the poet does not carry the spectator with him so completely as to make him lose count of time, he has failed; and no observation of the unities can make up for his failure. In the matters of real life, while we stand on the earth and are acted upon by its influence, what matters it to us, practically speaking, that we are spinning along at the rate of millions of miles in a minute? Do we stand the less steadily? Does our full belief in the physical truth interfere with the impressions which we receive from our senses? And so it is that, if we are rapt into the sphere of the poet, and whirled along with him whither his orbit leads us, we can no more measure or take account of such minute points as these, than we can measure how far we have travelled through space since we sat down to our intellectual treat. We are entitled to demand that the poet shall do thus much for us: and it is sufficiently done, if there is any such interruption occupying the theatre for a time, as will serve to dissolve the continuity of the action. If, during such a pause, a new train of thought be successfully interpolated, then the laws of mind make the interval for all practical purposes an *indefinite* one.

Hence it follows that the objection touching the chorus, as
having

having only so many lines to sing, while Agamemnon has so many leagues to sail, is a mere quibble. Modern playwrights find no difficulty in the matter:—a curtain drops, or a scene changes. This at once breaks the sequence of our ideas, and, with or without the aid of the orchestra, we are wafted over minutes or years, as the case may be. The ‘chorus’ or ‘grex’ coming in to apologise, like a showman interpreting his puppets, as we frequently find it in the Elizabethan dramatists, betrays a rude state of the art. It is true that the mystery of the scene-shifter was not so much studied by the ancients as by the moderns; but there was the entire change of performance to serve the same purpose. The chorus, with its solemn evolutions—the lyre—the song—the dance—carried the spectators at once into a new world; and if they had any feeling for what was going on, and could discharge from their minds the dialogue of the past scene, so far as to enter into that which was before them, they had at once lost count of time sufficiently to surrender themselves to the poet, and to justify his experiment by its success.

It cannot be denied that this is a hazardous experiment; so hazardous indeed, that whole crowds of most respectable playwrights will best consult their reputation by not trying it. But it is not the less true that one who dares not run this hazard will scarcely make good his title to the name of poet; and in cases like that one which has led us to the present digression, where the irregularity in a point of detail is directly subservient to the grouping and unity of the whole, there is nothing to defend or apologise for; but rather everything to praise, as the direct means towards an all-important excellence. But this reminds us that our digression is, in its way, a serious violation of the unities; and also that time and paper and the reader’s patience will all fail us, if we go on as we have begun, doing the choral songs into prose. Nor is it necessary for our purpose; since enough has been said to show *the idea* of the chorus, which is carried on still further in the following strains: until at last, when Agamemnon has returned, and all adverse destiny seems overruled, the chorus complain wonderingly, that some mysterious influence makes their highest notes of triumph die away into a funereal strain; and pray, yet dare not hope, that their soul’s prophecy may prove false.

All now is wound up to the pitch where some catastrophe is expected; and ere it comes, we have it shadowed forth in dim oracular grandeur by the swan-song of Cassandra,—who is the very impersonation of Destiny—which must give warning, or it would not be known as such; yet must warn fruitlessly, or it would cease to be destiny. Yet still, with all this preparation, how startlingly
does

does the apparition of Clytæmnestra and her fearless avowal come upon us! Agamemnon's death, and all connected with it, now stand out in due proportion; so balanced, indeed, that the chorus is almost at a loss to decide,—for a moment imposed upon by the sophistry of evil passions (v. 1560, seq.) until Ægisthus comes in, and his hateful presence decides them. But are matters to stay here? Can it be supposed that Clytæmnestra has really, as she endeavours to flatter herself, laid the spirit of domestic strife, and shed the last blood that is to flow? A modern plot would go no further. But the mind is revolted at this. Whatever plausibilities there were against Agamemnon are annihilated by the monstrous character of *her* crime; and the scale of Destiny is clearly turning. At this conjuncture there are two or three seemingly trifling incidents artfully thrown in. Ægisthus speaks of his being expelled while in his infancy, to be brought back by Justice in his manhood; and the prophecy of Cassandra and the speech of the chorus carry us on to the return of another child, similarly spirited away. In the more modern scheme, this would all have been lost; and more than this, for the development of Clytæmnestra's character would have been lost too, unless the moral of the play had been the triumph of evil: but the Greeks had too fine a sense of harmony to end with such a discord as this; and the whole conclusion of the play supplies the links which unite it to that which follows: all is subservient to the grand design; and, wonderful as the Agamemnon is in itself, it is only to be appreciated—indeed it is only to be rightly understood—in connexion with what ensues. One can scarcely read the play without being taught, by this one lesson, to confess how imperfectly those remains of antiquity can be appreciated, which have come down to us in any degree imperfect; and how much of their excellence may consist in portions which one would now scarcely miss if they were absent. Suppose that of the Oresteian trilogy the Agamemnon only had been extant, as the Prometheus, or the Seven against Thebes are of their trilogies: we should still have had all the delineation of character, all the mastery over feeling and passion, all the power of language, and the essential poetry, lyric and dramatic, of the piece; in short, all the *materials* for the whole: and though we might have complained of something apparently inartificial, we should probably have discovered nothing to remind us of any want on our own parts, or to suggest that our criticisms might arise from ignorance of the poet's real design. And yet, certainly, such would be the case; the critic of the Agamemnon, as an isolated play, would undoubtedly lay his finger on those little points which are introduced to give connexion

nexion to the whole trilogy, with the assurance that here was a deficiency, and the satisfaction of thinking that it was on the poet's side and not on his own.*

Whatever our expectations of a catastrophe may have been, the nature of that which takes place, and the proclamation of Clytæmnestra by herself as the Até of the family in human shape (φανταζόμενος δὲ γυναικὶ νεκροῦ τοῦδ' ὁ παλαιὸς δριμύς ἀλαστωρ, κ. τ. ἑ., v. 1498), is of such a nature that we are left full of horror and perplexity morally revolting—if this were all. The emotions are indeed stirred up; but it is to all appearance only a witch's caldron, 'Double, double, toil and trouble.' No problem in human nature is solved, nor anything done, so far, towards 'purifying the passions,' modifying, disciplining, or in any way turning them to use. So that the moral effects of the single play, as above noticed, would have been bad. But there are the links which join it to the Choëphoræ, sufficient to suggest the turn which the plot is about to take, and to satisfy us that the action is tending towards a real end. In the Choëphoræ we find the adulterous pair in full-blown outward prosperity; but the avenger is at the door—Orestes has been distinctly called to the duty of vengeance by the gods; his commission is *to slay the slayers*; and this is confirmed by Clytæmnestra's dream of evil augury. Still the same care is taken, as in the former plays, to convey, though indistinctly, an assurance that the end is not near: there are marked indications throughout that Orestes finds himself ill at ease. His whole conduct discloses it—vaguely, of course, but it does disclose it—and communicates to us his own inward apprehensions. He is, as it were, dragged into the arena, and worked up by the Chorus, by Electra, and finally by the oracular voice of the (probably) unseen Pylades, the representative of the Delphic oracle,† until he does the deed; and when it is done, he still remembers that she was his mother; his disquiet shows itself in his laboured attempts at self-justification; until finally we see that 'this way madness lies,' and the dread goddesses of wrath, the Erinnyes, appear. We say deliberately *appear*: for not even Hermann can persuade us that they are invisible. It is to no purpose to argue that the Chorus does not see them: the question is not whether they appear to Orestes *alone* or not; but whether they *really* and externally appear to him, or are the phantoms of his crazed brain. If they *really* appear to him—that is, if they are *there* in actual, though not bodily presence, then the spectators must have cognisance of them. We appeal to the

* This may suggest to us that, if we seek, we shall probably find a meaning in many things which seem to us ἀπεριόριστα in the other plays.

† See Mueller.

closet-scene in Hamlet, where the spectators see the apparition of the ghost, and hear his voice, while the Queen remarks—

‘ This is the very coinage of your brain :
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.’

Æschylus is now preparing the way for the next play, in which no one doubts their appearance; and, besides, Æschylus was a devout believer in the existence, a devout worshipper of the divinity of these Beings:— which, by the bye, gives him an incalculable advantage in these plays over Shakspeare with his witches in Macbeth. To the chorus, who, in the dialogue, are, as it were, the impersonation of *very* common sense,* and who thus see only with the natural eye, these goddesses are of course invisible. But the spectator’s eye is supposed to be purged, and his ear open (*φρὴν ὁμμασιν λαμπρύνεται*) to admit things unseen and unheard except to the *initiated*. And when such is supposed to be the character of the chorus, as it is in the sub-choir of Areopagites in the Eumenides, they are visible to these also. But if a ring of the populace of Attica were represented as grouped round Mars’ Hill, we would venture to say that they saw nothing of the *Nameless Goddesses*.

Here ends the second regular tragedy, technically so called; and in both there has been excited interest, perplexity, and unsatisfied emotion: this has been first on one side, and then on the other; and it has accumulated in the second play; for we have now the gods taking their sides, and embroiling the fray. And the link of the appearance of the Furies brings us to the third drama, which is, strictly speaking, not a tragedy at all, according to our idea of one; but it is exactly by this peculiarity that it becomes a perfect finish to those which are so.

The victim has, at the commencement of the third play, been chased to Delphi; but he finds there a respite; the *religio loci* overpowers his pursuers, and they fall into a slumber.† Meanwhile, under the direction of his protector Apollo, Orestes escapes to Athens, where Athena institutes the court of Mars’ Hill, presiding herself, while Apollo appears in the double capacity of witness and advocate for Orestes; and avows that the deed was done at his bidding, and consequently by the authority of Zeus himself—for

οὐ ὥποτ’ εἶπον μαντικοῖσιν ἐν θρόνοις
ὁ μὴ ’κέλευσε Ζεὺς Ὀλυμπίων πατήρ.

* See the remarkable passage in Aristotle’s Problems, xix. 48.

† In vindicating the *personality* of the Furies, we need not shut our eyes to the moral cloaked under this allegory.

Thus,

Thus, finally, the difficulty is solved, which must otherwise have arisen afresh on every new act of mutual vengeance. The divine law is at length expounded, the confusion of right and wrong unravelled, and the perplexity removed, which had grown out of the conflicting elements of the plot. Orestes is at last acquitted and cleansed from the stains of blood; yet not without such penance as atones for the violence done to natural feeling by his revenge. Without this penance,—without the difficulty in appeasing the Furies,—the lesson would not be perfect. But, as the case stands, the process of purification and the restoration of peace among the actors in the drama, is a type of the true *κάθαρσις παθημάτων*, which, according to the definition of Aristotle, is wrought by the trilogy taken as a whole. In the first play the feelings are moved in pity for Agamemnon and horror of Clytæmnestra; and this gives our sympathies to Orestes in the second; but yet not wholly so; for whatever were the deserts of the mother, she was *the mother* still.* Thus the emotions are stirred up in conflict, and are thrown into the highest state of commotion and ferment, so that we are further than ever from seeing the end. But the end is at hand: this very conflict and fermentation is the moving of the chaos, from which a new state of order is to be evolved. And as a just analogy is a sound and sober argument, let us take this metaphor which has come in our way, and examine it. What is the result of fermentation but to throw off impurities, and then, but not until then, to restore tranquillity; not the same, but a very different tranquillity from that turbid state of stagnation which went before? It tranquillises, but by clarifying. And thus, to come back again to Aristotle, the passions or feelings are *purified*, that is, clarified and reconciled, and so chastened and soothed into calmness in the third play: the perplexity which man could not unravel is unravelled, and the ways of Heaven justified to man. Our pity and terror, after having been worked up into a ferment, are not left to become flat without purification (as in the King Œdipus), but are brought into a new and better state, the soul having been enlightened on those high subjects of which it might otherwise have known nothing. Thus tranquillity returns; but how different! No longer the slumber of sluggish ignorance, which is apathy; but the holy calm of high knowledge and deep faith, the *reasonable* service of a disciplined and enlightened mind. And thus the muse becomes not a mere handmaid to the excitement of morbid emotion, but a powerful agent in the formation of high moral and religious character.

* Εἰ γὰρ δικαίως ἔπαθεν τι, δικαίως πίπτονθιν, ἀλλ' ἵσως οὐχ ὑπο σοῦ.—Aristot. Rhetor., ii. 23,3.

It has appeared that the terms of the Aristotelic definition, as given above, do not apply to a *tragedy*, strictly so called; but that, on the other hand, they apply with remarkable exactness to the one extant specimen of *the entire group*, of which one tragedy only formed a part. The trilogy and the definition stand to each other in the relation of lock and key. And this entitles us to conclude not only that the trilogy, which, and which alone, so strikingly fulfils the conditions of the definition, is as it were an authentic example to illustrate its real meaning; but further, that this which the great critic has embodied was the strictly true theory of the tragic drama, however far dramatists may have wandered from it in practice.

Nor is it difficult to account for their wandering. For, not to rest on the scarcity of plots which would admit of such handling, and the multiplied difficulties in handling them so as that there should be one consistent whole, containing a beginning, a middle, and an end—while at the same time each of these component parts should be so organised and complete as to form a whole by itself, (which is yet a consideration of most practical and serious importance)—there are other reasons. The progress of dramatic poetry indicates a tendency to bring down the heroes from their stilts, to reduce their tumid bulk (as Euripides is ludicrously made to say in the ‘Frogs’), by vegetable diet and antiphlogistic treatment—to prune and fine down everything to the standard of life. And closely connected with this tendency (lying indeed, perhaps, at the root of it) is a disinclination to look so deep into the causes and secret springs of events, as is necessary for an elaborate and complicated plot; for in the observation of contemporary events these are in general not traceable; whereas the study of character lies more on the surface, and consequently becomes popular. The depth of Æschylus’ plots, the intensity of mind demanded by him of his hearers, was fitted for those who fought at Marathon: but to *young Athens*, a generation of punier thewes and sinews, and enervated by an education in the schools of the Sophists, it was oppressive. As the American Indians would say, *his medicine was too great for them*. They could with difficulty swallow his words; far less could they embrace the whole scope of his design;—only they had a faint vision of its meaning, and a suspicion that it was *aristocratic*; a cry, we know, nearly as dangerous at Athens as in revolutionary France. Later poets took the hint, and as Athens would not become heroic, they yielded to the jealousy of their day (*δημοκρατικὸν αὐτ’ ἔδρων*) and dwarfed and stunted their conceptions to meet it: content to hold a mirror up to nature, and reflect men as they were seen and could be understood, rather than to draw the curtain from before the wizard’s glass,

glass, and body forth forms of beauty and power which had no prototype among the lookers-on. In those dramas in which

ἡ γυνή τέ μοι, χῶ δούλος οὐδέν ἦτρον,
χῶ δεσπότης, χῆ παρθένος, χῆ γραῦς

all availed themselves of the full Athenian liberty of speech, there must have been a necessary tendency to reduce the tone of the man to that of the slave, the girl, and the old woman;* just as, when four horses draw one carriage, the speed of the slowest must regulate the team.

In short, the scheme of the trilogy was too gigantic—too Æschylean—to continue popular: it taxed the powers of the poet too heavily; and it ensured him too ungrateful a return for his labour. But in the treatment of Æschylus—like the bow of Ulysses in the hands of its rightful lord—we see what it could be, and was. With the Oresteian trilogy before us we can form an idea, not insufficient, of the capabilities of the Greek tragedy. Are we then to conclude that the poet who conceived and executed this work, left it as a solitary specimen of his skill, as if by way of empty challenge to his rivals?

Μὴ τεχνησάμενος μηδ' ἄλλο τι τεχνήσαιτο,
ὅς κείνον τελαμῶνα ἐῖς ἐγκάτθετο τέχνη.

The supposition is in itself all but inadmissible; and it is fully refuted, if by nothing else, by the record of the *Lycurgia*. But we have no time to go beyond the extant plays: among them, however, it will be well, by way of conclusion to our investigation, to inquire whether we detect any traces of connexion with others which are lost. *The Persians* we give up in despair, for reasons formerly mentioned. But the *Danaides* (Fragm. 37, 38, 39, Dind.) may be reasonably reckoned as belonging to the *Suppliants*: and as one of the fragments quotes some words from a hymeneal chant, and another sets forth the universal sway of love, it may be concluded that the subject was their fatal marriage with the sons of Ægyptus, and the splendid falsehood of Hypermnestra; and that it was probably wound up by Aphrodité vindicating her. This would make it the concluding play: and as we have no account of any *dialogies*, or pairs of tragedies connected together, with a third at large by way of outrigger (like the *σειραῖος ἵππος* in the ancient chariots), it is not an improbable conjecture that the *Ægyptians*, of which nothing but the name remains, made up the trilogy: but whether the *Ægyptians* or the *Suppliants* came

* Of course it may be objected, that this is an argument only from the exaggerations and falsehoods of the old comedy: but the old comedy was a lie with a great truth at the bottom of it: and we are not ashamed to say that we place full confidence in the general likeness, the character, as preserved in the caricature of Aristophanes.
first,

first, it is not for us to say: we leave this point to be settled by Welcker, who has written two books on these subjects, and advocated both sides;* only remarking that Hermann and Gruppe place the *Suppliants* first.

As to the *Seven against Thebes*, doctors do agree with an unanimity which is quite wonderful, that it is the second play of a connected trilogy; arguing from the *hooks and eyes* in it, the references to things which have gone before, and the preparation for something to come after. Of the former description is the reference by Eteocles to his ominous dream about the division of the heritage (v. 710 *seq.*) which would, probably, have been more explicit if it had not been mentioned before; to which Hermann adds (vv. 571-575) the abuse heaped upon Tydeus, which contains so many particular allusions that it must refer to something also before mentioned. Of the latter, we have the prohibition to bury the corpse of Polynices, at the end of the play, and the announcement by Antigone and the semi-chorus which takes her part, of their determination to bury it. Again, Hermann remarks that, in the *Seven*, only Eteocles and Polynices are dead, and the city, so far, safe: so that the event, with the fate of the six remaining chiefs, is yet to be told: and this latter point, according to Plutarch, was the subject of the *Eleusinians* (Fragm. 48), which he (and upon second thoughts Welcker also) places third in his trilogy: but here we suffer from the *embarras des richesses*: here are two separate plots furnished us for the third play, which are undoubtedly incompatible with each other. Let any one read over *The Antigone* of Sophocles, and *The Suppliants* of Euripides—for these, making allowance for difference of handling, furnish the two plots in question—and judge whether it would be possible to combine, in one Greek tragedy, the burial of Polynices and its results at *Thebes*, and the obsequies of the allied chiefs at *Eleusis*. Doubtless either one or the other plot might have formed a sequel to that of the *Seven*; but the subject of the *Seven* is actually so handled as to exclude any sequel which does not strictly pertain to the family of Œdipus: the farewell speeches at the end of this play cannot be reconciled with the supposition that the next is to turn on the fortunes of the *Six Chiefs*, or on anything except the burial of Polynices.

Lastly, we come to the *Prometheus*; and, looking at Dindorf's edition, we find the *Prometheus Bound* extant, and the names and fragments of a *Prometheus Freed*, and a *Prometheus πυρφόρος* (*fire-bringer*), or *πυρκαεύς* (*fire-lighter*). A satyric play, called *Prometheus πυρκαεύς*, belonged to the same tetralogy with the

* Die Æschyl. Trilogie, p. 390; Die Griechischen Tragödien, vol. i. p. 48. Hermann, Opusc. vol. ii. p. 319, *seq.*: Gruppe, Ariadne, p. 72, *seq.*

Persians;

Persians; so that we have no right to take this into consideration: to this must be referred *Fragm.* 175, where the making of a torch is described, and 176, wherein a satyr, ignorant as yet of the properties of fire, is represented as in danger of singeing his beard by embracing it. But, if we examine the authorities, we shall not find that the editor is at all justified in identifying the *πυρφόρος* with the *πυρκαεύς*. The names are both mentioned by different authors, and *different* fragments quoted from them—of which those which are referred to the *πυρκαεύς* have a decidedly satyric complexion, which cannot be said of anything that we know of the *πυρφόρος*. But, says Dindorf, ‘*Πυρκαεύς* parum aptum Prometheo nomen: aptissimum *πυρφόρος*.’ What? was there nothing in connexion with Prometheus of the nature of a *πυρκαϊά*?* Have we never heard of a Feast of Lamps, a torch-race in honour of Prometheus, as god of fire and the arts therewith connected, in conjunction with Hephaestus and Athena?† This name is assuredly not at variance with the worship of Prometheus—not with the old Attic national religion—not, finally, with the fragment which describes the making of an oakum torch. But it is wholly at variance with the other name:—for the *πυρφόρος* θεός, Τῖτάν Προμηθεύς, was and could be none else than the Giver of Fire; and little as we know of this play, the fragment which Gellius quotes, with the remark that it was almost word for word the same with a passage in the *Iono* of Euripides, may therefore fairly be presumed to be tragic (*Fragm.* 174). To the same play we may probably refer *Fragment* 362, which alludes to Pandora. But it is at least questionable whether *Fragment* 289, which expresses some one’s dread of dying a silly night-moth’s death, should not rather be connected with *Fragment* 176, as belonging to the *πυρκαεύς*.

Enough has been said to disprove the supposed identity between the two. And if there ever was a case in which it was justifiable to assume positively the existence of a connected trilogy, where only one play is extant, it is this—where the three names,

* Cf. Eur. *Phœn.*, v. 1121.

— διξίᾳ δὲ λαμπάδα
Τῖτάν Προμηθεύς ἔφειν, ὡς πρήσαν πόλιν.

Sophocles wrote a tragedy, called Nauplius *πυρκαεύς*, of which the plot was, that Nauplius, during the storm which the Greeks encountered on the southern coast of Rubœa, revenged the death of his son Palamedes by lighting torches as signals to draw their vessels on the fatal headland of Caphareus. Senec., *Agam.* 566,—

— ‘Clarum manu
Lumen nefandâ vertice e summo efferens,
In saxa duxit perfidâ classem face.’

Hygin. cxvi. ‘Tanquam auxilium eis afferret, facem ardentem ex loco extulit, quo saxa acuta, et locus periculosissimus erat.’—See *Griechische Tragœdien*, i. p. 184, seq.

† See Dr. Smith’s *Dictionary of Antiquities*, Art. *Λαμπάδηδρομία*.

The Fire-bringer, The Bound, and The Freed, combine to tell the whole tale of the Titan's fortunes, as we have them narrated in the mythological writers. The names themselves are sufficient to show (as soon as we have rid ourselves of the fancy that *The Fire-bringer* was a satyric play) that they form a harmonious whole; the theme of the first being the theft of fire by Prometheus; that of the second the living death to which he was doomed; and the third representing his reconciliation with Zeus, and his liberation.

The chorus of the extant play (v. 555) say that now in his misfortunes they have quite another strain to sing from that which they once sang in honour of his nuptials with their sister Hesione. This seems to make it certain that the same ocean nymphs formed the chorus in the first and second plays, and that the first contained—and, if so, probably ended with—his marriage to Hesione. And again, the whole plot of the extant play implies that the noble theft of fire was the subject of the foregoing one. Indeed, under any other supposition we shall be at a loss to explain the slight way in which this is mentioned, and assumed as known, in the second play. The gift of fire was emphatically *the* merit (or demerit) of Prometheus; by the ancients all the arts are traced to the possession of this πάντεχον πῦρ; yet there is not much stress laid upon it, and very little description given of it. All this points to a former play, in which the subject had been more elaborately treated and prominently set forth—whereas less notice, it may be, had been taken of the other secondary gifts which are detailed along with that of fire in the Prometheus Bound.

We will now conclude with a brief analysis of *the argument* for the trilogy, which Welcker has drawn out from these and other data, in the work called '*The Trilogy Prometheus*,' named fifth at the head of this article; of course without pledging ourselves to all his details (some of which he has indeed since recanted), but certainly considering it an able, and, in its most important features, a highly probable piece of constructive criticism.

The first play, according to this theory, opens at the very forge of Hephaestus, the Lemnian volcano Moschylus; from whence Prometheus steals the spark, and afterwards parleys with the fire-god on the tyranny of Zeus, the state of the human race, the arts *in esse* and *in posse*, and, in short, things in general; while

‘ the smith stands with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron does on the anvil cool,
Swallowing’

the speculations of the crafty Titan; who, after having thus gained his object, returns to solemnise his nuptials; and with this pageant the first play, *Prometheus the Fire-Bringer*, concludes—so as to form

form the highest contrast with his position at the opening of the second, or *Prometheus Bound*.

If we are persuaded to believe that this second refers us back to such a first play as has been sketched out, it carries us forward with far more certainty to the third, *Prometheus Freed*. The coming events have so thrown their shadows before that there is no mistaking them. Prometheus has registered his vow to keep the fateful secret of which he is the depository, until he is set at liberty. Again, the introduction of Io has elicited the prophecy (v. 871), that one of her descendants shall release him. We are to suppose, then, that after a long series of years (thirty thousand, according to Schol. Prom. V., v. 94), Prometheus is brought back from Tartarus, with the eagle preying on his liver. Time and suffering have now bowed the Titan's heart: while his constancy has wearied out the inveteracy of his tormentor. All, therefore, is ripe for a compromise. Hercules appears to shoot the eagle. The Titans are present in full chorus to console their brother. Prometheus and Hercules hold high converse, during which the wanderings and labours of the hero (as those of Io in the extant play) are prophesied. Chiron, who, though immortal, had been incurably wounded by one of the poisoned arrows of Hercules, offers to satisfy Destiny by surrendering his helpless eternity of suffering, and becoming the substitute of Prometheus in the nether world. Zeus sets Prometheus at liberty, on the condition (for he, too, had sworn an oath) that he always wears, as nominal bonds and symbols of captivity, a wreath of the *agnus castus*,* and an iron ring made from the metal of his fetters. The secret is then revealed, that a son more mighty than his father is to be born of Thetis, whom Zeus is at that time wooing. On this she is condemned to marry Peleus; and at their nuptial feast, where all the gods are present, Prometheus sits, the reconciled friend and honoured guest of Zeus,

‘Extenuata gerens veteris vestigia pœnæ,
Quam quondam, silici restrictus membra catenâ,
Persolvit, pendens e verticibus præruptis.’†

* Æschyl. Fragm. 219,—

Τῷ δὲ ξίνῃ γι στίφανος, ἀρχαῖον στίφος,
δισμῶν ἄριστος, ἐν Προμηθεύς λόγῳ,

as must be read for λόγῳ, according to the certain correction of Heyne: compare Fragm. 190, and Athenæus, pp. 671, seq.

† Catullus, Epithalamium Pelei et Thetidos (lxiv. 296).

ART. III.—*The Coltness Collections, M.DC.VIII.—M.DCCC.XL.; Printed for the Maitland Club. Edinburgh. 4to. 1842. pp. 437.*

THE example of the Bannatyne Club, instituted at Edinburgh in 1823 for the printing of MSS. illustrative of Scottish history and antiquities, was followed speedily by some gentlemen of Glasgow and the neighbouring counties, who formed the Maitland Club on an exactly similar scale of expense, but undertook especially the preservation of documents connected with their own part of the country. The two clubs print their books in the same shape—handsome quartos; and they have from the beginning acted on the principle of submitting to each other a specimen of every work about to be sent to the press, and allowing additional copies to be thrown off for the members of the sister association, if these desire to have them. Each club has now put forth several scores of volumes; and though we are far from thinking that all the MSS. patronised by either deserved to be printed at length, or even in abridgment, there is no doubt that out of their two collections a highly curious library of Scottish antiquarian miscellanies may already be arranged on the shelves of any judicious subscriber. Their influence was soon felt on this side of the Tweed; and both here in London, and in several of the English counties, institutions of much the same character have met with ready support. As far as we know, the Southern clubs of recent origin affect less of luxury in the style of their imprints. The *Camden*, for example, produces quartos of much smaller size, and gives more matter (and good matter too) at a far less annual cost. And the *Grainger*, whose peculiar object is the engraving of historical and family portraits (with brief biographical accompaniments), deserves to be more particularly recommended for the extreme moderation of its demands on the purses of its members. We are of opinion that the Scotch clubs ought to have adopted from the first the plan of a double series of books—presenting works of general importance in one form, and things of inferior or more limited interest in another. By and bye, if they continue to go on and prosper, the accumulation of these bulky quartos will become alarming, even in a good-sized country house.

It is to be observed, that, though the annual subscription even for these Scotch clubs is not heavy, they seem to expect that every member shall sooner or later print some one book at his own expense, and present it to the Society. The slenderest volume thus given in either of these collections could not have been printed for less than 50*l.* The majority must have cost 100*l.* each at the least; and not a few have been produced at a much higher

higher expense. The Duke of Buccleuch, for example, presented, as his contribution to the Bannatyne, the large and valuable Chartulary of Melrose, at a cost of more than a thousand guineas to himself; and the Earl of Glasgow, not contented with printing the Chartulary of Paisley at about the same rate for the Maitland, is at this moment conducting through the press the MSS. *Analecta* of Wodrow (the ecclesiastical historian) in a series of four or five quartos, the aggregate expenses of which cannot come short of another 1000*l*. It is no wonder that such munificence should be imitated, according to private gentlemen's more moderate resources; and if the result is that among these already numerous volumes we find a considerable proportion to consist of documents which neither club might have been likely to print as a club, but which were recommended to individual care by feelings of family pride or tenderness, we are not among those who complain of that result.

The 'Coltness Collections' form a volume of the class now alluded to. It is edited by Mr. Dennieston, of Dennieston, a gentleman connected by marriage with the family of Stewart of Coltness, in Lanarkshire, now extinct in the male line.

The contents are miscellaneous enough, as may be guessed from the dates on the title-page; but taken together they seem to us to form a singularly curious specimen of family history. Indeed we doubt if there be a book of the kind that throws more light on the details of Scottish life in past times—we should hardly except the 'Memorie of the Somervilles'—and we know of none by half so striking for its illustration of the changes that have taken place in the economical and social condition of Scotland since the period of the Union.

The first article in the miscellany is a fragment of a regular 'Genealogy' of this branch of the Stewarts, drawn up by a Sir Archibald Stewart, who died in 1773 at the age of ninety, and appears to have had for materials a vast variety of ancient family papers, among others a detailed 'Narrative' penned by an ancestor who died in 1608—of which 'Narrative' the original MS. has not been discovered. Mr. Dennieston gives only the later chapters of Sir Archibald's genealogical performance; alleging for the omission of the earlier part a reason which we humbly think ought not to have had much weight at this time of day—namely, that the 'Narrative' from which Sir Archibald drew with unquestioning faith, had sundry statements as to the primeval splendour of the tree, which would not bear the cross-examining of modern peerage-lawyers. We venture to say that, however slow to admit any statements from such a source as evidences of fact in the tracing of a remote pedigree,
every

every intelligent peerage-lawyer would have been delighted to have as much as could have been afforded from either Sir Archibald's or his great-grandfather's papers—and would have studied such relics, however abounding in dreamy flatteries, without the least disposition to judge harshly of the penman. Men of the calibre of Mr. Riddell, or Sir F. Palgrave, or Sir Harris Nicolas, have not dimmed their eyes over

‘ . . . all such reading as was never read,’

without learning to smile gently and charitably upon the unconscious exaggerations and romantic embellishments of such worthy persons as were here in question. They know that the seemingly wildest stories found in such repositories had grown into shape by slow degrees among good, simple, sequestered people, whose historical and geographical attainments were scanty, and full of all manner of confusion; who had not the least idea of applying critical acumen to any subject with which no immediate issue as to pounds, shillings, and pence was connected; who were probably shrewd and practical enough as to the narrow path of their direct personal interests in the world—but knew too little of anything besides that to be able to keep reason and imagination each to its proper working—for whom all beyond their own hard beat was an intellectual desert, the natural soil of the *mirage*. Moreover, it is not now the fashionable canon that, because a tradition contains in it some palpable absurdity, it cannot contain anything worthy of attention even as to matter of fact. However dates and names may be perplexed and transmuted, there is very often reality in the outline of the transactions; and finally, even when the transaction can be proved to be quite fabulous, we must remember that the story was believed; wherefore the circumstances of it must be framed upon actual manners, and the imaginary motives and impulses such as found a ready response among existing men. As our philosophical poet says of the Roman legends dissipated in the laboratory of Niebuhr:—

‘ Complacent fictions were they; yet the same
Involved a history of no doubtful sense,
History that proves by inward evidence
From what a precious source of truth it came.
Ne'er could the boldest eulogist have dared
Such deeds to paint, such characters to frame,
But for coeval sympathy prepared
To greet with instant faith their loftiest claim.’ *

It seems to us extremely doubtful whether the ‘*Memorie of the Somervilles*’ could bear close sifting as to many of its ‘facts,’

* Wordsworth's ‘*Poems, chiefly of Early and Late Years.*’ 1842. p. 116.

but its details of manners are hardly on that account less valuable than Pitscottie's. We are sorry, therefore, that the present editor shrunk from printing this family story entire as he found it. The chapters omitted belong, however, to the Stewarts of Alerton (or Alanton) before the knightly branch of Coltness sprung from their tree; and of that branch we have here a sufficiently full account.

Before we come to it we must give a single extract as to the parent stem. The genealogist, treating of Sir Walter Stewart of Alerton, the elder brother of the first laird of Coltness, mentions that he had a fifth son, who 'in his younger years was called the *Captain of Alerton*, from this incident,' viz:—

'Oliver Cromwell, Captain-General of the English sectarian army, after taking Edinburgh Castle, was making a progress through the west of Scotland, and came down towards the river Clyde, near Lanrick, and was on his march back against King Charles II.'s army, then with the King at Stirling; and, being informed of a near way through Aughtermuir, came with some general officers to reconaiter, and had a guide along. Sir Walter, being a royallist and covenantor, had absconded. As he passed, he called in at Alerton for a further guide, but no men were to be found, save one valetudinary gentleman, Sir Walter's son. He found the road not practicable for carriages, and upon his returne he called in at Sir Walter's house. There was none to entertain them but the lady and children, and her sickly son. The good woman was as much for the King and Royall family as her husband, yet offered the generall the civilities of her house, and a glace of canary was presented. The generall observed the formes of these times (I have it from good authority), and he asked a blessing in a long pathetick grace before the cupe went round; he drunk his good wishes for the family, and asked for Sir Walter, and was pleased to say his mother was a Stewart's daughter, and he had a relation to the name. All passed easy, and our James, being a lad of ten years, came so near as to handle the hilt of one of the swords, upon which Oliver stroked his head, saying, "You are my little captain;" and this was all the commission our Captain of Alerton ever had. The general called for some of his own wines for himself and other officers, and would have the lady try his wine, and was so humain, when he saw the young gentleman maiger and indisposed, he said, changing the climate might do good, and the south of France, Montpellier, was the place. Amidst all this humanity and politeness, he omitted not in person to returne thanks to God in a pointed grace after his repast, and after this hastened on his returne to joyn the army. The lady had been a strenuous royalist, and her [eldest] son a captain in command at Dunbar; yet, upon this interview with the generall, she abated much of her zeall. She said she was sure Cromwell was one who feared God, and had that fear in him, and the true interest of religion at heart. A story of this kind is no idle digression; it has some small connection with the family concerns, and shows some little of the genius of these distracted times. Our James, the captain, grew up a sagacious,

sagacious, prudent, country gentleman, not of much acquired polishing.*
—pp. 9, 10.

There is also a sketch of another of old Alertoun's sons which we must quote for the queer insight it affords:—

'Robert, the youngest, was of a strange mixture of mind, had frequently a diabolick amania, would for days curse and blaspheme, and have returns of deep remorse and prayer, and then seemed to incline to what was best. He had intelligence of all that passed in the country, and was naturally satirick to every one he stumbled on, saying bitter things, and was excessively pleased with his own sarcasms. He scarce spoke intelligibly but to such as were acquent with his dialect. He was a great frequenter of *Knowsyde** *preachings*, (so he called field conventicles,) and was much disgusted at his mother's brother for accepting a bishoprick; and when the Bishop of Galloway was praying in Alerton's family, that God would heal the rents and divisions in the church, Robert called out thrise in the tyme of prayer audibly, "Wayt th'self, auntie's Bille,† the Bish'p!" He meant all the episcopall clargie by the Bishop, and it went into a proverb when any one did wrong, contrair to light and knowledge. He lived till after King William's death, and was a strong Revolution man, and upon Queen Anne's accession grumbled much. His course expression was—"Hussy King! no God's will a Hussy King!" and mocked extremely at it. He had a sagatious wise face and look, but had ane universall palsy. His sinows shrunk, and his body gradually contracted; and when I first saw him, about fifty, he walked with staffs; in his older age he lost the use of his limbs, and carryed himself about by the strength of his armes. I give his character more fully, because it affected me much to see the various schemes pass in his mind, and there was somewhat more singular in the clouds, and the seren intervalls in his temper, than in any human creature ever I knew; and if ever there was in our time what we call a possession by devils, there was at times a legion in this man. He expressed himself sensible thereof at times, and said the devill was running away with his heart, when the fitt seased him, and in his penitancy charged all these blasphemies to the evil feind. At times he was in a high flow of spirits, and in his mirth had much the air of his cusingerman, the great and wise Sir James Stewart, Lord Advocate; and David Earle of Glasgow, his nephew, had much of his look and likeness. He was a great smoker of tobacco, and in his frensies would promise to smoke a pipe at the devil's fyersyde, and seemed to converse with him under kind epithets: but of this more than enough.'—pp. 11, 12.

But it is time to take up the chapter in which the author introduces directly the founder of his own branch, James Stewart; and here he gives many particulars which the student of old manners and habits will consider curious and instructive. James, he says, 'was a promising genius, and soon put to his apprenticeship with a marchant in Edinburgh,' whose favour he gained

* Knoll-side.

† "Blame thyself, aunt's brother, the Bishop."

by

by steady attention and 'a winning behaviour.' When his time was up he established himself 'in the marchant-factor and banker way;' and had he 'only minded the private affairs in his employment, and not by little and little been dragged into high spheres of politicks in Church and State,' his descendant doubts not that he must have become

'immensely rich. . . . But his generous principles did not incline to graspe at welth, but rather to be useful, benevolent, and beneficent. The patriarchal characteristick has alwise much of the benevolent patriot or hero in it, and Providence has for ordinary distinguished by some eminence of genius such as are to be, as it were, the root of nations, or more eminent families, and even small families have this in proportioun. *In otio et negotio probus.* Thus probity and benevolence were the shining characteristicks of Sir James, the first of Cultness: in these he excelled, and was a true Christian heroe.

'Entering into the marriage state was earely Sir James his cair. Wedlock is a more solemn concerning caise than most men imagine; the contexture of all economicall blessings arises out of a wise choise. Here our young banker did not sett himself to court what is called a fortune, nor a distinguished beauty; a helpe-mate for him was his devout wish, a compainion he might be assured of, in good or bad condition. And such was Anna Hope, daughter of Hendry Hope, and Katherine Galbreath, a daughter of Galbreath of Kilcroich; and Katherine's mother was a daughter of Provost Little. The Hopes are of French extraction, from Picardy: it is said they were originally Houblon, and had their name from the plant, and not from *esperance*, the virtue in the mind. The first that came over was a domestick of Magdelene of France, Queen to King James V., and of him are descended all the eminent families of Hopes. This John Hope sett up as marchant of Edinburgh, and his son, by Bessie or Elisabeth Cumming, is marked as a member of our first Protestant Generall Assemblie, anno 1560. This gentleman, in way of his business, went to France to purchase velvets, silk, gold and silver laces, &c., and at Paris married one Jagish or Jacoline de Tot, and of this marriage was Hendry Hope, father to Anna: though this Hendry, the elder brother, had no sons, yet his younger brother, Lord Advocate Sir Thomas Hope's family spread in many beautifull male branches. This is our family tradition of the Hopes, however fictitious genealogies may be invented to flatter a noble overgrown rich family, as is now Earl Hopton's.

'Thus was Anna Hope descended from creditable, substantiall burgar families: it was not her being niece to Thomas Hope was the motive induced the marriage, but her intrinsick virtue, with her prudence to conduct a family, and their loves were mutuall and reciprocall. A trifling story may illustrate this, and that plain downright ingenuity of these times. I have heard that James Stewart, when exercising his agility near where Heriot's Hospitle was then building, and in jumping across a draw-well, now the covert well in the middle of the square, (his mistress was by accident walking at some little distance,) in this youthfull

youthfull frolick, his hat struck on the pully of the well and dropt into the pitt; he escaped, as was said, a great danger, and Anna, hearing of this accident, in surprise fainted away. They made some innocent mirth after, and she was by this discovered to be James Stewart's sweetheart; by this name a mistress was then called.

'At this time he was one-and-twenty, and she about a year younger. They were wedded in about a year after, and his mother's brother, James first Lord Carmichel, the Lord Treasurour-depute, on his part, and Sir Thomas Hope, Lord Advocate, for her, takes burthen on him for the conditions on his niece's parte, for Anna's father was now sometime dead. It were needless to narrate articles and conditions in this contract;—it is not the largest provisions at first outsett that make the happiest marriages or the richest testaments. Both were in the merchant way, he in the merchant-factor and exchange business, and she following a branch of her father's traffick in the retealing shop trade, which she prosecute thereafter to good account, and had her distinct branch of business in accurate account and method, for she purchased these shops in Luckenbooths that had been in her father's, grandfather's, and great-grandfather's possession as tennants, and a chamber over them; and she left at death to her husband and family 36,000 merks, thus acquired by her industry, enduring the sixteen or eighteen years the marriage subsisted. She made few demands for family expenses, but answered most of these from her profites in her own way. "Many daughters have done virtuously, (as in the Hebrews,) and gott riches, but thou excellest all."

'The offspring of such perfect love and industry must needs resemble their parents, and have a happy turne. She brought her husband seven sons and one daughter, youngest child of all. She was not of those that choose to lett out their infant children to hyrlings. Her children sucked genuine food from her tender breasts, and so may be said to have imbibed their virtues from a loving mother's heart. This she could undergoe among all her other toyls, and she neglected no duty of a most affectionate mother during their most tender years. When her husband from affection pressed her upon these points, she said alwise she should never think her child wholly her own, when another discharged the most part of the mother's duty, and by wrong nourishment to her tender babe might induce wrong habits or noxious diseases, or words to this purpose; and she added, "I have often seen children take more a strain of their nurse than from either parent." Thus was Sir James happy in a nursing mother to a numerous family, for six children survived her, and came to man's estate.'

If our reader be acquainted with Mr. R. Chambers's '*Traditions of Edinburgh*' (1825)—or indeed with the later notes to the *Waverley Novels*, he will not be surprised with the familiar intermixture of social orders and employments, now and long since widely separated, which this extract sets before us. Until the Scotch had free admission to the English colonies, their gentry, and even their nobility, considered it as no derogation to breed
younger

younger sons for the industry of *the shop*; and while the wives and daughters of tradesmen, of every description, took a principal part, as a matter of course, in the business by which the family subsisted, unmarried and widowed gentlewomen, when scantily provided for in worldly goods, appear very often to have preferred establishing themselves as mercers, milliners, or the like, to encroaching on the resources of a father or elder brother, who had probably enough to do to support the dignity of his ancient 'Tower-house' on the edge of the Moorland. It may be seriously doubted whether the modern changes, in some of these matters, have not operated unfortunately on the substantial happiness of the men, and still more so of the women.—But to proceed with the history:—

'If the wife had any fault, it was in being too anxious, either when she imagined her husband in any danger, or upon his necessary absences abroad. No occasion of writing was to be omitted, else it was next to death, and with her even writing in ordinary course was not sufficient to satisfy that affection, which could figure from love's diffidency a thousand disasters. Soon after their marriage religious and political disputes ran so high, that there were frequent occasions for her first kind of disquiets. In such giddy times 'tis impossible one can stand neuter, without being obnoxious to both parties, and, where all are imbroyled, men are surrounded with perils. It is easy to imagine what impressions distracted the mind of such an affectionate or over-fond wife; she was sometimes in the streets, then at the Privy-Councill door, and many times crying and in tears. To give one remarkable instance: her husband was a staunch Protestant of the Geneva forme, and thought our nationall covenant a barrier or out-work of his religion, and some may think he was too much upon the punctilio in this. He gave remarkable offence to King Charles's Court thus. When that King in person held his Parliament in 1633 in Scotland, after his coronation, our Mr. Stewart was Town-commandant, or Moderator-captain, as it was then called, and the City of Edinburgh's militia or train-bands were then the Parliament's guards. Commandant Stewart was upon duty; the King at this time had some English and Irish popish Peers in his retenew and train; Stewart gave strict orders that none of his Majesty's popish Lords or gentry should enter the Parliament-house or Tolbooth, and when the dispute ran high, the commandant snatched a halbert, stood cross the entry, and checked their insolence. He was upon this called before the Privy-Councill where the King was present, and with surprising firmness stood his ground, and was dismissed; but an expedient was found; for the popish gentry gott battons of privilege, as the High Constable's and Chief Marischall's guards. However, this fixed Mr. Stewart high in the esteem of all or most citizens, and though it made him obnoxious to the Court frowns, yet many of our Scottish Lords underhand approved his conduct.'—pp. 15-19.

In process of time James Stewart came to be a Baillie of
Edinburgh,

Edinburgh, and was knighted; and, not to contradict the old adage, that 'as soon as a Scotchman gets his head above water he becomes a landed man,' Sir James turned his attention to a property then in the market, situated in the same parish with his elder brother's hereditary lairdship. 'This Coltness is two miles west from Alertoun, and had a convenient little Tower-house: it is a freehold of the crown, and gives a vote at elections.'

'After Sir James had made the above purchase, he lost the most loving wife and carefull provident mother any family was ever blessed with. He bewailed the death of Anna Hope sincerely and as a Christian husband. This considerable turne in his family fell out in *anno* 1646. The marriage had subsisted sixteen or seventeen years, it may be said in a kind of primitive innocent state, for there were no broylls nor differences. She was laid in Sir James his burying-ground, in the higher parte of the Greyfriars' church-yard, Edinburgh, on the west side wall, near where the passage goes to Heriot's Hospitle; and on account of the publick passage being too near this grave, Sir James, by act of Town Councill, had the entrie removed, and it was carried about fifty yards farther south, to the place where it now is: the vestige of the old entrie is yet to be seen, on the back parte of the wall, near by where she lyes interred.

'Sir James was soon sensible what a loss it was to want a mother and a mistress to his numerous family, but where to find ane equall match was the difficulty. If a first marriage was a grand crisis in life, sure a second is to be more critically examined in all circumstances. Sir James, after many perplexing reflections, fixed his choise on a greave matron, a widow of middle age, a woman of approved virtue and piety. . . . To this widow lady Sir James was married in the end of the year 1648. This contract of marriage was more voluminous than the first, and great welth appears on the parte of the parties contracting.'—p. 27.

Sir James was Provost of Edinburgh in 1649 and 1650. He protested against the execution of Charles I., and, presiding officially at that of Montrose, is stated by our genealogist to have treated the illustrious victim with personal courtesy and decorum, and rebuked the presbyterian zealots who attended on the scaffold for their savage rudeness. We hope this was so; but the most interesting detail of the whole of that deplorable scene recently given by Mr. Mark Napier, from contemporary evidences, does not yield any confirmation of the Coltness story.* Sir James, however, seems to have been loyally disposed at heart, and there was no doubt that he earned in consequence the bitter

* *Life and Times of Montrose*. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1840. This clever and spirited book includes a mass of original documents from the repositories of the noble families of Montrose and Napier. It is greatly superior in all respects to an earlier publication by Mr. Napier on the same subject. The writer's principles are those of a resolute Tory of the old breed—now, people say, nearly extinct—but the keenest enemies of his creed will allow that he never drops the tone of a generous cavalier.

personal

personal enmity of Argyle. His fortune was much impaired through the liberality with which he advanced money for the army defeated at Dunbar; but he acted as Provost several times under the government of Cromwell, and, being in that office at the restoration, was fined and imprisoned as 'stiff and pragmatic.' We do not enter into the particulars of his political history. The genealogist admits it was lucky for him that he was a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle when the rash insurrection of Pentland hills took place. His domestic chaplain was prominent among the spiritual leaders of that outbreak, and 'justified' accordingly. 'M'Kell suffered both the torture and the gibbet with patience and resignation, and died in an ecstasie of heavenly joy and assurance. His pupils, two of Sir James's grandsons, attended him to the place of execution at the cross of Edinburgh, Dec. 22, 1666. M'Kell, before he bid fairwell to this life and embraced eternity, and those mantions of glory his faith had apprehended, he blessed the lads, and with his blessing gave his bible to the eldest, afterwards Sir David Stewart, Barronet.'

'I have seen this bible, and it shows that the owner had been much and earnestly exercised in studying the Holy Scriptures, from his marking paralell places on the margent; and had any one understood his marks and short-hand writing, no doubt these notes had been edefeing and interteaning. It was not thought improper to say so much of this excellent youth, son of Mr. Mathew M'Kell, minister of Bothwell, but trained up in divinity and good principles in Sir James Stewart's family, and as it were under his eye, and charged with the education of his grandchildren. His untimely violent death, among many losses, was important to his puppils, and Sir James lamented much the loss of so eminent a Christian friend; and truly abstracting from Christian sympathy, (which in this caise cannot well admitt,) every generous mind suffers in his friend's caise, and feels with him, especially where it was thought he underwent harder things for his having conections with Sir James his family.'—pp. 41, 42.

After an imprisonment of nearly ten years, Sir James was glad to compound for his liberty by a heavy pecuniary sacrifice; and thus his history is concluded:—

'Some fancifull people observe that men have certain periods of prosperous or adverse fortune in life, and that no man but has the first in some stage of his time, and if he know how to improve it, he may procure an easy subsistence for all his days. Others more justly remark, that good men have many tryels and afflictions interspersed in their lott, and that these come from a heavenly Father's hand, to increass and enliven their faith and patience, and frequently more in their last stage of life, in order to wain their affections from sublunary enjoyments. Sir James had this salutary cup in great measure in his declining years, but he had peace at home, and peace in his own minde, and spent his last
thirteen

thirteen years in a devotionall retreat, most of which it is not proper to propale from his inward feelings, expressed under his hand in his Dieries.

'To speak of his wrestlings, and prevalency in prayer, of sensible returnes, and evidences of assurances from Heaven, were unfathomable; and to mention some particulars would be decryed as enthusiasm by generality of professors; but the blind can have no idea of collour, and the things of the Spirit are only to be discerned by the Spirit. I am far from thinking Sir James pretended to have the spirit of prediction or prophesy; only amidst his persecutions and sufferings, as he was full of good works, faith, and charity, he expressed in his Diery the many consolations afforded him by the Spirit of all grace and comfort, both as to his own, and the future happiness of some of his nearest descendants: As this,—“May 1672, Acta, chapter xxvii. verses 6, 23, 24, last clause of the verse—My son Thoma and his six children.” But of this enough, and yet less by far than my mind is impressed with upon perusing his Day-book, and the marginall notes on his familiar closet Bible, for his prayers are before God for his children, and his children's children then unborn.

'To conclude: his long confinement, want of free air and exercise, impaired his health; and his trouble by unjust prosecution, add to this the indifference of relations, and even his own brother, Sir Walter Stewart: all these brought a rupture upon him, but though his constitution had been much impaired, by his having been thus shutt up and harassed, yet for some years before his death, by the equall balance of his minde, he came to a more serene state of health; and, amidst his devotions, lived quietly and resigned to the divine will, and so died March 31, 1681, in his own house at Edinburgh, in the 73rd year of his age.

'He had come from Cultness the October before he died, and at parting said, “I know my change is at hand; God hath been with me more in my afflictions, and I value these last years of my life as preferable to my most prosperous, and my worldly losses are all more than made up to myself; but when I consider your numerous and interesting family (looking at his son and daughter-in-law with complacency), if it had not been for the iniquity of the times, and the ingratitude of friends, I had been in a condition to have provyded plentifully for all your children; but the Lord gives and takes, and blessed be his name. I have seen both sydes of this world, and I have a well-grounded assurance God will provyde for you and your young ones, and though you shall meet with distresses, he will not forsake my family even in outward respects, but my ehildren's children shall prosper, and I have prayed for them. I now parte from Cultness and my native country, but am perswaded my prayers shall have a returne when I am gone.” He prayed with them, and solemnly blessed them all. It was a melancholy scene, but he cheered up his countenance and endeavoured to comfort them; and his concluding advice was—“Fear not! remember his last words before his passion, ‘Be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world.’”—John xvi. 33. He stayed a day or two at Alertoun in his passing for Edinburgh, and spoke comfortably to his son-in-law and to his

his daughter; his eldest son Cultness, and Alertoun his nephew and son-in-law, attended him to town. At Muiryet, about two miles east from Alertoun (it is a rying ground, and draws a large prospect), there he turned his horse, and looked around, and said, "Westsheild, Carnewath church, and Lanrick, my early home and haunts, farewell! Alertoun, Cultness, and Cambusnethan church, my later aboads! farewell, ye witnesses of my best spent time and of my devotions! 'Tis long since I bid to the vanities of the world adieu."

'He died, as is aforesaid, with absolute assurance and resignation. The body of the burgars and inhabitants of Edinburgh did him honour at his death and buriell, and said he had been the father of the city, and a most worthy magistrate. So he had a numerous and honourable funerall, and was laid in his own burying-ground, in Greyfreirs Churchyard, and in his loving wife, Anna Hope's grave, and many sincere tears were dropped upon his turf at his buriell. He was taken from the evils to come, and to his eternall rest and joy:—"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!" I know not by what direction, but his grave was made more than ordinary deep; perhaps some had remembered what his grand-unkell, the great Lord Advocate Sir Thomas Hope, had ordered, "That he should be so inhumate as not to be exhumate." And it may be said, Sir James was not exhumate till 1713, that his son, Sir James Stewart, Lord Advocate, was laid in that grave: I stood with Mr. Walter Stewart, his grandson, when they were digging up his grave, and when the grave-digger judged it ordinary depth, Mr. Walter desired he should go deeper, and a foot and ane half or two foot brought up the bones, and scull with fresh gray hairs upon it; Mr. Walter remembered his grandfather's buriell, and said it was his remains, and we caused make a hole in the bottom of this grave, and decently depositate the skull and bones, and covered all up, that they might not be loosly scatered about the grave's mouth; and this last duty I judge due to the relicts of so venerable a sanct."—pp. 42-45.

This worthy man, notwithstanding his fines and losses, left a fair estate behind him. We do not see that the territories around Coltness were extended, although they were by degrees much improved, by his successors during the last century; and, when sold a few years ago, they fetched upwards of 200,000*l*.

The eldest son of the founder, Sir Thomas Stewart, married early, and devoted himself entirely to a country life. His descendant's description of his buildings and beautifyings may be amusing to many of our readers—for many of them, we are sure, have been acquainted with the elegant hospitalities of the Coltness of recent times:—

'He sett himself to planting and inclosing, and so to embellishe the place. But as the old mansion-house was straiteneing, and their family likely to incress, he thought of adding to the old toure (which consisted only of a *vault and two rooms, one above the other, with a small room on top of the turnpike stair, and a garret*) a large addition on south side the

the staircase, of a good kitchen, celler, meat-room or low parlor, a large hall or dining-room, with a small bed-chamber and closet over these, and above that, two bed-chambers with closets, and yet higher in a fourth story, two finished roof rooms. And thus he made an addition of a kitchen, six fyer-rooms with closets ; and the vault in the old tower was turned to a convenient usefull celler, with a partition for outer and inner repositaries. The office-houses of bake-house, brew-house, garner-room, and men-servant's bed-chamber, were on the north of a paved court ; and a high front wall toward the east, with ane arched entry or porch, inclosed all. Without this arched gait was another larger court, with stabells on the south syde for the family and strangers' horses, and a trained-up thorne with a boure in it. Opposite to the stables north from the mansion-house, with ane entery from the small paved inner court, was a large coal-fold, and through it a back entrie to a good spring draw-well, as also leading to the byer, sheep-house, barn, and hen-house ; all which made a court, to the north of the other court, and separate from it with a stone wall, and on the east parte of this court was a large space for a dunghill. The gardens were to the south of the house, much improven and enlarged, and the nursery-garden was a small square inclosure to the west of the house. The slope of the grounds to the west made the south garden, next the house, fall into three cross tarresses. The tarras fronting the south of the house was a square parterre, or flour-garden, and the easter and wester, or the higher and lower plots of ground, were for cherry and nut gardens, and walnut and chestnut trees were planted upon the head of the upper bank, towards the parterre, and the slope bank on the east syde the parterre was a strawberry border.

' These three tarrases had a high stone wall on the south, for ripening and improving finer fruits, and to the south of this wall was a good orchard and kitchen garden, with broad grass walks, all inclosed with a good thorn hedge ; and without this a ditch and dry fence, inclosing severall rows of timber trees for shelter ; to the west of the house, and beyond the square nursery garden, was a large square timber-tree park ; birches towards the house, and on the other three sydes rows of ash and plain, and in the middle a goodly thicket of firs. To the north of the barn court, and north from the house, was a grass inclosure of four akers, with a fish-pond in the corner for pikes and perches. All was inclosed with a strong wall and hedge-rows of trees : so the wholl of this policy might consist of ane oblong square, of seven or eight akers of ground, and the house near midle of the square, and the longer syde of the square fronted to the south : the ordinary enteries to the house were from east and west, but the main access from the easte.

' It was found still a convenient nursery was wanted for ane interesting young family, and a lower addition was made to the east end of the new buildings, and to run paralell with the south syde of the high house toward the gardens. The low room was for a woman-house, and the upper room was the nursery, and both nursery and woman-house had passage to the great house, by proper doors, and a timber trap-stair made a communication betwixt the nursery and woman-house. In short, after

after all was finished, the fabric was wholly irregular as to the outsyde apperance, and both house and policy were more contrived for conveniency and hospitality than for beauty or regular proportion; and so was the humour of these times, that, if there was lodging, warmeness, and plenty within doors, a regular front or uniform roof were little thought off.

‘There is in Coltness wood, below the house, a well of some virtue, dedicate to St. Winifred, and called by the corruption Wincie well; in superstitious times oblations were tyed to the bushes with scarlet threed, in memory of St. Winifred.

“Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine cunctos
Ducit, nec immemorem quem sinit esse sui.”

‘I have insisted more largely upon a place where every tree, thicket, or bush were my familiars, and where I spent the greener and gayer years of life, when I sat easy and sweet, voyd of caires and anxiety, under these lovely shades, and on the bankes, and in the clefts of the rocks by the murmuring streams. There is a charme in one’s early haunts.’—pp. 55-58.

This planter and builder was, like his father, a zealous Presbyterian, and though he was himself at Edinburgh when the battle of Bothwell Bridge was fought, he fell into tribulation, was sharply handled by the crown lawyers, and ultimately forced to fly into Holland, and his estate forfeited. The genealogist states that the only grounds of suspicion were that a party of the insurgents had come to Coltness House the evening before the fight, and carried away ‘two cold rosted turkeys,’ with one recruit, the gardener. However, the laird continued in exile and in extreme poverty until 1696, when he received liberty to return home, with a small pension from the crown, through the good offices of William Penn, who had made acquaintance with him at the Hague, and used to call him ‘Gospel Coltness.’ A younger brother, James Stewart, rose early to eminence at the bar; but, being openly of the ultra-covenanting party, had found it necessary to escape to Holland somewhat earlier. This gentleman, however, appears to have had a rather more elastic conscience; for he made his peace much sooner with the court of James II., and was Under Secretary of State at Edinburgh when ‘Gospel Coltness’ re-appeared there. ‘Here,’ says the historian, ‘was the failing and *faux pas*, the disjointing of a great and good man; but after the Revolution Mr. Stewart acted with so much integrity and wisdom and such moderation as a great and useful Lord Advocate, that he more than doubly atoned for all, both to his country and to the church.’ He was Lord Advocate from 1693 till near his death in 1713; and was undoubtedly a man of large and vigorous talents, and a dexterous and successful manager of political parties

ties in most difficult times.* It is set down here (p. 368) that '1500 letters of invitation were issued for his funeral.' He appears to have, in his advanced life, preserved all the outward marks of the family sanctity—*inter alia*—having for dinner on Sunday only 'a bit of cold meat or an egg.' Both himself and, by his interest, his elder brother were created baronets, and, the 'Gospel' laird's line failing in the person of Sir Archibald, our genealogist, these honours were ultimately united in the descendants of the lawyer.

We may afford room for a sketch of two of the younger branches of that generation. Gospel Coltness's sister Anna

'was married to John Robeson, Dean of Guild of Edinburgh and brewer: she lived in great felicity, and had many children, but after her death their family was rouened by that remarkable fyer and burning in the Parliament Closs, anno 1700. There all Baillie Thomas Robeson's welth had been laid out in sumptuous houses, and from these buildings he is designed, in his vain-glorious monument yet standing in Greyfreirs church, *urbis Edinæ ornator, si non conditor*; yet in one night and a day all was consumed, and his family rouened, and this John Robeson, among his other children, brought to poverty. This burning was by the populace called a remarkable judgment, because Baillie Robeson, in his office as youngest magistrate, it fell to his share to attend the execution of the sentence of the Restoration Parliament, in ignominiously burning the nationall Covenants, at the publick cross of Edinburgh, by the hand of the common executioner; and it was remarked that this man's high sumptuous tenements were burnt, and none else, and the fyer stoped at the place of execution. Men are ready from events to read judgements as they affect, and find out judgements for their neighbours' faults, but never remark judicial strokes for their own or their friends' sins and transgressions, yet some judicious folks thought there was something singular in this stroke upon his family; and upon this his son Hendry, who was ane advocate, and lost his patri-money of 3000 lib., studied divinity, and was minister of the gospel at Oldhamstocks, in East Lothian. To conclude the digression, this was perhaps the greatest conflagration could have happened in any city, by the vast hight of houses, for the highest pinicle was called Babylon, being backward fifteen storeys high from the foundation, and all was ane immense heap of combustable matter upon a small foundation, and made a prodigious blaze. The Dean of Guild by his losses was much impoverished, and was made one of the captains of the city guard.'—pp. 48, 49.

The buildings which replaced Baillie Robison's were as lofty as his; and they also perished in a mass by a similar conflagration in 1824. An ancient English traveller, quoted in the *Cen-*

* We find him characterized by a high living authority as 'the first Lawyer and Statesman in Scotland.'—Riddell's *Peerage and Consistorial Law*, vol. i. p. 272. (Edinburgh, 1842.)

sura Literaria, says 'the houses of the Scotch are like unto themselves, high and dirty.'

A younger son of the old Provost was a prosperous wine-merchant.

'Harry was a full-bodied, genteel man,—of complexion black, of an open countenance, his eyes full and lively, of an easy benign gayety in his address, which showed he was formed for active life. He sett out early in business, and settled soon in a marriage state, and had two sons by a daughter of Bennet of Grubet. He used in railery to call her his popinjay: trifling incidents sometimes show the humor of the man. The occasion was this:—Miss Bennet had deceived the world in her complexion, and, by shades of borrowed hair and black lead combs, concealed her red locks. Some weeks after marriage, the husband caught her at her toilet, and with surprise said, "Effie, good heavens, are you so?" "Ho, Harry! have you never seen the hook till now? you're as dead as a fish." He had with his companions so often declared against red hair, they would have put the sneer upon him, but he joked them off, saying he had got a papingo green. She proved a good, prudent, affectionate wife, and he was contented and happy in a married life.

'I see in his father Sir James his Diery, "Harry has too much turnmoyll, almost inconsistent with minding the better parte." This the old man bewailed in his fervent prayers and agonizings for his son's happiness. When he was on his death-bed, his father had this note,— "Alas, poor man! his ravings in this fever were much upon his merchandise, but God gave a calm forty-eight houres before death, and an answer of prayer; he had deep serious conviction, and died in a heavenly frame: I am persuaded of his eternal happiness in our Lord." '—pp. 50, 51.

Nor must we omit the brief record of the humblest of the Lord Provost's progeny—Walter Stewart,

'bred to merchandise in the Holland trade, in which he made no gains. He lived poor and retired, had a retentive minde, and spent most of his time in a devote way, and in the amusements of fishing or angling: he died *anno* 1735, aged seventy-two, and was never married. He wrote the German character superior to anything done by printer's types; he had most of the Psalms upon memory; I have heard him repeat the 119 Psalm distinctly, and backward from last to first verse in meatter.'—pp. 47, 48.

In an appendix we have some letters from these sons of the founder to their worthy father. Down to the close of the old man's life, more than twenty years after he held any civic dignity, his children uniformly address him as 'My Lord.' We are not aware that the Lord Mayors of London ever aspired to such prolongation of their title; and we fancy the Scotch proverb 'once a Provost, always a Provost,' is now obsolete.

The heir of the Lord Advocate, Sir James Stewart, was also bred to the bar, rose to be Solicitor-General, and had a large family, who formed some aristocratical alliances: but we have not room for further details of the genealogist's story. The Coltness of the next generation had an eventful life, and left a distinguished name. He did not take arms in 1745, but had committed himself by attending Charles Edward's court at Holyrood; and, with his wife, Lady Frances (a daughter of the Earl of Wemyss, and sister of the attainted Lord Elcho), was obliged, in consequence, to expatriate himself immediately after the catastrophe of Culloden. During his long exile, Sir James Stewart resided chiefly in France, and became thoroughly skilled in the literature and in all the interior polity of that country. He is considered as one of the chief founders of the modern science of political economy; and the reputation of his earlier tracts on that subject, symptoms of sincere regret for his rashness in 1745, and the general appreciation of his and his lady's amiable qualities in private life, ultimately procured for him a free pardon from King George III.* Sir James returned from exile in 1763, and resided constantly, thenceforth, at Coltness, where he cultivated his favourite science and his paternal acres, with equal zeal and skill, until his death, in 1780. His son, who was born in 1744, and had of course been entirely educated on the Continent, entered the British army in 1761, as a cornet of dragoons, and died in 1839, at the age of ninety-five, colonel of the Scots Greys, and the senior general officer in the service. He had been often employed, with considerable distinction; represented Lanarkshire in several parliaments; enjoyed much of the personal favour of George IV. and the Duke of York; and will be remembered in the service as the chief author of the modern system of our cavalry tactics. The General had spent the later years of his long life at his native place. He inherited his father's zeal for agricultural improvements, but indulged that taste too largely. Between the constant hospitality of a great country-house and the usual results of gentleman-farming on a wide scale, Sir James contrived to dissipate the whole of the goodly inheritance that had devolved on him. He died, a landless man, at Cheltenham; but we have heard that he was unconscious of what had occurred as to his worldly fortunes, and might be seen now and then marking trees in the Long Walk of the old Spa, as if he were still at Coltness!—

* In Lord Wharnccliffe's late edition of Lady Mary Wortley's Letters, we have some correspondence between her and her friends Sir James and Lady Frances Stewart. But those letters are printed with many tantalizing *lacunæ*; and we fear, from the silence of Mr. Denniestoun on the subject, that the originals have perished in the general dispersion of things at Coltness a few years ago.

‘ Neque harum quas colis arborum
Te præter invisas cupressos
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.’

This most amiable gentleman, luckily, left no family. His two baronetcies passed to a distant branch, already, for several generations, in possession of the same rank—the Stuarts of Allanbank, in Berwickshire.*

But we must now turn to a section of the volume which will be more generally interesting than any of its genealogical materials—the Journal of a Tour into England and Flanders, penned by a lady of the Coltness family in 1756. The authoress was the wife of Mr. Calderwood, of Polton, a gentleman of moderate estate in Mid Lothian; and her husband and she undertook this expedition in order to visit her brother, the political economist, who had by this time been exiled for ten years, and was taking the waters at Aix-la-Chapelle.

Mrs. Calderwood was about forty when this occurred. She had been very handsome—as indeed almost all the Stewarts of Coltness were—and married at nineteen. Her mother was a daughter† of the celebrated Lord President Dalrymple, created Viscount Stair; so she had good claims to talent on both sides of the house, and most certainly no one who reads the journal will dispute the liveliness and quickness of her parts. That a remarkably clever woman, bred up in a distinguished crown-lawyer’s family, and always accustomed to the first society of Scotland, should have been, in 1756, at forty years of age, so thoroughly penetrated with the prejudices of her province—so calmly and completely satisfied with the vast superiority of Scotland and the Scotch over England and the English—the easy promptitude of her self-complacent conclusions from every comparison—and the evidence she unconsciously produces at every turn of the absurdity of these conclusions :—it is in this perpetual intertissue of shrewdness, sarcasm, ignorance, and obstinate blindness, that the charm of this performance consists. We should be sorry indeed to mar its original beauty by commentaries. It will

* We believe Sir J. Stuart of Allanbank (well known as in the first rank of amateur artists) now represents also the original stock of Allantoun: which family was *probably* an offshoot from that of Castlemilk.

† Another of the president’s daughters was the *Bride of Lammermoor*. Mrs. Calderwood’s own sister, Agnes Stewart, was married in 1739 to Henry David, tenth Earl of Buchan, and was mother of Lord Erskine and his brother Henry. There is a well-known story of the late Duchess of Gordon saying to the late Earl of Buchan when he had been enlarging on the abilities of his family—‘ Yes, my Lord, I have always heard that the wit came by the mother’s side and was settled on the younger branches.’

Mrs. Calderwood was grandmother to Admiral Sir Philip Durham Calderwood, G.C.B.—who is, we believe, now the only survivor of the crew of the Royal George.
vindicate

vindicate itself abundantly, even in a few disjointed fragments, for which alone we have room—and, we think, vindicate also Dr. Smollett from many of the charges of violent caricature that have always been alleged against some of the most happy of his Scotch portraitures. The serene scorn of Lesmahago himself does not go beyond several of the following specimens of confidential chit-chat.

Mrs. Calderwood appears to have been an excellent wife and mother—her husband, a weak good-natured man, of some accomplishment, left all his worldly concerns to her management; and though he had been on the Continent before, and she never out of Scotland, she is evidently commander-in-chief throughout the progress.

We do not trace the piety and devout temper of the Gospel Coltnesses in any part of her journal; but it will be seen that, although her brother Sir James had early cast aside the hereditary attachment to the Presbyterian discipline, she retained enough of the old leaven to have an almost equal contempt for episcopalianism as for popery. It is evident that she had never till she reached Durham passed the threshold of any place of worship in which Christian people kneel when they pray, and think it more decent to stand than to sit when they sing psalms.

The couple travel from Edinburgh to London in their own postchaise, attended by John Rattray, a steady servingman, on horseback, with pistols in his holsters, and a good broadsword at his belt. There was also a case of pistols in the carriage, of which, we fancy, the lady (notwithstanding the mild and elegant physiognomy represented in her picture at Polton) would have been more likely to make fit use, had there been any occasion for it, than the worthy laird with the pocket Horace. The train is not encumbered, apparently, by anything in the nature of an Abigail; at least, none is mentioned, and the lady has more talk with the inn-chambermaids, and so forth, than would probably have occurred if she had had a female follower of her own. They start on the 3rd of June, and, travelling each day twelve or fourteen hours, reach town on the evening of the 10th—good speed in 1756.

' June 6th. — We dined at Durhame; and I went to see the cathedrall: it is a prodigious bulky building. It was on Sunday, betwixt sermons, and in the piazzas [cloisters] there were several boys playing at ball. I asked the girl that attended me, if it was the custome for the boys to play at ball on Sunday? she said, "They play on other days as well as on Sundays." She called her mother to show me the church; and I suppose, by my questions, the woman took me for a heathen, as I found she did not know of any other mode of worship but her own: so, that she might not think the bishop's chair defiled by my sitting down in it, I told

told her I was a Christian, though the way of worship in my country differed from hers. In particular, she stared when I asked what the things were that they kneeled upon, as they appeared to me to be so many Cheshire cheeses. I asked the rents of the lands about Durham, and was told by the landlord they were so dear he had no farm, for they let at thirty or forty shillings per aiker near that toun; that a cow was from four to six pounds sterling, and they gave, the best, about eight Scots pints per day. That night we lay at Northallertoun.

'Next day, the 7th, we dined none, but baited at different places; and betwixt Doncaster and Bautry a man rode about in an odd way, whom we suspected for a highwayman. Upon his coming near, John Rattry pretended to make a quarle with the post-boy, and let him know, so loud as to be heard by the other, that he kept good powder and ball to keep such folks as him in order; upon which the fellow scampered off cross the common. Upon our coming to Bautry, we were told that a gentelman was robbed there some days before, by a man whose description answered to the one we saw. I found in generall, before I came here, that all the grounds lett very low, and that, about all the towns, the aikers were about twenty-five shillings, and the farms not above fifteen. The first intelligent person I met with was Rachel, the chamber-maid. Rachel could answer almost every question I asked; and I suppose, by that time, I had learned to conform my enquiries to the knowledge of the people, being, before this, always answered with "I don't know," to the simplest question I could ask; and often stared at, as much as to say, "I wonder how such things comes in any body's head:" the post-boys, who drive the same road for years, hardly know a gentleman's house, or the name of any place less than a vilage. Rachel could tell who lived near her, what farm her master keeps, and what rent he payd, and what it produced: gave me a receipt for salting butter, which was, to wash it well from the milk with salt and water, and a little salt, then take it piece by piece, like the bigness of half a pound, and put it in a can, spreading every piece above another with a sprinkling of salt betwixt each.'—pp. 105, 106.

'June 8th.—From Bautry we went seventy-five miles, and lay at Stilton: there was a fine large inn, and every thing in great order, but the linen was as perfect rags as ever I saw, plain linen with fifty holes in each towell. The landlady gave me the receipt for making Stilton cheese (which is famous), as follows,' &c.—p. 107.

'June 9th.—From Stilton we dined at Hatfeild, where there was a great many coaches in the court-yard with company leaving London, and every family had a coach full of abigalls, who held a most prodigious chatering and scolding at not having proper attendance given them. From Hatfeild we came to Barnet, the last stage from London, where we stopped; and, whilst we changed horses, I asked some questions at the maid who stood at the door, which she answered, and went in, for we did not come out of the chaise. In a little, out comes a squinting smart-like black girl, and spoke to me, as I thought, in Irish, upon which I said, "Are you a Highlander?" "No," said she; "I am Welch: are not you Welch?" "No," said I; "but I am Scots, and the Scots and Welch

Welch are near relations, and much better born than the English." "Oh!" said she, "the maid said you was Welch, and sent me see you." She took me by the hand, and looked so kindly that I suppose she thought me her relation, because I was not English; which makes me think the English are a people one may perhaps esteem or admire, but they do not draw the affection of strangers, neither in their own country nor out of it. From Barnet we were to come to Kensingtoun green, which led us a great way round, a very lonely and wild road, and nothing like the repair one would expect so near a great town. We arrived at Lady Trelawny's at six o'clock, to the great astonishment of the family, who looked as little for me as for the day of judgment.

'Before I say any thing of the great city, you will ask me what I think of England in generall. In the first place, it is easy to be seen who has long been in peaceable possession, and who not; for, till you come to Newark-upon-Trent, *the furthest ever the Scots went into England*, the improvements are not of old standing, nor the grounds don't seem to be of great value: they use them mostly for breeding of cattell and sheep. . . . The villages to north of Trent are but indifferent, and the churches very thin sown; and, indeed, for a long time, one would think the country of no religion at all, being hardly either Christian church or heathen temple to be seen. The fields on both hands were mostly grass; and the greatest variety and plenty of fine cattell, all of various colours. I admired the cattell much more than the people, for they seem to have the least of what we call smartness of any folks I ever saw, and totally void of all sort of curiosity, which perhaps some may think a good quality. In our first day's journey in England, I asked the post-boy to whom the lands on each hand belonged? he said, "To Sir Carneby."* I knew who he meant, and, to try him, asked, "What Sir Carneby, or what other name he had?" but he answered, "Just Sir Carneby, who lived yonder;" and that he had never inquired the surname of the man in whose ground he was born. As for the inclosing in England, it is of all the different methods, both good and bad, that can be imagined; and that such insufficient inclosures as some are keep in the cattell (which is so hard with us in Scotland) is intirely owing to the levelness of the grounds, so that *an English cow does not see another spot than where she feeds*, and has *as little intelligence as the people*; whereas, with us, there are few places which does not hang on the side of a hill, by which means the cattell sees what is above or below them, and so endeavours to get at it. I was convinced of this by some oxen a butcher was driving to market, very large and fat; they walked along betwixt the hedges very well, but no sooner were they come to a place where there was only an old ditch and no hedge on the one hand, but they scrambled over it very cleverly into a feild of rye. . . I could have little conversation with the people I saw, for, *though they could have understood me*, I did not them, and never heard a more barbarous language, and *unlike English as any other lingo*. I suppose it is the custome in a publick house for strangers to roar and bully, for I found when I spoke softly they had all the appearance of being deaf.

* Of course, Sir Carnaby Haggerston.

I think

I think the cathedrall of Durham is the most ridiculous piece of expence I ever saw—to keep up such a pagentry of idle fellows in a country place, where there is nobody either to see or join with them, for there was not place for above fifty folks besides the performers!

‘After we past Durham the country was more closs and levell. We sometimes had an extensive prospect, but not the least variety, so that one would say there was too much of it; no opening of a scene, no watter, no distinction betwixt a gentleman’s seat and his tenant’s house, but that he was *a little more smothered up with trees*, so that I am perswaded, *if Scotland was as much inclosed, it would be much prettier to look at.* I do not think any thing could be more beautifull than the straths of some of our large rivers, inclosed on every side, where the grounds hang so that each inclosure might be seen above another; and, after they had advanced so high and steep, then the green hill appearing above, covered with sheep, and the waterfalls coming down now and then betwixt the hills. They have nothing of the landscape prospect, but a *rich extensive woody prospect*, and nothing appearing above another but a *Gothic spire* in severall touns, and that for many miles from each other. We used to laugh at the folks in the Highlands for counting their neighbours ten and twelve miles off; but in England they think no more of thirty miles than we do of five. Their roads are good indeed, and their horses and machines light; and the miles about London are, I am very sure, not above 1000 yards, whereas they should be 1750: besides, the levelness of the country makes travelling much quicker. They are very carefull in driving their horses, for, on the smallest ashent, they go quite slow, and will tell you they are going up hill. I could not learn what weight their great waggons carried, none of them knowing any thing about it; but, by the number of horses they yoke, it must be a great deal, otherwise they carry at too great an expence: they yoke seven and eight horses. Some have four wheels, and others two; these last must be very exactly ballanced, not to overburthen the horse, who has the weight on his back, and this sort of carriage is only practicable where there is no dounhill road; for, if this carriage was put off its ballance in comeing down, it would crush the horses, or, if going up, it would lift them up in the air. It is surprizing how much nonsense I have heard spoken by folks who would introduce English customs into Scotlar’d, without considering the difference of the two countrys: I must own I saw very little new to me, but what I could plainly see was calculated for the particular situation of the country, and could never answer for generall use. It has always been my opinion that the fault-finders are the folks who want judgement, and not the people whose practice they quarell, for time and experience has taught every part of every country to follow the method most agreeable to their soil and situation—*though perhaps mechanicks may not have arrived to the utmost perfection amongst them; neither has that generall benefitt of made roads reached them yet, which in all probability will have many various effects we cannot forsee.* I do not think the grounds in England are in generall so rich as they have the appearance of.—pp. 107-111.

It

It is impossible that anything should surpass the rapidity of the lady's decisions as to England in general from a chaise-window view of the Great North Road; but we may content ourselves with having marked a few of her most charming *naïvetés* in italics.

Her remarks on the population of England in the next passage, however hastily uttered, show a keen and quick eye, and it is interesting to compare them with the vast increase among us since 1756; but the most curious point is this good lady's cold contemptuous manner of describing what must have been to her a most complete novelty—the clean and decent interior of a labouring man's cottage. We heartily wish our agricultural peasants in the districts she alludes to could now earn wages equivalent to a shilling a day in 1756, and that many a poor man's wife could afford in 1842 to lead a life of what she calls 'doing nothing'—that is to say, merely taking care of her home and her children, and probably making as well as mending every article of raiment used either by her children, herself, or her husband.

'The people in London, who see such crouds every day, were surprised at me when I said, I did not think England sufficiently peopled, nor so populous by far, in proportion to its extent and produce, as the best cultivated countys in Scotland; and I must beleive this till I see one fact that can contradict it, which I have not seen yet, but many presumptions for what I assert. In the first place, look *from the road on each hand*, and you see very few houses; touns there are, but at the distance of eight or ten miles. Then, who is it that lives in them? There are no manufactories carried on in them; they live by the travellers, and by the country about, that is, there are tradesmen of all kinds, perhaps two or three of each, smiths, wrights, shoemakers, &c.; and here is a squire of a small estate in the county near by, and here are Mrs. this or that, old maids, and so many widow ladys, with a parsonage house, *a flourishing house*. All the houses built of brick, and very slight, and even some of timber, and two stories high, make them have a greater appearance than there is reality for; for I shall suppose you took out the squire and set him in his country house, and the old maids and widow ladies and place them with their relations, if they have any, in the country or in a greater town, and take a stone house with a thatch roof of one story high, instead of a brick one of two, and there are few country villages in Scotland where I will not muster out as many inhabitants as are in any of these post touns. Then I observed there were very few folks to be met with on the road, and many times we would post an hour, which is seven miles, and not see as many houses and people put together on the road. Then, on Sunday, we travelled from eight o'clock, till we came to Newcastle, where the church was just going in, so that I may say we travelled fifteen miles to Newcastle, and the few people we met going to church upon the road surprised me much. The same as we went all day long; it had no appearance of the swarms of people we always see in Scotland going about on Sunday,

day, even far from any considerable town. Then the high price of labour is an evidence of the scarcity of people. I went into what we call a cottage, and there was a young woman with her child, sitting; it was very clean, and laid with coarse flags on the floor, but built of timber stoops, and what we call cat and clay walls. She took me into what she called her parlour, for the magnificent names they give makes one believe things very fine till they see them; this parlour was just like to the other. I asked what her husband was? She said, a labouring man, and got *his shilling per day; that she did nothing but took care of her children, and now and then wrought a little plain work.* So I found that, *except it is in the manufacturing countys, the women do nothing;* and if there were as many men in the country as one might suppose there would, a man could be got for less wages than a shilling per day. Then the high wages at London shows the country cannot provide it with servants. It drains the country, and none return again who ever goes there as chairmen, porters, hackney coachmen, or footmen; if they come to old age, seldom spend it in the country, but oftener in an almshouse, and often leave no posterity. Then the export they make of their victuall [grain] is a presumption they have not inhabitants to consume it in the country, for, by the common calculation, there are seven millions and one half in England, and the ground in the kingdom is twenty-eight millions of aikers, which is four aikers to each person. Take into this the immense quantity of horses which are kept for no real use all over the kingdom, and it will be found, I think, that England could maintain many more people than are in it. Besides, let every nation pick out its own native subjects who are but in the first generation, the Irish, the Scots, the French, &c., and *I am afraid the native English would appear much fewer than they imagine.* On the other hand, Scotland must appear to be more populous for its extent and produce; first, by its bearing as many evacuations in proportion, both to the plantations, to the fleet and army, besides the numbers who go to England; and, indeed, breeding inhabitants to every country under the sun; and if, instead of following the wrong policy of supplying their deficiency of grain by importing it, they would cultivate their waste lands, it would do more than maintain all its inhabitants in plenty.'—p. 113.

'I do not think the soil near London is naturally rich, and neither the corns nor grass are extraordinary. I thought their crops of hay all very light, and but of an indifferent quality; they call it meadow hay, but we would call it tending pretty near to bogg hay. I think the most surprising thing is, *how they are supplied with such an immense number of fine horses, and how they are all maintained on hard meat all the year round.*

'As for London, every body has either heard of or seen it. The first sight of it did not strike me with any thing grand or magnificent. It is not situated so as to show to advantage, and, indeed, I think the tile roofs have still a paltry look, and so has the brick houses; for a village it does well enough, as the character of a village is clean and neat; but there is something more substantial and durable in our ideas of a great city than what brick and tile can answer.

'Many

‘Many authors and correspondents take up much time and pains to little purpose in descriptions. *I never could understand any body’s descriptions, and I suppose no body will understand mine*; neither do I intend to say any things which have ever been thought worthy to be put in print, so will only say London is a very large and extensive city. But I had time to see very little of it; and every street is so like another, that, seeing part, you may easily suppose the whole. There are severall openings and squares which are very pretty; but the noise in most of the houses in the rooms to the street is intolerable. You will think it very odd, that I was a fortnight in London, and saw none of the royall family; but I got no cloaths made till the day before I left it, though I gave them to the making the day after I came. I cannot say my curiosity was great: I found, as I approached the Court and the grandees, they sunk so miserably in my opinion, and came so far short of the ideas I had conceived, that I was loath to lose the grand ideas I had of kings, princes, ministers of state, senators, &c., which I suppose I had gathered from romance in my youth. We used to laugh at the English for being so soon afraid when there was any danger in state affairs, but now I do excuse them. For we at a distance think the wisdom of our governours will prevent all these things; but those who know and see our ministers every day see there is no wisdom in them, and that they are a parcell of old, ignorant, senseles bodies, who mind nothing but eating and drinking, and rolling about in Hyde Park, and know no more of the country, or the situation of it, nor of the numbers, strength, and circumstances of it, than they never had been in it; or how should they, when London, and twenty miles round it, is the extent ever they saw of it? Lord Anson, he sailed round the world, therefore he must rule all navall affairs; which is just like a schoolmaster imagining himself qualified for the greatest post in the law, because he understands the language in which the law is wrote. The King, every body says, and I do believe it, knows more of the world, and takes more concern, than any of them.’—pp. 114, 115.

We need scarcely remind the reader that all this was written when the Duke of Newcastle was on his last legs, and the national ferment about Admiral Byng at its height.

There was some family connexion between the Calderwoods and Mr. George Stone Scott, sub-preceptor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III. :—

‘I had frequent opportunitys of seeing George Scott, and asked him many questions about the Prince of Wales. He says he is a lad of very good principles, good natured, and extreemly honest, has no heroick strain, but loves peace, and has no turn for extravagance; modest, and has no tendency to vice, and has as yet very virtuous principles; has the greatest temptation to gallant with the ladies, who lay themselves out in the most shamefull manner to draw him in, but to no purpose. He says, if he were not what he is, they would not mind him. Prince Edward is of a more amorous complexion, but no court is payed to him, because he has so little chance to be king. . . .

‘Nobody

‘ Nobody thinks of going further to air than Hyde Park, which is very pretty. But nothing but the greatest stupidity can suffer the same mile or two of ground every day in their lives, when, at the same time, it is no exercise nor air, for it is a gravell road, quite smothered with trees. The trees indeed are very pretty, being fine timber, and fine carpet-grass, with cows and deer going in it; but it is a small part of the park in which coaches are allowed to go. There are always a great number of coaches, and all other machines, except hacks, some of them very neat and light; but the beauty of them is the horses of all different kinds. The Duke of Marlborough had a sett of peyets, very prettily marked.

‘ Any of the English folks I got acquainted with I liked very well. They seem to be good-natured and humane; but still there is a sort of ignorance about them with regard to the rest of the world, and that their conversation runs in a very narrow channell. *They speak with a great relish of their publick places, and say, with a sort of flutter, that they shall to Vauxhall and Ranelagh, but do not seem to enjoy it when there.*’ [How true!] ‘ As for Vauxhall and Ranelagh I wrote you my oppinion of them before. The first I think but a vulgar sort of entertainment, and could not think myself in genteel company, whiles I heard a man calling, “Take care of your watches and pockets.” I saw the Countess of Coventry at Ranelagh. I think she is a pert, stinking-like husy, going about with her face up to the sky, that she might see from under her hat, which she had pulled quite over her nose that nobody might see her face. She was in dishabile and very shabby drest, but was painted over her very jaw-bones. I saw only three English peers, and I think you could not mak a tolerable one out of them. . . . I saw very few, either men or women, tolerably handsome. . . . The ladys pass and repass each other with very little appearance of being acquainted, and no company separates or goes from those they come in with, or joins another, and indeed they all seem to think there is no great entertainment; but, however, they are there, and that is enough. The duke [of Cumberland] uses to frequent Ranelagh, but was not there that night I went. There were severall Hanoverian officers, very rugged-like carles, stiff-backed and withered, with gray hairs tyed behind, and the forelock cut short by the ear, and there was a hussar attending them, a thick, fat fellow, drest in furs, and Bess’s great French muff upon his head, not the red feather one.

‘ I went one morning to the Park, in hopes to see the duke review a troop of the horse guards, but he was not there; but the guards were very pretty. Sall Blackwood and Miss Buller were with me; they were afraid to push near for the croud, but I was resolved to get forward, so pushed in. They were very surly; and one of them asked me where I would be; would I have my toes trode off? “Is your toes trode off?” said I. “No,” said he. “Then give me your place, and I’ll take care of my toes.” “But they are going to fire,” said he. “Then it’s time for you to march off,” said I; “for I can stand fire. I wish your troops may do as well.” On which he sneaked off, and gave me his place. Some of them were very civill; but what was of a peice with many other things, these horse guards are closs in London, seen every day by everybody,

body, are reviewed almost every morning in the Park, where I suppose the same folks sometimes come to see them, yet none of all near where I stood could tell me the name of one officer: that, I insist upon, is peculiar to the English.

'I paid some visits, and went to see Greenwich Hospital, which is a ridiculous fine thing. The view is very pretty, *which you see just as well in a rary-show glass.* No wonder the English are transported with a place they can see about them in. Kensington palace looks better within than without, and there is some very fine marbles, pictures, and mirrors in it. But I could not see the private apartment of the old goodman, which they say is a great curiosity. There are a small bed with silk curtains, two sattin quilts and no blanket, a hair mattress; a plain wicker basket stands on a table, with a silk night-gown and night-cap in it; a candle with an extinguisher; some billets of wood on each side of the fire. He goes to bed alone, rises, lights his fire and mends it himself, and nobody knows when he rises, which is very early, and is up severall hours before he calls any body. He dines in a small room adjoining, in which there is nothing but very common things. He sometimes, they say, sups with his daughters and their company, and is verry mery, and sings French songs, but at present he is in very low spirits. Now, this appearance of the King's manner of living would not diminish my idea of a king. It rather looks as if he applied to business, and knew these hours were the only ones he could give up to it without having the appearance of a recluse, and that he submitted to the paganry rather than make it his only bussiness.'

Mrs. Calderwood on the English *Cuisine* is particularly meritorious. We have room only for one paragraph of this rich section.

'As for their victualls they make such a work about, I cannot enter into the taste of them, or rather, I think they have no taste to enter into. The meat is juicy enough, but has so little taste, that, if you shut your eyes, you will not know by either taste or smell what you are eating. The lamb and veall look as if it had been blanched in water. *The smell of dinner will never intimate that it is on the table. No such effluvia as beef and cabbadge was ever found at London.*' [Alas! alas!] 'The fish, I think, have the same fault. As for the salmond, I did not meddle with it, for it cut like cheese. Their turbet is *very small by ours*, but I do not think it preferable. Their soll is *much smaller*, and not so much meat on them; they are like the least ever you saw; were it not that they are long and narrow, I should think them common flounders. Their lobsters come from Norway or Scotland.'—pp. 116-120.

The party, after making a visit or two in Kent, proceed to Harwich, and there embark for Holland.

'Saturday, 26th June.—We set out early for fear of being too late for the paquet, and breakfasted at Colchester. We were attended at breakfast by a drawer, whom I questioned according to custom about the

the town and the country, and from whom I received much more satisfaction than common, upon which I was going to declare him the smartest Englishman I had seen, when, unfortunately for England, he turned out to be a Frenchman transplanted young.'—p. 124.

We had no intention to trespass on Mrs. Calderwood's continental chapters. Here, however, is one sentence from her description of Rotterdam :—

'The Dutch maid-servants do nothing on earth but wash the house and the streets, and the veshells of the house and kitchen; none of them wash their linnen at home, they are all washed in publick fields and brought in wet, so that, when the maids have not them to dry and dress, they have nothing to do but slester and wash. They have plenty of water, and every house has a pump, and they will have a pump of water in every story. This is one inducement to wash, but the originall of it is the necessity, as the streets would in a few days gather a fog betwixt the bricks, and that in a short time would certainly breed a vermine.'—p. 135.

Her description of a Dutch house brings out some curious revelations concerning the interior finishing, &c., of the time in Scotland. It would appear, for instance, that Mrs. Calderwood viewed a door-bell as quite a novelty; but indeed, according to Chambers, it was not much before 1756 that the knocker supplanted the aboriginal *rasp* and *pin* in Auld Reekie.

'The bricks of which the houses are built are vastly hard: Mr. Crawford had forgot to bore a hole for a bell (which, in every house, is put so as the handle is at the side of the outer door, that, instead of knocking, you ring), and in peircing that hole through the brick, it was as hard to do as if it had been marble.'—p. 140.

We conclude with a paragraph which, more than any other in this book, must have delighted the members of 'the Maitland Club of Glasgow':—

'Most of the reproaches our country meets with can only be the effects of want of enquiry or reflection. I once thought that Scotland might carry on a greater trade than it does, from its advantageous situation for the sea; but if they should import, who is to take it off their hands? there is no country behind them to supply, who has not the advantage of the sea-ports, which is the case of Holland, who has all Germany to supply; neither have they a great demand at home, like England, which is a great country, and most part of it inland, that must be supplied from the trading towns on the coast. Or, to what country can they transport their merchandise, which they have imported more than serves themselves, that cannot be as cheap served by nearer neighbours? They have no East India goods, which are almost the only goods that are demanded by all the world, so that no country, which has not one or more of these advantages, can ever become a country of great trade.'—p. 144.

Could

Could this good lady of 1756 have had *second-sight* enough to catch a glimpse of her native Clyde as it is in 1842, what could have persuaded her that she had her own dearly-beloved and judiciously-admonished Scotland before her vision !

We are tempted to conclude our review of a book which perhaps few will ever handle, with an extract from one which is, or ought to be, as well thumbed as any production of the present year—'The Mirza' of the wise humourist, and gentle satirist, who more lightly and happily than any other writer conveys lessons to his own countrymen, in the shape of mirthful delineations of the absurdities of outlandish faith and practice. Mr. Morier represents himself as listening to one of the brilliant tales of wonder with which his friend—and indeed hero—the professional storyteller in chief was accustomed to cheer the evening hours of the late Shah of Persia. On its conclusion he joined the royal circle in extolling the merit of the narrative, but incautiously signified his suspicion of its marvellous incidents. There was a burst of indignation at such Pyrrhonism ; but the Frank rejoins :—

"Perhaps, I too, may assert some facts relating to my own country, to which you may not be willing to give credence, but to the truth of which I in my turn am ready to take my oath."

"*Ohi*—oh, well said and well done," said the prince, his words echoed by the poet, and repeated by the rest of the company. "Speak on—let us hear—our ears are open. We have given up our souls to you."

"I then said :—"Perhaps every one present has seen a ship, and though they may not have sailed in one, have remarked how it is impelled by wind ; perhaps, too, some may have been caught in a tempest, or observed its effects on the sea. Now, we have ships in my country, which, in defiance of storms and tempests, will make their way in the teeth of the wind, and thus perform voyages from one end of the world to the other."

"I paused awhile, after having made this assertion, to hear the remarks of the company. I could perceive incredulity in every face : a little scorn and contempt, perhaps, was associated with that feeling, but it was plain no one believed my words.

"*Sahib ekhtiar*. You are at liberty, of course, to affirm what you please," said the prince, "but to me it appears that what you have advanced is wholly impossible."

"What words are these?" said another. "You might as well say that I can thrust a spear through my enemy's body, and he not bleed, as to say a ship will go ahead against wind."

"I heard the word *derough*, *derough*—lie ! lie ! whispered about from mouth to mouth throughout the assembly, and I became convinced that I was totally disbelieved.

"I then tried them upon another subject.

"There is another thing," said I, "to the truth of which I am ready
to

to take my oath. In my country our cities are lighted at night by the means of lanterns suspended on iron pillars. A subterranean vapour is made to circulate through our streets, which is led to the summit of the said pillars, and at a given hour men run about the city carrying a lighted taper in their hands, which they merely present to a small spiral tube, whence a flame is seen to issue, which, keeping alive the night through, illuminates the city like day, the inhabitants meanwhile sleeping soundly, unapprehensive of evil consequences."

"Where in the name of Allah," said the prince, "have you found words to affirm such things? A subterranean fire running underground all through your streets, and nobody afraid! Yours must be a world different from ours, inhabited by men of a different formation to Persians. I cannot believe what you say."

"People may talk of Persians being liars," said one of the company, "but as there is but one Allah, and Mahommed is his prophet and Ali his lieutenant, let them go to the Franks for the future. Wonderful assertions have we heard to-day."

"Now I begin to understand," said a man of the law who was present, "why Franks are unbelievers of our faith, the ever-blessed and only true faith of Islam—why they reject our prophet and despise his sayings, while they adhere with so much pertinacity to their own. See this Sahib—he tells us of things which cannot be true, and believes in them, whilst events which may occur every day, which so many people here present, men of respectability and worthy of confidence, have seen and heard of, he rejects. Is it not plain that the reputation which Persia has acquired for the sagacity and acuteness of her sons has been well acquired, whilst all the rest of mankind are kept in a state of total blindness? Let the Sahib forgive my words," said the speaker, turning himself to me, "but in truth our holy prophet legislated with all wisdom, when he said, 'As for the unbeliever, all that is left for him is *katl, katl, slay, slay*.'"

"May your shadow never be less," said I, addressing the man of the law; "may your house flourish—we are grateful—we kiss the dust of your slippers!"—*The Mirza*, vol. ii. pp. 23-27.

ART. IV.—*Poems by Alfred Tennyson.* 2 vols. 12mo. London. 1842.

WHAT poetry might be in our time and land, if a man of the highest powers and most complete cultivation exercised the art among us, will be hard to say until after the fact of such a man's existence. Waiting for this desirable event, we may at least see that poetry, to be for us what it has sometimes been among mankind, must wear a new form, and probably comprise

elements hardly found in our recent writings, and impossible in former ones.

Of verses, indeed, of every sort but the excellent there is no want: almost all, however, so helpless in skill, so faint in meaning, that one might almost fancy the authors wrote metre from mere incapacity of expressing themselves at all in prose—as boys at school sometimes make nonsense-verses before they can construct a rational sentence. Yet it is plain that even our magazine stanzas, album sonnets, and rhymes in corners of newspapers aim at the forms of emotion, and use some of the words in which men of genius have symbolized profound thoughts. The whole, indeed, is generally a lump of blunder and imbecility, but in the midst there is often some turn of cadence, some attempt at an epithet of more significance and beauty than perhaps a much finer mind would have hit on a hundred years ago. The crowds of stammering children are yet the offspring of an age that would fain teach them—if it knew how—a richer, clearer language than they can learn to speak.

It is hard in this state of things not to conceive that the time, among us at least, is an essentially unpoetic one—one which, whatever may be the worth of its feelings, finds no utterance for them in melodious words.

Yet our age is not asleep. Great movements, various activities, are heard and seen on all sides. In the lowest department, that of mere mechanics, consider what fifteen years have done. It was only in the autumn of 1830, following close on the French three memorable days of July, that the Duke of Wellington opened the Manchester and Liverpool Railroad. The population of the busiest region on this earth were assembled round him, whom all acknowledged as the greatest man in England, at the inauguration of a new physical power, then felt to double the strength and swiftness of human beings. While, among myriads of gravely joyous faces, the new machines travelled at a speed matching that of eagles, the life of a great statesman shot off on a darker and more distant journey, and the thrill of fear and pain at his destruction gave the last human tragic touch to an event which would at any rate have retained for ever an historic importance. The death of Mr. Huskisson startled the fixed bosom of the veteran soldier, and those who were near perceived a quiver of the lip, a movement of the eye, such as had hardly been caused by the most unlooked-for and dreadful chances of his mighty wars. To a calm observer, the emotion of the whole multitude, great and small, might strangely have recalled far-distant ages and the feelings with which ancient peoples held every great event as incomplete, wanting the blood of a victim—too often human—solemnly

solemnly shed. In the most prosperous and peaceful of national triumphs the dark powers again claimed a share, and would not be forgotten.

Since then, about twelve years have passed, and behold what they have brought forth. Some seventy millions of money have been expended—more, at the lowest estimate, than four times as much as the Papacy was able to raise in a century and a half for the construction of its greatest monument, the costliest the world has ever seen. These seventy millions of pounds have been subscribed by private persons at their own choice in one small country, and have created nearly fifteen hundred miles of railroads—structures that surpass all pyramids and Cyclopean walls, and machines that would puzzle Archimedes, by which myriads of men are perpetually travelling like the heroes of fairy tales. It is probable that the roads of the Roman empire, the work of many centuries, did not cost so much of human labour, and they certainly did not exhibit so much greatness of thought, as those that we have built in less than twenty years.—In the state of society that has produced such results there may be, we know there is, enough torpor, even rottenness. But it cannot be, on the whole, an insignificant stage of human existence, one barren for imaginative eyes.

Or look at one of our general elections. The absurdities are plain, no doubt—has not the ocean froth and bubbles? But take the thing altogether, and observe the mixture and spread of interests and faculties brought into action—above all, the open boldness with which a nation throws itself into the streets and markets, casting off, in the faith that it can reproduce, its company of rulers, and letting the fools clamour, the poor groan, the rich humble themselves, and all men bring all to judgment, without a moment's fear but that quiet will spring out of the tumult, and a government be born from a mob. From the castle of the highest peer to the clay-stained tipplers in the alehouse, from the bench of bishops to the ranters in the moor-side smithy, all are stirred and fluttered, feverish with the same anxieties, debating in their different dialects the same questions, and all alike dependent on the omnipotence of an event which no man can absolutely control. Most of what they say is folly—most of their objects of hope and fear chimeras: but how full of throbbing business is the whole land, how braced are all the wishes and devices of all! Among so much of make-believe and sound, it is a great thing that the whole country must at least be willingly deceived if it is to be gained over—must seem to itself rationally persuaded; and that the most futile pretender can only cheat by aping, and so strengthening in others, the qualities in which he is

most deficient. At the blast of the newsmen's tin trumpets all shadows must walk out of their darkness into sunshine, and there be tried; when if many of the umbratile fraudulently pass muster, there is at least a public recognition of the laws of light.

Not merely is there a debate and seeming adjudication in every country-town on all matters over the whole globe which any tailor or brazier may choose to argue, but at last the tailor's and the brazier's voice does really influence the course of human affairs. The vote of the cobbler in an alley turns the poll for a candidate; the vote of the member gains the triumph of his party; and the success of his party decides on every question of peace or war over the globe, makes commercial treaties with Abyssinia, creates a white commonwealth among the savages of the Pacific Ocean, sends armaments to Peking, and raises or lowers the price of silk grown among the Druses of Lebanon, and of opium sold on the frontiers of Tartary. Within a year after the election in an English village, its result is felt in the more or less cost of food and clothes in Kaffer huts, and in the value of the copper saucepan trafficked at Timbuctoo for palm-oil and black babies. This is not a vapid, insubstantial political existence for the mass of men, not one devoid of topics and emotions, however little they may hitherto have been used in any books but those of statistics and trade.

Or glance at the matter in another of its phases. In the midmost rush of London business, and all the clatter of its vehicles, turn aside through an open door, and what do we see? A large and lofty room, every yard of its floor and galleries crammed with human, chiefly female life—a prodigious sea of bonnets, and under each of these a separate sentient sea of notions, and feelings, and passions, all in some measure stirred by the same tides and gales—every one of them, however narrow at the surface, in depth unfathomable.

Altogether irrespectively of our present purpose, and on the most general grounds, it may be safely said that in one of these great Exeter Hall meetings there is more to strike us than almost anywhere else we know. The room is said to hold 4000 persons, and from its form they are all clearly visible at once—all of the middle or upper classes, well dressed, though often many of them in Quaker uniform, and at these times probably three-fourths of them women. Such assemblages are in truth, for a large part of the members, by far the most exciting outward events of life. The faces themselves are alone quite enough to prove no small share of moral culture in the mass. The delicately-curved mouths and nostrils, the open yet quiet and observant eyes, and a look of serious yet pleasurable elevation, mark very clearly a chosen class of

of our country. The men are of course less pure and single in their stamp of feeling—business has marked on them its contractedness with its strength. Yet these also have an appearance of thought, although with some coxcombical importance and complacent theological primness. Take, however, the whole assemblage, all it is and all it represents, we know not where anything like it could be discovered. No Roman Catholic, no despotic, no poor, no barbarous, no thoroughly demoralised, we fear we must add no very instructed and well-organised community could ever exhibit such a gathering—voluntary be it remembered, chiefly female, all with money to spare, united for such remote and often fantastic objects: above all, under such leaders. For in the kind of persons guiding these bodies, and in their discourse, consists more than half the wonder. In the House of Commons, in the Courts of Law, we may hear nonsense enough. But in these places it is not the most vehement, the most chimerical—in other words, the most outrageous and silly, who bear the chiefest sway, but much the contrary. Now in such Strand-Meetings, for the purest and noblest purposes, it is plain enough that a loud tongue, combined with a certain unctuous silkiness of profession, and the most dismal obscuration of brain, may venture with success upon the maddest assertions, the most desperate appeals; and will draw sighs and even tears of sympathy, by the coarsest nonsense, from hundreds of the amiable and thoughtful persons dieted at home on Cowper, Fenelon, Wordsworth, and tuned to Nature's softest melodies. The carrier's horse (or was it ass?) that could draw inferences, is but a brute symbol of the spoken stuff that at religious meetings can draw admiration from the finest female bosoms. Such is the charm of twilight meanings and monstrous images used in behalf of some remote and generous object, and strengthened by the oneness of feeling in a multitude of accordant hearts. Very strange it is to witness the single thrill of some two thousand bonnets, to hear the deep long sigh from as many warm and gentle breasts, all inspired by the raving folly of some declaimer, or by the gravely numerical statements of moral facts as to distant countries proceeding from ill-informed and well-paid agents, and which those who know their falsity are sure enough not to seek the odium of refuting. The sure tact of goodness leads the greater part of the hearers right in home-concerns, but has no measure of probability for new experiments in remote lands. The faith which lives in the Infinite and Eternal, and is perpetually baffled in its search among present things, adds joyfully its charms, the transcendent element of all romance, to the faintest glimpse between distant clouds, and feels it a duty and delight to believe in the realised visions of credulous fancy.

Yet

Yet who can think without a certain approval of the immense annual revenue, larger than that of some continental kingdoms, raised by these marvellous addresses to our best feelings? Who can compare, without some admiration mixed in his contempt, the coarse and brainless weakness of the talk on these occasions with the honest virtue, the moral elegance of heart in those whom it influences? Or who that lives in England can be unaware that very many among the auditors of these brazen mouth-pieces show in the whole course of their private lives, and in hard stern trials of all kinds, a simple self-forgetting nobleness and truth, beautifully contrasted with the ostentatious emptiness of the charitable melodrame?

On the whole, the country in which these varieties of good and evil are found mixed on such a scale can hardly be considered in a state of lifeless inertness. Its want cannot be of themes and interest, but rather of those able to seize what lies before them, and turn it to right imaginative use. For every one indeed knows that all our activities, mechanical, political, missionary, celestial, or diabolical, are the immediate outgrowths of the human beings engaged in such matters, and might be found with much more inside and beneath them in the hearts and lives of the individuals. This is all the poet requires; a busy, vigorous, various existence is the matter *sine quâ non* of his work. All else comes from within, and from himself alone. Now, strangely as our time is racked and torn, haunted by ghosts, and errant in search of lost realities, poor in genuine culture, incoherent among its own chief elements, untrained to social facility and epicurean quiet, yet unable to unite its means in pursuit of any lofty blessing, half-sick, half-dreaming, and whole confused—he would be not only misanthropic, but ignorant, who should maintain it to be a poor, dull, and altogether helpless age, and not rather one full of great though conflicting energies, seething with high feelings, and struggling towards the light with piercing though still hooded eyes. The fierce, too often mad force, that wars itself away among the labouring poor, the manifold skill and talent and unwearied patience of the middle classes, and the still unshaken solidity of domestic life among them—these are facts open to all, though by none perhaps sufficiently estimated. And over and among all society the wealth of our richer people is gathered and diffused as it has never been before anywhere else, shaping itself into a thousand arts of luxury, a million modes of social pleasure, which the moralist may have much to object against, but which the poet, had we a truly great one now rising among us, would well know how to employ for his own purposes.

Then, too, if we reflect that the empire and nation seated here
as

as in its centre, and at home so moving and multifarious, spreads its dominions all round the globe, daily sending forth its children to mix in the life of every race of man, seek adventures in every climate, and fit themselves to every form of polity, or it to them—whereafter they return in body, or at least reflect their mental influences among us—it cannot be in point of diversity and meaning that Britain disappoints any one capable of handling what it supplies.

See how Chaucer exhibits to us all that lay around him, the roughness and ignorance, the honour, faith, fancy, joyousness of a strong mind and a strong age, both tranquil within bounds which, as large enough for their uses, neither had tried to pass. How strikingly for us are those grating contrasts of social condition harmonised by the home-bred feeling that men as they then were had the liberty and space they then needed: the king and priest the all-sufficient guides of men's higher life, and all powers and even wishes finding ample room, each within the range marked out by custom! Every figure is struck off by as clear and cutting a stroke as that of a practised mower with his scythe—and of all these peculiarities of character, so blended in that world are strength and unconsciousness, not one ever rises into individuality of principle. In clearness, freedom, fulness, what delineation of our actual life can be at all compared with this? Of this poet how truly may it be said,

‘O’er Chaucer’s blithe old world, for ever new,
In noon’s broad sunbeam shines the morning dew;
And while tired ages float in shade away,
Unwearied glows with joy that clear to-day.’

In Shakespeare again, who never meant anything of the kind, that period, with its far deeper wants and more abundant forces, all lies softly, firmly drawn by every random jotting of his pen. For that, with all his unmatched reflectiveness, much was thus lightly done, seems no less certain at the hundredth perusal than obvious at the first. The stately courtesies and consecrated forms of the past, all still untroubled, but a new spirit rising within those antique walls, and as yet professing peaceful reverence, though it must one day shake them down; the heaven-storming imagination still toiling and sporting on the ground; the aimless bravery of knighthood still wearing its blazon of the starry cross, but going forth on real adventures for the conquest of our actual earth in east and west; thought blending, though almost unmarked, with all the romance of passion—and fancy, no longer gathering flowers and strewing them in childish sport, but weaving them into garlands for victorious conscience, and using them for the character of knowledge: all this is undeniably there,

there, though unintended, and only because the great mind of that and all time necessarily comprised and reproduced whatever was essential in his age. Ranks were still apart, customs unquestioned, forms holy, and natural truth and wisdom only the uncanonical but inevitable comment by which men undesignedly interpreted the page of prescription. And he who has best shown us all this as it truly was, yet sent forth at every breath a fiery element, of which he was himself scarce conscious, that should some day kindle and burn much still dear and venerable to him.

A gulf of generations lies between us and him, and the world is all changed around his tomb. But whom have we had to feel and express like this man the secret of our modern England, and to roll all out before him the immense reality of things as his own small embroidered carpet, on which he merely cared to sit down at his ease and smoke his pipe?

There have been but two writers among us whom every Englishman with a tincture of letters has read or heard of, aiming to shape poetically an image of human life. These are of course Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron. But see how different their aim has been from such a one as we hint at. The elder poet, with his wholesome sense and clear felicity, has indeed given us much of human fact, and this, as it could not be otherwise, in the colours of the time that he himself belonged to. But he has swayed the sympathies of the world in a great measure through their curiosity after the past, which he, more than all men in the annals of mankind, has taught us all to regard as alive and still throbbing in spirit, though its bones be turned to dust.

Byron has sought, through distance of place and foreign costume, the interest which Scott obtained from the strangeness of past ages; and it is but a small though a profound and irrepressible part of our far-spread modern mind that he has so well embodied in his scornful Harolds and despairing Giaours.

We have indeed one of his works, the only one, which is a splendid attempt at a creative survey of modern life, and contains all the essential elements of such performance. And in spite of the puerile egotisms and dawdling prate into which the poem so often wanders, the first five cantos of *Don Juan*, forming in point of bulk about a half, have more of fiery beauty and native sweetness in them than anything we know of in our modern literature. There is also a wide range and keenness of observation; and were some trivialities struck out, as they so easily might be, no capital defect would remain but the weakness of speculative culture visible in all Lord Byron's philosophical excursions. In the latter half of the poem, and unhappily when he is on English ground,

ground, the lax shapelessness of structure, the endless slipshod, yawny loungings, and vapid carelessness of execution, become very disagreeable in spite of passages rich with imperishable beauty, wit, and vigour, such as no other modern Englishman or man could have approached. On the whole, with all its faults, moral and poetic, the earlier portion of this singular book will probably remain, like the first half of *Faust*, the most genuine and striking monument of a whole recent national literature. But the weakness as to all deeper thought, and the incomplete groundplan, place it somewhat lower than could be wished. And at best it is but one book, in an age that produces annual thousands.

Little therefore as is all that has been done towards the poetic representation of our time—even in the looser and readier form of prose romance—it is hard to suppose that it is incapable of such treatment. The still unadulterated purity of home among large circles of the nation presents an endless abundance of the feelings and characters, the want of which nothing else in existence can supply even to a poet. And these soft and steady lights strike an observer all the more from the restless activity and freedom of social ambition, the shifting changes of station, and the wealth gathered on one hand and spent on the other with an intenseness and amplitude of will to which there is at least nothing now comparable among mankind. The power of self-subjection combined with almost boundless liberty, indeed necessitated by it, and the habit of self-denial with wealth beyond all calculation—these are indubitable facts in modern England. But while recognised as facts, how far do they still remain from that development as thoughts which philosophy desires, or that vividness as images which is the aim of poetry! It is easy to say that the severity of conscience in the best minds checks all play of fancy, and the fierceness of the outward struggle for power and riches absorbs the energies that would otherwise exert themselves in shapeful melody. But had we minds full of the idea and the strength requisite for such work, they would find in this huge, harassed, and luxurious national existence the nourishment, not the poison, of creative art. The death-struggle of commercial and political rivalry, the brooding doubt and remorse, the gas-jet flame of faith irradiating its own coal-mine darkness—in a word, our overwrought materialism fevered by its own excess into spiritual dreams—all this might serve the purposes of a bold imagination, no less than the creed of the antipoetic Puritans became poetry in the mind of Milton, and all bigotries, superstitions, and gore-dyed horrors were flames that kindled steady light in Shakespeare's humane and meditative song.

Of

Of all our recent writers the one who might seem at first sight to have most nearly succeeded in this quest after the poetic *Sangreal* is Crabbe. No one has ranged so widely through all classes, employed so many diverse elements of circumstance and character. But nowhere, or very, very rarely, do we find in him that eager sweetness, a fiery spirituous essence, yet bland as honey, wanting which all poetry is but an attempt more or less laudable, and after all, a failure. Shooting arrows at the moon, one man's bow shoots higher than another's; but the shafts of all alike fall back to earth, and bring us no light upon their points. It needs a strange supernatural power to achieve the impossible, and fix the silver shaft within the orb that shoots in turn its rays of silver back into our human bosoms.

Crabbe is always an instructive and forceful, almost always even an interesting writer. His works have an imperishable value as records of his time; and it even may be said that few parts of them but would have found an appropriate place in some of the reports of our various commissions for inquiring into the state of the country. Observation, prudence, acuteness, uprightness, self-balancing vigour of mind are everywhere seen, and are exerted on the whole wide field of common life. All that is wanting is the enthusiastic sympathy, the jubilant love, whose utterance is melody, and without which all art is little better than a laborious ploughing of the sand, and then sowing the sand itself for seed along the fruitless furrow.

In poetry we seek, and find, a refuge from the hardness and narrowness of the actual world. But using the very substance of this Actual for poetry, its positiveness, shrewdness, detailedness, incongruity, and adding no new peculiar power from within, we do no otherwise than if we should take shelter from rain under the end of a roof-spout.

To Mr. Wordsworth of course these remarks on Crabbe would be by no means applicable. Yet even he has exhibited only one limited, however lofty region of life, and has made it far less his aim to represent what lies around him by means of self-transference into all its feelings, than to choose therefrom what suits his spirit of ethical meditation, and so compel mankind, out alike of their toilsome daily paths and pleasant nightly dreams, into his own severe and stately school of thought. The present movements of human life, nay its varied and spontaneous joys, to him are little, save so far as they afford a text for a mind in which fixed will, and stern speculation, and a heart austere and measured even in its pity, are far more obvious powers than fancy, emotion, or keen and versatile sympathy. He discourses indeed with divine wisdom of life and nature, and all their sweet and various impulses;

impulses; but the impression of his own great calm judicial soul is always far too mighty for any all-powerful feeling of the objects he presents to us. In his latest volume there is a poem with the date of 1803, *At the Grave of Burns*, full of *reflective* tenderness. But it is noticeable that even here Burns is interesting, not for his own sake and in his own splendid personality, but with reference to Mr. Wordsworth's mind and the effect of the peasant's poetry on him. We are glad indeed to have any pretext for citing this beautiful stanza (p. 53):—

‘ Well might I mourn that he was gone
Whose light I hail'd when first it shone,
When, breaking forth as Nature's own,
It show'd my youth
How verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.’

In thus pointing to the problem which poetry now holds out, and maintaining that it has been but partially solved by our most illustrious writers, there is no design of setting up an unattainable standard, and then blaming any one in particular for inevitably falling short of it. Out of an age so diversified and as yet so unshapely, he who draws forth any graceful and expressive forms is well entitled to high praise. Turning into fixed beauty any part of the shifting and mingled matter of our time, he does what in itself is very difficult, and affords very valuable help to all his future fellow-labourers. If he has not given us back our age as a whole transmuted into crystalline clearness and lustre, a work accomplished only by a few of the greatest minds under the happiest circumstances for their art, yet we scarce know to whom we should be equally grateful as to him who has enriched us with any shapes of lasting loveliness ‘won from the vague and formless infinite.’

Mr. Tennyson has done more of this kind than almost any one that has appeared among us during the last twenty years. And in such a task of alchemy a really successful experiment, even on a small scale, is of great worth compared with the thousands of fruitless efforts or pretences on the largest plan, which are daily clamouring for all men's admiration of their nothingness.

The first of these two volumes consists of republished poems, and may be regarded, we presume, as all that Mr. Tennyson wishes to preserve of his former editions. He has sifted in most cases his earlier harvests, and kept the better grain. There are some additions of verses and stanzas here and there, many minute changes, and also beneficial shortenings and condensations. The second volume, however, is on the whole far advanced in merit beyond the first. There is more clearness, solidity, and certainty

certainty of mind visible in it throughout: especially some of the blank-verse poems—a style almost unattempted in the earlier series—have a quiet completeness and depth, a sweetness arising from the happy balance of thought, feeling, and expression, that ranks them among the riches of our recent literature.

The collection includes poems of four markedly different kinds:—1. The Idyllic, in which there is sometimes an epic calmness in representing some event or situation of private life, sometimes a flow of lyrical feeling, but still expanding itself in a narrative or description of the persons, events, and objects that fill the poet's imagination. 2. The purely Lyrical—odes, songs, and the more rapid ballads, where the emotion is not only uppermost, but all in all, and the occasions and interests involved appear but casually and in hints. 3. Fancy pieces; those, namely, of which the theme is borrowed or imitated from those conceptions of past ages that have now become extremely strange or quite incredible for us. In these the principal charm of the work can spring only from the vividness and grace of the imagery, the main idea making no direct impression on our feelings. 4. There is a class of Allegories, Moralities, didactic poems. We might add another, of Facetiæ; but in these the writer, though not unmeaning or without talent, seems far inferior to himself, and they happily fill but a small part of his pages.

The first and third of these classes—the Idylls and Fancies—are, in our view, of the greatest merit, and differ in little but the stranger and more legendary themes of the latter series, while they resemble each other in a somewhat spacious and detailed style of description, with, however, an evident general predominance of personal feeling, sometimes masked by the substitution of an imaginary narrator for the real poet.

We shall speak first of the second class, which we have called Odes. 'Claribel,' 'Lilian,' 'Isabel,' 'Madeline,' 'Adeline,' 'Eleanore,' and 'Margaret,'—all are raptures in honour of ladies. 'Isabel' is similar in style and plan to the rest, but differs by being addressed to a matron, not a maiden; and though, like the others enipnuistic enough, and coldly ingenious, is pleasant as a relief from the unrealities of rhetorical sentiment. There is a beautiful idea in it—with much verbal melody and many dainty phrases, far beyond the reach of any but a man of genius, however inaptly genius may be spent in dressing make-believe emotions with far-fetched rhythmic ornament. 'Claribel' is a sort of lament over a dead woman. The other young ladies seem to have the advantage of being still alive, but their poetic environment is not for that the less ghostly and preternatural.

tural. In all of these pieces the will to write poetry seems to us to have supplied (insufficiently) the place of poetic feeling; though one sees that only a poet could have written them. The heroines are moonshine maidens, in the number of whom Mr. Tennyson is really as unconscionable as Solomon or Mahomet. It may be suspected that neither the Arab prophet nor Jewish king would much have approved such questionable charms as *black-beaded eyes*, and *crimson-threaded lips*. We of a more metaphysical generation grow heartily weary of the delicacies, and subtleties, and super-fineries of so many mysterious passions, and phantom objects, as carefully discriminated as varieties of insects by Ehrenberg, or fossils by Owen. The whole style smells of musk, and is not without glimpses of rouge and pearl-powder. We have found nothing here at once more distinct and graceful than the following lines, and these are marred by the two final epithets:—

‘His bowstring slacken’d, languid Love,
Leaning his cheek upon his hand,
Droops both his wings, regarding thee;
And so would languish evermore,
Serene, imperial Eleanore.’

Of the poem ‘To —,’ much need not be said. ‘*Clear-headed friend*’ is the most ludicrously flat beginning of a serious poem that we have ever seen proceed from a real poet; and the construction of the final strophe is so obscure that we have in vain attempted to disentangle it into any meaning. Yet few readers can be required to spend as much time on such a matter as we are both bound and glad so to employ. In the same verses ‘*kingly intellect*’ is at least in that connection a phrase of vague rhetoric. The two little poems to the ‘Owl’ are at best ingenious imitations of the manner of some of Shakespeare’s and his contemporaries’ songs; well done enough, but not worth doing.

The ‘*Recollections of the Arabian Nights*’ is of a better kind. The writer does not in this seem painfully striving after topics, images, variations, and originalities, but writing from lively conception of a theme which offered in abundance the material suited to his fancy and ear. The poem is at once brilliant and pleasing: but we may remark that its merit is of a kind which presents itself somewhat too easily to a reader of the tales it recalls; that there is little progress in imagery, and none in thought, beyond the first stanza, in all the following thirteen; and that some meaning adapted to our modern European brains might perhaps have been insinuated under those gorgeous eastern emblems without injury to their genuine Asiatic import. The gold

gold and red arabesque repeats itself, square after square of the pattern, with undeniable splendour, but somewhat wearying monotony.

The 'Ode to Memory' aims at a far higher sort of excellence. Had it preceded, instead of following, Mr. Wordsworth's 'Platonic Ode,' it would have been a memorable poem. The elder poet's solemn rapture on the 'Recollections of Childhood' is comparable, in its way, to the Portland funeral vase, were that lighted, as it ought to be, from within: on a purple ground, dark as midnight, still and graceful snow-white figures, admitting of endless interpretations, all more or less fitting, but none, perhaps, conclusive. Mr. Tennyson has caught some of the same feeling, and much of the rhythm, but has not even earned what was still within his power, the praise of a greater variety and richness of painting, nor has precipitated with Shelleyan passion the stream that slept so calmly in Mr. Wordsworth's mountain-lake.

There could hardly be a more decisive proof of Mr. Tennyson's inaptitude for *Orphic* song than the last six lines of this poem:—

' My friend, with thee to live alone,
Methinks were better than to own
A crown, a sceptre, and a throne.
O strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.'

To tell Memory, the mystic prophetess to whom in these transcendent initiations we owe all notices connecting our small individuality with the Infinite Eternal, that converse with her were better than crowns and sceptres! Memory might perhaps reply—' My friend, if you have not, after encircling the universe, traversing the abyss of ages, and uttering more than a hundred lines, forgotten that there are such toys on that poor earth as crowns and sceptres, it were better for you to be alone, not with, but without me.' Think how sublime a doctrine, that to have the beatific vision is really better than the power and pomp of the world. Philosophy, that sounds all depths, has seldom approached a deeper *bathos*.

Of the little poem called '*Circumstance*' we shall quote the whole, pleased to find something that we can produce in support of our admiration for a large class of Mr. Tennyson's poems, on which we have not yet touched:—

' Two children in two neighbouring villages
Playing mad pranks along the heathy leas;
Two strangers meeting at a festival;
Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall;
Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease;

Two

Two graves grass-green beside a gray church-tower,
 Wash'd with still rains, and daisy-blossomed;
 Two children in one hamlet born and bred;—
 So runs the round of life from hour to hour.'

Much is not attempted here, but the more performed. How simple is the language; how quietly flowing the rhythm; how clear the images; and with what pleasant enigmatic openness do the few lines set before us all the little tale of the two villagers, playing, parted, meeting, loving, wedding, dying, and leaving behind them two orphan children! It is a small tone of natural feeling, caught and preserved with genuine art, and coming home to every bosom that sweet words can penetrate at all.

'Fatima' is of a far higher pitch, but seems oddly misnamed. It is full of true and vehement, yet musical passion; and it suggests the strong flow of Lesbian poetry, and particularly the well-known fragment of Sappho addressed to a woman. Whence, then, the name? Lesbos has hardly gained by becoming a part of Turkey, or Sappho by turning into Fatima. But the poem is beautiful: we scarcely know where in English we could find anything so excellent, as expressing the deep-hearted fulness of a woman's conscious love. Many will read it as if it belonged only to some Fatima or Sappho to feel with this entireness of abandonment. But there are hundreds of women in the West end of London—and in the East end too—who would find it only a strain that nature had already taught them.

'*Lady Clara Vere de Vere*' aims at less, and though of no very rare cast, is successful in all that it attempts. Mr. Tennyson seems to have intended to be very severe in this remonstrance to a flirt. But the damsel who deserved it would certainly rather have been flattered than provoked by such a tribute to her powers.

'The Blackbird,' 'The Death of the Old Year,' and 'Edward Gray,' are all sufficiently good for publication, but not for detailed criticism. 'Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere' is of similar tone, but not extraordinary merit. The last but one appears to be the best stanza:—

'Now on some twisted ivy-net,
 Now by some tinkling rivulet,
 On mosses thick with violet,
 Her cream-white mule his pastern set :
 And now more fleet she skimmed the plains
 Than she whose elfin prancer springs
 By night to eery warblings,
 When all the glimmering moorland rings
 With jingling bridle-reins.'—vol. ii. p. 207.

In

In one less careful of his melody—and we have few very recent writers so successfully careful of it—we should hardly make any remark on the harsh *r*'s in these latter lines, so unsuitable to the vague and gliding fluency of the image.

Under the head of *FANCIES* we class all those poems relating to distant and marvellous circumstances and persons such as we can only conceive, and that very imperfectly, by a conscious removal of our thoughts into regions of which we have no experience, and which seem to us half impossible. In some instances the poet only attempts to reproduce outward relations of society and a kind of feeling which have departed from our common life—as in 'The Sisters,' 'The Beggar Maid,' 'St. Simeon,' and 'St. Agnes.' In others, and the greater number of these pieces, he rushes away with us into the ruins and sepulchres of old supernatural beliefs—dear to him, however, not as still partly credible, or as ever having been sacred and awful to mankind, but for the graceful strangeness of the figures that they suggest and are linked with. This mythological poetry is not of equal interest and difficulty with that which produces as brilliant and deep effects from the ordinary realities of our own lives. But it is far from worthless. Some German ballads of this kind by Goëthe and Schiller—nay, by Bürger and by Heine—have great power over every one, from the art with which the imagination is won to accept as true what we still feel to be so strange. This is done mainly by a potent use of the mysterious relation between man and nature, and between all men towards each other, which always must show itself on fitting occasions as the visionary, the ominous, the spectral, the 'eery,' and awful consciousness of a supernatural somewhat within our own homely flesh. It appears to us that Mr. Tennyson has neither felt so deeply as some other poets—Coleridge, for instance, in 'Christabel'—the moral ground on which this oracular introsentient part of man is firmly built, nor has employed its phantasmagoric power with such startling witchery. But there is almost always a vivid elegance and inward sweetness in his elfin song, whether Gothic or Grecian, and he sometimes even uses the legends of Pagan antiquity with a high perfection of dreamy music.

'The Dying Swan,' 'The Merman,' and 'The Mermaid,' are figments which he has not connected with any feeling that could render us willing to believe, nor with any meaning that would give them value as symbols. There is a kind of unhappy materialism in some of these attempts at spiritualising nature, and in the midst of some beautiful images we are stopped short by fancies equally farsought and unpleasant; see, for instance, vol. i. p. 73.

There

There are, however, hardly any of these legendary poems that might not well be cited as examples of solid and luminous painting. We must admit that Mr. Tennyson has scarcely succeeded, perhaps has not tried, to unite any powerful impression on the feelings with his coloured blaze. It is painted—though well painted—fire. But in animated pomp of imagery, all in movement, like a work of Paolo Veronese, few things that we know could rival these compositions. His figures are distinct as those of brazen statuary on tombs, brilliant as stained glass, musical as the organ-tones of chapels. And as some of these romantic songs remind us of Paul Cagliari, others—those especially that have been dreamt upon the lap of the Greek Muse—are akin to the creations of a still greater painter than the Veronese, Correggio. So mild and mournful in interest are these, so perfect in harmony of images and rhythm, we almost grieve at last to waken from our trance and find we have been deluded by a Pagan vision, and by the echoes of oracles now dumb. Scarcely fabled magic could be more successful. The effect is the result evidently of great labour, but also of admirable art. As minstrel conjurations, perhaps, in English, ‘Kubla Khan’ alone exceeds them. The verse is full of liquid intoxication, and the language of golden oneness. While we read, we too are wandering, led by nymphs, among the thousand isles of old mythology, and the present fades away from us into a pale vapour. To bewitch us with our own daily realities, and not with their unreal opposites, is a still higher task; but it could not be more thoroughly performed.

The ‘Morte d’Arthur,’ the first poem in the second volume, seems to us less costly jewel-work, with fewer of the broad flashes of passionate imagery, than some others, and not compensating for this inferiority by any stronger human interest. The miraculous legend of ‘Excalibar’ does not come very near to us, and as reproduced by any modern writer must be a mere ingenious exercise of fancy. The poem, however, is full of distinct and striking description, perfectly expressed; and a tone of mild, dignified sweetness attracts, though it hardly avails to enchant us. The poet might perhaps have made the loss of the magic sword, the death of Arthur, and dissolution of the Round Table, a symbol for the departure from earth of the whole old Gothic world, with its half-pagan, all-poetic faith, and rude yet mystic blazonries. But it would be tyrannical exaction to require more philosophy in union with so fiery and productive a fancy. No one but Coleridge among us has ever combined a thoroughly speculative intellect with so restless an abundance of beautiful imagery as we find in Mr. Tennyson; and the younger minstrel

has as much of the reflection proper to an age like ours as any living poet except Mr. Wordsworth, and as any but a very few deceased ones.

The gift of comprehensive thoughtfulness does not, however, show itself to advantage in '*St. Simeon Stylites*,' a kind of monological personation of a filthy and mad ascetic. We find exhibited, with the seriousness of bitter poetic irony, his loathsome, yet ridiculous attempts at saintship, all founded on an idea of the Divinity fit only for an African worshipping a scarecrow fetish made of dog's bones, goose-feathers, and dunghill-rags. This is no topic for Poetry: she has better tasks than to wrap her mantle round a sordid, greedy lunatic.

How different, how superior is '*Ulysses*!' There is in this work a delightful epic tone, and a clear unimpassioned wisdom quietly carving its sage words and graceful figures on pale but lasting marble. Yet we know not why, except from schoolboy recollections, a modern English poet should write of Ulysses rather than of the great voyagers of the modern world, Columbus, Gama, or even Drake. Their feelings and aims lie far nearer to our comprehension—reach us by a far shorter line. Even of '*Godiva*,' different as is the theme, a similar observation holds. It also is admirably well done; but the singularity and barbarousness of the fact spur, no doubt, the fancy, even told in plain prose, yet are far from rendering the topic favourable for poetry. The '*Day-Dream*,' the old and pretty tale of the '*Sleeping Beauty*,' is open to no such objection. Here the poetry was made to the writer's hand, and one cannot but wish that his grace, liveliness, and splendour had been employed on a matter of his own invention;* or, if borrowed, of some more earnest meaning. Yet, as graceful and lively description, as truth playing behind the mask of fairy-tale, the whole poem is most agreeable. It opens thus:—

' The varying year with blade and sheaf
Clothes and reclothes the happy plains;
Here rests the sap within the leaf,
Here strays the blood along the veins.
Faint shadows, vapours lightly curl'd,
Faint murmurs from the meadows come,
Like hints and echoes of the world
To spirits folded in the womb.

* It is difficult to suppose that the poem was written before the exhibition of Mr. MacIise's picture of '*The Sleeping Beauty*,' (1841)—a work displaying, like most of that rising artist's, great wealth and boldness of fancy and execution, but, like too many both of the paintings and the poems of our day, too ambitiously crowded, and forced and glaring in its imagery.

Soft

Soft lustre bathes the range of urns
On every slanting terrace-lawn.
The fountain to his place returns
Deep in the garden-lake withdrawn.
Here droops the banner on the tower,
On the hall-hearths the festal fires,
The peacock in his laurel bower,
The parrot in his gilded wires.
Roof-haunting martins warm their eggs :
In these, in those the life is stay'd.
The mantles from the golden pegs
Droop sleepily : no sound is made,
Not even of a gnat that sings.
More like a picture seemeth all
Than those old portraits of old kings,
That watch the sleepers from the wall.
Here sits the butler with a flask
Between his knees, half-drain'd ; and there
The wrinkled steward at his task ;
The maid-of-honour blooming fair :
The page has caught her hand in his ;
Her lips are sever'd as to speak :
His own are pouted to a kiss :
The blush is fix'd upon her cheek.
Till all the hundred summers pass,
The beams, that through the oriel shine,
Make prisms in every carven glass,
And beaker brimm'd with noble wine.
Each baron at the banquet sleeps,
Grave faces gather'd in a ring.
His state the king reposing keeps.
He must have been a jolly king.
All round a hedge upshoots, and shows
At distance like a little wood ;
Thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistletoes,
And grapes with bunches red as blood ;
All creeping plants, a wall of green
Close-matted, bur and brake and brier,
And glimpsing over these, just seen,
High up, the topmost palace-spire.
When will the hundred summers die,
And thought and time be born agen,
And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,
Bring truth that sways the soul of men ?
Here all things in their place remain,
As all were order'd, ages since.
Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,
And bring the fated fairy Prince.'

At last—two sections intervene—he comes and finds the lady :—

‘ A touch, a kiss ! the charm was snapp’d.
 There rose a noise of striking clocks,
 And feet that ran, and doors that clapp’d,
 And barking dogs, and crowing cocks.
 A fuller light illumined all,
 A breeze through all the garden swept,
 A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
 And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,
 The butler drank, the steward scrawl’d,
 The fire shot up, the martin flew,
 The parrot scream’d, the peacock squall’d,
 The maid and page renew’d their strife,
 The palace bang’d, and buzz’d, and clack’d,
 And all the long-pent stream of life
 Dash’d downward in a cataract.

And last of all the king awoke,
 And in his chair himself uprear’d,
 And yawn’d, and rubb’d his face, and spoke,
 “ By holy rood, a royal beard !
 How say you ? we have slept, my lords.
 My beard has grown into my lap.”
 The barons swore, with many words,
 ’Twas but an after-dinner’s nap.

“ Pardy,” return’d the king, “ but still
 My joints are something stiff or so.
 My lord, and shall we pass the bill
 I mention’d half an hour ago ?”
 The chancellor, sedate and vain,
 In courteous words return’d reply ;
 But dallied with his golden chain,
 And, smiling, put the question by.’

Another section follows before we have that entitled ‘ The Departure :’—

‘ And on her lover’s arm she leant,
 And round her waist she felt it fold,
 And far across the hills they went
 In that new world which is the old :
 Across the hills, and far away
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,
 And deep into the dying day
 The happy princess follow’d him.

“ I’d sleep another hundred years,
 O love, for such another kiss ;”

“ O wake

" O wake for ever, love," she hears,
 " O love, 'twas such as this and this."
 And o'er them many a sliding star,
 And many a merry wind was borne,
 And, stream'd through many a golden bar,
 The twilight melted into morn.

" O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"
 " O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"
 " O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"
 " O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"
 And o'er them many a flowing range
 Of vapour buoy'd the crescent-bark,
 And, rapt through many a rosy change,
 The twilight died into the dark.

" A hundred summers! can it be?
 And whither goest thou, tell me where?"
 " O seek my father's court with me,
 For there are greater wonders there."
 And o'er the hills, and far away
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,
 Beyond the night, across the day,
 Through all the world she follow'd him.

—vol. ii. p. 159.

The poems which we would class under the head MORALITIES, in which Reflection lifts the rod to silence Feeling, are scattered up and down the volumes under various titles. They almost all appear to us decided and remarkable failures, and only one or two of the shorter and slighter at all worthy of Mr. Tennyson.

The 'Palace of Art,' indeed, has the tints and force of poetry, and shows the author's characteristic power of distinct and deeply-dyed painting. But there is considerable affectation in some of the groupings both of words and things, and what is worse, the meaning, the *morality*, is trivial, and even mistaken. The writer's doctrine seems to be, that the soul, while by its own energy surrounding itself with all the most beautiful and expressive images that the history of mankind has produced, and sympathizing wholly with the world's best thoughts, is perpetrating some prodigious moral offence for which it is bound to repent in sackcloth and ashes. A more rational and not less religious view would seem to be, that we should repent of the errors we commit from the *inactivity* of our higher powers and feelings. We hardly know a notion worthier of Simeon [Stylites], or of some crack-brained sot repenting in the stocks, than this doctrine that the use of our noblest faculties on their right objects

is

is an outrage against our best duties. Happily, Mr. Tennyson's practice is wiser than the theory propounded in this piece; and his theory itself, if we may judge from the doctrinal parts of his second and more mature volume, is also much improved. The long and dull production called the 'Two Voices,' a dispute on immortality, adding nothing to our previous knowledge, and of which the substance might have been better given in three pages (or one) than thirty, has yet no such folly in it as the many-coloured mistake of the 'Palace of Art.'

In all Mr. Tennyson's didactic writing one sees too clearly that, unless when the Image enchains his heart, the Thought has far too little hold upon him to produce any lively movement of soul. His speculations have the commonplaceness, vagueness, and emptiness of dreams, though the dreams of genius; and hopefully do we trust that the poet will not again throw off his magic mantle for either the monkish gown or stoic robe.

We have now reached that class of poems which stand first in our list, and which we have entitled IDYLLS. We have reserved till now all special mention of them, as holding them the most valuable part of Mr. Tennyson's writings, a real addition to our literature. They have all more or less of the properly Idyllic character, though in three or four of them marked with the rapid and suggestive style of the ballad. In all we find some warm feeling, most often love, a clear and faithful eye for visible nature, skilful art and completeness of construction, and a mould of verse which for smoothness and play of melody has seldom been equalled in the language. The heartfelt tenderness, the glow, the gracefulness, the strong sense, the lively painting, in many of these compositions, drawn from the heart of our actual English life, set them far above the glittering marvels and musical phantasms of Mr. Tennyson's mythological romances, at first sight the most striking portion of his works.

Among the happier specimens of this class two are pre-eminent—the 'Gardener's Daughter,' and 'Dora.' These are both of them Idylls in the strictest sense of the term, and might rank with the eclogues of Theocritus and Virgil, and with some poems of Goëthe—as anecdotes drawn from rustic life and rounded into song. Especially, as compared with the antique models, we see in them all the gain that Christianity and civilization have brought to the relation of the sexes, and to the characters of women.

The 'Gardener's Daughter' is a husband's recollection of his successful love, the object of which has been withdrawn from him by death. The unrhymed verse has a quiet fulness of sound, and all the delineation a clear yet rich completeness of truth, that render the little work, though far from the loftiest, yet one of the
most

most delightful we know. As English landscape-painting, what can exceed this?

‘Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells,
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock;
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass, wash’d by a slow broad stream,
That, stirr’d with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crown’d with the minster-towers. The fields between
Are dewy-fresh, brows’d by deep-udder’d kine,
And all about the large lime feathers low,
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings.’

Or take the companion picture, where this view is alive with human passion:—

‘There sat we down upon a garden mound,
Two mutually enfolded; Love, the third,
Between us, in the circle of his arms
Enwound us both; and over many a range
Of waning lime the gray cathedral towers,
Across a hazy glimmer of the west,
Reveal’d their shining windows: from them clash’d
The bells; we listen’d; with the time we play’d;
We spoke of other things; we coursed about
The subject most at heart, more near and near,
Like doves about a dovecote, wheeling round
‘The central wish, until we settled there.’—vol. ii. p. 29.

‘Dora,’ though not so luxuriously beautiful, has less, indeed nothing, that could be spared without serious loss, and being only half the length of the former one, we shall extract it entire:—

‘With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look’d at them,
And often thought “I’ll make them man and wife.”
Now Dora felt her uncle’s will in all,
And yearn’d towards William; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
When Allan call’d his son, and said, “My son,
I married late; but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die:

And

And I have set my heart upon a match.
 Now therefore look to Dora, she is well
 To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
 She is my brother's daughter: he and I
 Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
 In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
 His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;
 For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day.
 For many years." But William answer'd short,
 "I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
 I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
 Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said,
 "You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
 But in my time a father's word was law,
 And so it shall be now for me. Look to't.
 Consider: take a month to think, and give
 An answer to my wish; or by the Lord
 That made me, you shall pack, and nevermore
 Darken my doors again." And William heard,
 And answer'd something madly; bit his lips,
 And broke away. The more he look'd at her
 The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
 But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
 The month was out he left his father's house,
 And hired himself to work within the fields;
 And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
 A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
 His niece and said, "My girl, I love you well;
 But if you speak with him that was my son,
 Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
 My home is none of yours. My will is law."
 And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
 "It cannot be: my uncle's mind will change!"

And days went on, and there was born a boy
 To William; then distresses came on him;
 And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,
 Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.
 But Dora stored what little she could save,
 And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
 Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
 On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
 And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought
 Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said,

"I have obey'd my uncle until now,
 And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me
 This evil came on William at the first.
 But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,

And

And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you :
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest: let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

And Dora took the child and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field,
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
He spied her, and he left his men at work
And came and said, "Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, "This is William's child!"
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again,
"Do with me as you will, but take the child
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me more."

So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down
And wept in secret: and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy

Was

Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
 To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.
 And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy ;
 But, Mary, let me live and work with you :
 He says that he will never see me more."
 Then answer'd Mary, "This shall never be,
 That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself :
 And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
 For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
 His mother ; therefore thou and I will go,
 And I will have my boy, and bring him home ;
 And I will beg of him to take thee back :
 But if he will not take thee back again,
 Then thou and I will live within one house,
 And work for William's child, until he grows
 Of age to help us."

So the women kiss'd
 Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.
 The door was off the latch ; they peep'd and saw
 The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
 Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
 And clapp'd him on the hands and on the cheeks,
 Like one that loved him ; and the lad stretch'd out
 And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
 From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
 Then they came in ; but when the boy beheld
 His mother, he cried out to come to her,
 And Allan set him down ; and Mary said :
 "O Father!—if you let me call you so—
 I never came a-begging for myself,
 Or William, or this child ; but now I come
 For Dora : take her back ; she loves you well.
 O sir, when William died, he died at peace
 With all men ; for I ask'd him, and he said,
 He could not ever rue his marrying me ;
 I had been a patient wife ; but, sir, he said
 That he was wrong to cross his father thus.
 'God bless him !' he said, 'and may he never know
 The troubles I have gone through !' Then he turn'd
 His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am !
 But now, sir, let me have my boy, for you
 Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
 His father's memory ; and take Dora back,
 And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
 By Mary. There was silence in the room ;
 And all at once the old man burst in sobs :—

"I have been to blame—to blame. I have kill'd my son.
 I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son.

May

May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundredfold;
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,
Thinking of William.

So those four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.'—vol. ii. p. 33-41.

We shall leave this without comment, which, we trust, is needless.

'Audley Court,' and 'Walking to the Mail,' are in a lighter style, and with less of interest. 'The Talking Oak' is more important, but does not satisfy us so well. This also, like most of Mr. Tennyson's better poems, is love-inspired and love-breathing. But an ancient oak, that is won by a poet to utter Dodonæan oracles, would hardly, we conceive, be so prolix and minute in its responses. In '*Locksley Hall*' the fancy is again at home. It is, perhaps, on the whole, the one of all these poems in which far-extended thought is best involved in genuine and ardent imagination. A quick and generous heart pours out through the lips of a young man who has been deceived by the woman he loved, and who, inflamed with disappointment, reviews at passionate speed—far unlike the prosaic slowness of professional reviewers—the images that the darkened world now presents to him, and the diverse paths of action that he is tempted to try. We know not what the author means by his hero's talk of comrades and bugle-horns; for all the rest is the direct outbirth and reflection of our own age. The speaker tells his former happiness in the following lines:—

'Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung;
And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."
On her pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.
And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes—
Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;"
Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee long."
Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fulness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falsar than all fancy fathoms, falsar than all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me—to decline
On a range of lower feelings, and a narrower heart than mine!"

—vol. ii. p. 94-96.

The images that haunt him, of the faithless maiden's married life with a despised husband, are full of bitter strength; but we prefer a small specimen of his more indistinct and wider notions:—

'Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion; O thou wondrous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see—

Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill'd with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm.'

—vol. ii. pp. 103, 104.

'Lady Clare' is not memorable; but the 'Lord of Burleigh' well deserves citation, as an example of the skill with which a poet can find a true and complete imaginative interest in an anecdote of our actual refined life:—

'In

'In her ear he whispers gaily,
 " If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily,
 And I think thou lov'st me well."
She replies in accents fainter,
 " There is none I love like thee."
He is but a landscape-painter,
 And a village maiden she.
He to lips, that fondly falter,
 Presses his without reproof;
Leads her to the village altar,
 And they leave her father's roof.
" I can make no marriage present;
 Little can I give my wife.
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
 And I love thee more than life."

They by parks and lodges going
 See the lordly castles stand :
Summer woods, about them blowing,
 Made a murmur in the land.
From deep thought himself he rouses,
 Says to her that loves him well,
" Let us see these handsome houses
 Where the wealthy nobles dwell."
So she goes by him attended,
 Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
 Lay betwixt his home and hers ;

Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
 Parks and order'd gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
 Built for pleasure and for state.
All he shows her makes him dearer :
 Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
 Where they twain will spend their days.
O but she will love him truly !
 He shall have a cheerful home ;
She will order all things duly,
 When beneath his roof they come.

Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
 Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
 And beneath the gate she turns ;
Sees a mansion more majestic
 Than all those she saw before :
Many a gallant gay domestic
 Bows before him at the door.

And

And they speak in gentle murmur,
 When they answer to his call,
 While he treads with footstep firmer,
 Leading on from hall to hall ;
 And, while now she wonders blindly,
 Nor the meaning can divine,
 Proudly turns he round and kindly,
 "All of this is mine and thine."

Here he lives in state and bounty,
 Lord of Burleigh, fair and free ;
 Not a lord in all the county
 Is so great a lord as he.

All at once the colour flushes
 Her sweet face from brow to chin :
 As it were with shame she blushes,
 And her spirit changed within.
 Then her countenance all over
 Pale again as death did prove :
 But he clasp'd her like a lover,
 And he cheer'd her soul with love.

So she strove against her weakness,
 Though at times her spirit sank ;
 Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
 To all duties of her rank :
 And a gentle consort made he,
 And her gentle mind was such
 That she grew a noble lady,
 And the people loved her much.

But a trouble weigh'd upon her,
 And perplex'd her, night and morn,
 With the burthen of an honour
 Unto which she was not born.
 Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
 As she murmur'd, "Oh, that he
 Were once more that landscape-painter,
 Which did win my heart from me!"

So she droop'd and droop'd before him,
 Fading slowly from his side :
 Three fair children first she bore him,
 Then before her time she died.

Weeping, weeping late and early,
 Walking up and pacing down,
 Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh,
 Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.
 And he came to look upon her,
 And he look'd at her and said,
 "Bring the dress, and put it on her,
 That she wore when she was wed."

Then

Then her people, softly treading,
 Bore to earth her body, drest
 In the dress that she was wed in,
 That her spirit might have rest."

—vol. ii. pp. 201-205.

Every thoughtful reader of the poems which we have thus glanced through will be led to compare them with those on similar themes, of present human existence in the country, by the most profoundly reflective of our living poets, Mr. Wordsworth. 'Michael,' 'The Brothers,' the story of Margaret in the beginning of 'The Excursion,' 'Ruth,'—these also are English Idylls, drawn from the well-springs of Nature, and finished with the painful care of a great artist. How naked and bare they all are in their solemn stillness! Nor is it only in these poems, but even in works of lighter and gladder movement, that we are compelled to listen to the bard as to a grave teacher of moral truth, whom the spirit of spontaneous enjoyment, and even the sympathy with whatever is pathetic or grand in man, cannot hurry beyond the school of his compassionate but austere stoicism. Ignorance only, or lunacy, could deny him a deep internal power of true poetry. But even this, and not merely the manly passions and the soft affections, even the shaping and inspired imagination itself, is always subject to the considerate dominion of the moral idea. *Emotion*, the most general and obvious, the necessary impulse of all poetry in every age, is restrained in all his writings by the awful presence of self-centred will. The feelings are described rather than shared; the tragic passions summoned up only to be rebuked by a more solemn conjuration than their own; the free enjoyment of life and nature approved only within the bounds of unrelaxing caution; and love—the name bubbled by every wave of Hippocrene, and thundered in all the floods and storms of the main ocean of our being—is here a grave ritual sound spoken over the still waters drawn from the well of Truth for a penitential baptism.

Of course it would be far from our design to charge this great writer with want of feeling. A poet without feeling! Fire without warmth, and a heart without pulsation! But it is clear that his feelings are always strictly watched by his meditative conscience too strictly, not for wisdom, but for rapture. Not a prophet in the wilderness lifting up his testimony against an evil generation, for the heart of the seer must be red and fierce as molten iron—not a hermit in his cave retired from human joys, for the anchorite floats above his rocky floor, forgetful of laws and retributions, in an ecstasy of self-denying love, that supplies the place of decalogue and duties—but like the prophet and the monk, this poet turns aside from the busy ways of life to speculate,
 in

in sage and sometimes awful rhetoric, on the wondrousness of existence, and the care with which we must tend the purity of its fountain in the heart. There is no face so lovely, no act so gushing over with keen life, that it can kindle at once the minstrel into song, hurrying him beyond all thought of wrong and right, and having warrant enough in the zealous heat which it inspires. Only in communion with the stars, the mountains, and the sea, the flowers of spring and autumn leaves, and all the simple mysteries of natural things, does his heart pour, without pause, a stream of melodious gladness, and fear no danger in its own happy ecstasies. Even in these solemn elevations of soul he does not forget to impose a scheme of toils on human life. Among streams and rocks he begins with discourse of virtue; and when he has risen on the ladder of his vision to the stars, we still hear him singing from the solar way, that it is by temperance, soberness, and chastity of soul he has so climbed, and that the praise of this heroic discipline is his last message to mankind. A noble temper of heart! A truly great man! He has strangely wedded his philosophic lore to the sweetness of poetry. But the poetry would have streamed out in a freer gush, and flushed the heart with ampler joy, had the moral been less *obtruded* as its constant aim.

In the younger of these two idyllic writers, on the whole the most genial poet of English rural life that we know—for Burns was of another language and country, no less than school—there is a very different stamp of soul. In his works there has been art enough required and used to give such clear and graceful roundness; but all skill of labour, all intellectual purpose, kept behind the sweet and fervid impulse of the heart. Thus, all that we call affection, imagination, intellect, melts out as one long happy sigh into union with the visibly beautiful, and with every glowing breath of human life. In all his better poems there is this same character—this fusion of his own fresh feeling with the delightful affections, baffled or blessed, of others—and with the fairest images of the real world as it lies before us all to-day. To this same tendency all legend and mystery are subordinate—to this the understanding, theorizing and dogmatizing, yet ever ministers, a loyal giant to a fairy mistress. In his better and later works the fantastic and ingenious brain, abounding in gold-dust and diamond-powder, and the playmate of sphinxes and hieroglyphic beasts, pours out its wealth, and yokes its monsters only for the service of that homely northern nature, without whose smile all wealth is for us but dead stones, and all mysteries but weary task-like puzzles.

ART.

ART. V.—*Remarks on English Churches, and on the Expediency of rendering Sepulchral Memorials subservient to Pious and Christian Uses.* By J. H. Markland, F.R.S. and S.A. Oxford, 1842. 12mo. Second Edition.

MR. MARKLAND has long been known for his zealous and indefatigable services to the Church—services not the less valuable as rendered by a layman. And he has now added another to their number, by a suggestion so likely to accord with the present improved state of religious feeling, and capable of such general application, that it may be regarded as one of the most important steps made lately in the restoration of a sound and efficient church-system among us. That it is simple, and obvious, such as might have occurred to any mind in passing through one of our churchyards, or looking at the tablets which disfigure the walls of our churches, is no disparagement to the merit of the suggester. Most of our greatest inventions have been of this nature. To have appreciated its value, and placed it before the public in a form likely to fix attention, and to induce the adoption of it, is in itself no slight thing. And the pure, practical, and devotional spirit of the little work in which it is contained will give it a recommendation, which Mr. Markland may well claim as his own.

‘It is not (he says) the object of these pages to suggest the banishing of sepulchral monuments altogether from our churches, deeply reverencing, as we must, the antiquity of the custom, and the feeling of love and respect for the dead, “as the last work of charity we can perform for them,” which in many instances prompts their erection; and also believing that they have often been the means of producing a salutary impression upon the living. “The sensations of pious cheerfulness which attend the celebration of Sunday,” says Wordsworth, “are profitably chastised by the sight of the graves of kindred and friends, gathered together in that general home, towards which the thoughtful, yet happy, spectators themselves are journeying.” The descendant of a noble house who in his family mausoleum “sees his steel-clad sires and mothers mild” reposing on their marble tombs, and the peasant who saunters among the mouldering heaps of the forefathers of his hamlet, are alike susceptible of some mournful pleasure, arising from the contemplation of “these relics of veneration;” and are alive to the sentiments so exquisitely expressed by Gray in a stanza which ought never to have been expunged from his *Elegy* :—

“Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.”

Tombs of different periods, and of styles characteristic of those periods
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(provided they do not offend in point of taste), collected in and around a place of worship, must promote the feeling which some of them at least were intended to excite. The lesson on mortality is most striking, when we see the earthly pomps of age after age, in the outward fashion of each period, all gathered within the same precinct; the dead, great and small, of different generations, waiting alike the Resurrection.

‘Still, it must be admitted that commonplace monuments and tablets have been, and continue to be, most needlessly multiplied, and that this excess might be wisely restrained. On the walls of many churches, instead of contributing to the beauty of the fabric, they are unsightly excrescences. Not only has every vacant place been seized upon, but portions of the original structure have been, and are shamefully mutilated to receive them. For example: Mr. Rickman, speaking of the ancient altar-screen at Beverley, “unrivalled in its description of work,” states “that some remarkably fine and intricate tracery has been *cut away* to put in some poor modern monumental tablets.”* The beautiful altar-screen in the Lady Chapel of York Minster, and the screens in various other cathedrals and churches, have equally suffered. A long catalogue of similar enormities might be given, as instances of gross carelessness and depraved taste.

‘In the majority of cases, why is not the simple gravestone allowed to suffice? Perhaps the very individual whose name is to be engraved on a costly monument was so averse to notoriety, that the distinctive excellence of his character consisted in those retiring qualities which never desired to travel out of the domestic circle.

“It is my will (the excellent Bishop Sanderson desired) that no costly monument be erected for my memory, *but only a fair flat marble stone be laid over me*. And I do very much desire my will may be carefully observed herein, hoping it may become exemplary to some one or other; at least, however, testifying at my death—what I have so often earnestly professed in my lifetime—my utter dislike of the vast expenses laid out in funeral solemnities, with very little benefit to any, which, if bestowed in pious and charitable works, might redound to the public or private benefit of many persons.” Dr. Wells requested “to have no stone set up to his memory;” but he did leave a monument in his parish, for *he rebuilt the parsonage at his own cost*. Mr. Newman justly observes that “it is always a satisfaction to have evidence that an author is writing under the practical influence of his own principles.” Sir Henry Wotton directed his executors to “lay over his grave a marble stone, plain and not costly; considering that time moulders even marble to dust, for monuments themselves must die.”

‘Again, how frequently does it happen that on such memorials all that is mentioned is nothing more than what the parish-register could tell us! “Most inscriptions record nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day and died upon another: the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers

* A still more lamentable instance may be seen in the exquisite Lady Chapel, or Trinity Church, attached to Ely Cathedral.

of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons, who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died."

' Collins, in his exquisite lines on the death of Colonel Ross, gives to that brave soldier a grave covered with turf, and tells us that

" Aërial hands shall build his tomb,
With shadowy trophies crown'd."

But men "of meaner mould, life's common clods," are not to be thus easily satisfied. By their own testamentary directions, or by the mistaken kindness of surviving friends, tombs of a costly and substantial character are prepared for numbers, whose claims to sepulchral honours could not well be classed with those of the hero of Fontenoy. The poet's lament is not to apply to them, and, after a vast expense and waste of talent and labour, the "polished marble," in the shape of a statue or bust, is placed upon its pedestal.—p. 36, &c.

And the suggestion which follows is obvious:—

' If, from the comparatively humble station which an individual may have occupied, or from his uneventful life, no useful lesson can be taught by the inscription on his tomb, why should not an expenditure (which in this case must be prompted by somewhat of vanity in his surviving friends) receive another and a higher direction? Might not the cost be made instrumental to a better and a holier end? Might it not be devoted to the service and glory of God, and to the benefit of those who worship in His house? For more than a century, mural monuments with cherubs, skulls, lamps, and twisted columns, with little variety, were permitted to deform our churches. In later days we have had the urn or the sarcophagus—strange ornaments in a Christian temple!—or a female figure, veiled with drapery, sitting under a willow, bending over a tomb, or leaning upon an extinguished torch! These designs have become wearisome and uninteresting from repetition, and unless they proceed from the chisel of a master, cannot but be wholly disregarded. It should be an object, therefore, with us all, where our influence may extend, to endeavour to restrain the passion for erecting sepulchral memorials, in order that they may be confined exclusively to those, who, from their distinguished talents and their useful lives, merit posthumous honours; and that when they are erected, due attention should always be paid to the proper disposal of them in our churches, and also to their adaptation to the character of the building, which is to contain them. But far more strongly may it be urged, that instead of costly monuments, memorials should be chosen, which, from being really useful, might be stamped with a more imperishable character.

' In pointing out another class of memorials for the dead, as substitutes for a large proportion of unimportant and unedifying monuments and tablets, the object should be to associate the names and the virtues of those who are really worthy of such commemoration with something more important and more beneficial than all that sculpture and epitaphs alone can afford.

' On the death of the head of a family of rank or wealth, the more pressing

pressing wants, both spiritual and temporal, of a neighbourhood should be consulted, and a parish church, a district church or chapel, a school, almshouses, or an hospital should be erected, or enlarged, as circumstances might require. If no such building or additions to an existing building be called for, then let inquiries of the following kind be made. Does the body, or an aisle of the church of the parish, its chancel, porch, roof, tower, or spire, call for restoration? In what state are the altar and its screen, and the font? In many of our churches the altar-screens have either perished, or the original work is hidden or defaced, as we have seen, by clumsy wood-work, or by paintings, "where sprawl the saints" of artists less skilful than "Verrio or Laguerre;"—let such be carefully restored. In others of our churches, the altars themselves and fonts will be found in a state of filth and decay disgraceful to us as members of Christ's Church, professing to hold in reverence the sacraments which He has ordained, but wholly regardless of the places of their celebration.'

We have wished to let Mr. Markland speak for himself, because a good man's voice, whose acts are like his words, is never heard in vain. And without any effort at deep research, or philosophy, or eloquence—even where a writer prefers, like Mr. Markland, to speak rather in the language of others than in his own—there is a secret charm in the very absence of pretension, which cannot but tell upon a well-constituted mind.

Our object is one, to which Mr. Markland himself would far rather that we should devote the little space which can be given to these observations than to any praise of himself. It is to carry on the good work which he has begun; and to urge the same suggestion, that our sepulchral monuments should be shaped hereafter to some more appropriate and religious purpose than the mere commemoration of a name by a mass of marble.

The time when this suggestion has been thrown out is peculiarly appropriate to it. The eyes of the country have been opened to a sense of its spiritual destitution. With this new sense (for new it is) has come a deep conviction upon all classes, not merely on those who view things religiously, but on the politician, the philosophical speculator, even on the worldly proprietor, to whom property is an idol, that unless some great efforts are made to place once more over our dense masses of population some more efficient teaching and guidance than the staff of a policeman, or even the bayonet of a regiment, society must be disorganized, and with this must come ruin to every interest, worldly or unworldly alike. We have learnt at last that this teaching and guidance must be one of the heart, and of the whole man; not merely of the head, administered by doses in newspapers, and at Mechanics' Institutes, but guaranteed and enforced with all the authority which can be given to human words by a divine commission,

commission, and by all good and holy appeals to human affections—appeals which can be found nowhere perfect but in the declarations and ministrations of the gospel. To the Church therefore men are looking on each side to come forward and do for the country, what no statesman, or Parliament, can hope of themselves to do—to infuse into the effete limbs of the empire new life and vigour; to teach those to obey who are now disposed for anarchy; to fill those with love who are now hating; to give contentment to those who cannot be rich; and benevolence and charity to the rich, who, if they can be brought to devote to religious and charitable purposes only a portion of their wealth, may yet preserve the remainder.

καὶ τὸ μὲν πρὸ χρημάτων
κτησίων ὄκνος βαλὼν
σφενδόνας ἀπ' εἰμέτρον,
οὐκ ἔδν πρόπας δόμος,
πημονᾶς γέμων ἄγαν,
οὐδ' ἐπόντισε σκαφος.—*Agamemnon*, v. 978.

And in looking round for the various resources which may be made available to this purpose, few present themselves as more obvious and more likely to be productive than the one suggested by Mr. Markland.

As a better and higher spirit revives among us, the questions must occur, especially in those moments when the heart is most softened, and the truth of things most vividly brought out by the presence of death—what is the nature of death itself; what the relations between the dead and the living; what the proper destination of sacred buildings; what language ought to be used in them; and with what eye those whom we commemorate would regard the honour which we pay them. We shall in the same proportion learn to think more of others than of ourselves; more of the truth than of what the world will say on our own thriftiness or profusion; more, in one word, of heaven than of earth; and then, perhaps, we may be able to form a right conception and pure taste, as on an infinite variety of other subjects, so especially on sepulchral monuments.

Their history indeed is remarkable; and well deserves to be studied by a philosophical antiquarian, not merely to trace costumes, and define periods of architecture, but as a practical illustration of the changes which have followed each other in habits of thought and action, upon the most important questions, and under the most exciting circumstances of human life. It is a history of religion; and in the Christian period, a history of the Church; an exhibition of prevailing thought and feeling, deliberately planned, contrived for perpetuity, permitted under the sanction of the Church, and so intimately connected with the saddest realities

realities of life, that either affectation and hypocrisy must be considered as excluded, or, if admitted, must betray a state of mind completely wedded to falsities. Mr. Markland has already enlarged his original memoir to the Oxford Architectural Society. He might find a very extensive and interesting field for still further researches, by prosecuting them in this direction; and we will venture to offer a few questions and suggestions ourselves.

It is no slight change of circumstances, nothing perhaps short of the whole Christian revelation, which was implied either directly or indirectly in the first great change from cremation to interment, which marked the rise of Christianity. How deeply must an entirely new system of belief have sunk into the popular mind, before it could have borne an alteration in those practices relating to the dead, to which it clings with the deepest superstition! What a revolution of thought in regard to the relations in which the body stands to the soul; and in which relations are comprised so much of past revealed knowledge, so much of elevated and self-disciplining moral teaching, so much of faith in a future resurrection, so many miraculous facts, on which that faith must rest! 'Execrantur rogos,' says Minucius, 'et damnant ignium sepulturas.' Coupled with this, Christianity retained the two principal, and seemingly contradictory sentiments, which the human mind has always associated with its mortal remains. It honoured, and yet dreaded and almost loathed them, as if 'the strange combination of a blessing and a curse were visible in natural death, as it was supposed to exist in the case of sacrificed victims; which were, in the eyes of the heathens and of the Jews, both consecrated and polluted. Thus the early Christians, while they buried their dead out of their sight, lavished on them many marks of veneration and affection.

'Tertullian says, that though Christians in his time abstained from sumptuous and effeminate decorations and applications to their persons when living, yet they bestowed on their dead the most choice and expensive spices, perfumes, odours, drugs, and ointments: they were also embalmed and entombed with great magnificence.'—*Apol.* 1, 42, 34.

We quote from Gough—who goes on to cite, to the same effect, Origen, Eusebius, Prudentius, St. Gregory of Nyssa, &c. &c.

Perhaps no form or place of sepulture could be imagined harmonizing more completely with true reason and the spirit of the Gospel than those vast catacombs, stretching in every direction under the city of Rome, on the illustration of which so much pains have been bestowed. Originally excavated, it is probable, by the workers of pozzolana, they offered a natural refuge from persecution both for living Christians and for dead. Their long narrow

narrow galleries stretching in every direction, and scooped out into a low-arched labyrinth, afforded on each side receptacles for the dead in cells, ranging one above the other, in sizes fitted to the body, and closed afterwards with brick-work and mortar. Within these the body itself lay, wrapped either in folds of linen and covered with perfumes, or dressed in its richest robes—a vase to hold either the blood of the martyr, or lustral water, embedded in mortar at the side—leaves of evergreen laurel or ivy (not cypress) strewed under them; the instruments of martyrdom (if they died martyrs) entombed with them, such as nails, forceps, leaden bullets, axe or cross; sometimes the name engraved within the tomb; sometimes a leaden tablet with an account of their martyrdom, and on the exterior the sign of the cross, the mystical symbol of the name of Christ, or some other Christian emblem, engraved or painted, as the palm branch, the dove, the fish, the anchor, or the crown. A bronze lamp suspended from the arch betokened the belief in immortality. And if the heathen sarcophagus was retained, its sides were charged with sculptures of our Lord, the apostles, or scenes and characters from Scriptures, such as the history of Jonah, the ascension of Elijah, the sacrifice of Abraham, Moses striking the rock, or the Israelites passing the Red Sea—all typical of some holy doctrine connected with the resurrection of the dead. The same is to be observed of the paintings which decorate the ceilings of the vaults or oratories. And the reverence shown to the dead is seen in another little instance, which must shame those who in modern days have the management of our cemeteries. They never piled body upon body.

‘*Illud haud silentio prætereundum est,*’ says the author of *Roma Subterranea*, ‘*quod inviolabili consuetudine a Christianis receptum servatumque fuisse novimus, ut dum tumuli defunctorum corpora locarentur, si forte aliquando plura eodem monumento cadavera reponi contingeret, haud unquam unum alteri superponeretur, sed unumquodque ad latus adjacentis consisteret.*’—*Lib. i. cap. 26.*

And the rule was subsequently confirmed by ecclesiastical councils.

These expressions, however, of natural piety soon passed into a desire less rational. The efforts made to honour the dead, and to spare the survivors perhaps from the sight of the painful work of corruption, easily lapsed into an endeavour to prevent corruption altogether: an endeavour not only futile, but leading to much that is inconsistent with the true reverence due to the mortal remains of our brethren, and with a just view of Christian doctrine in regard to death.

To these efforts to save the body from corruption we seem to owe the rise of our first sepulchral monuments. It was natural in
the

the first place to mark the place where they lay, that their remains might not be disturbed; and on a similar principle, those who could afford it, in a spirit far from thoroughly Christian, instead of permitting the bones to mingle in the natural course of decay,—‘earth with earth, ashes with ashes, dust with dust,’—would make ineffectual attempts to save them from the more loathsome circumstances of death, or at least to delay the approach of them. Hence the adoption of the stone coffin, which has been the germ of all our Christian sepulchral memorials; and perhaps the very fact that these coffins were accessible only to the wealthier classes would in itself imply a defective principle. In the death which levels all, all should be equal; and artificial distinctions here, of whatever kind, founded on mere wealth, can scarcely be consistent with truth or reason. That there is something erroneous in this vain contest against the laws of universal decay, in this struggle to maintain a property in our crumbling frame, even when all has departed that made its possession and command valuable, may be inferred even from the practical difficulties connected with it, which have been so elaborately discussed in Lord Stowell’s judgment on the subject of iron coffins.

And its futility must be impressed strongly on the minds of those who turn over the pages of the ‘Archæologia,’ and other antiquarian works, when they read of the disturbed graves, and the prying, inhuman, unchristian curiosity, which, under the pretence of science or of historical accuracy, has violated so often the last receptacles of the dead. Alfred’s bones, deposited in Hyde Abbey, there is every reason to suppose, have been scattered about by the hands of convicts.* In 1552, the tomb of William the Conqueror was opened at Caen. In 1562, the Calvinists broke open that of his queen, Matilda, when, among other acts, the ring was stolen from her finger. Edward the Confessor’s body was exposed in James II.’s reign; Canute’s in 1766, in repairing Winchester cathedral; Sebert’s, king of the East Angles, in Henry III.’s reign. In Charles II.’s reign, that of William Rufus. In 1770, Edward I.’s, in Westminster Abbey, in order to ascertain the meaning of the ‘renewal of the cere’ about his body, for which frequent orders were given. The remains of our Saxon kings, removed from their places of rest, lie in boxes on the side screens of the choir of Winchester cathedral, and not even these have been safe from prying eyes; but not many years since† were allowed to be examined by ‘Edmund Cartwright, Esq., of the York militia, to whom, with two other gentlemen of the regiment, the then Dean of Winchester gave permission to open any tombs in the cathedral, provided it was

* See Archæologia, vol. xiii. p. 310.

† See Gough, vol. ii. p. 337.

done

done with privacy and decency, and under the direction of the mason of the chapter !!!' Edward IV., and Elizabeth Woodville, his wife; Catherine, wife of Henry V.; Queen Catherine Parr; at Sudeley, under circumstances most revolting and shocking; and King Charles I., within the last few years, have all been disturbed in their graves; not to speak of King John, in Worcester cathedral, of whom it is added*—

'One man stole a finger-bone, and sent it up to London to be tipped with silver, and refused a large sum for it; but afterwards lost it on the road. Mr. Thompson of Worcester—the name ought to be perpetuated—took some of the maggots to bait his angling-rod; but it was three days before a fish would bite, and when he drew out a dace he carried it in triumph through the streets.'

Our ancestors, under the influence of a corrupted and corrupting form of Christianity, did, indeed, at times lay open the remains of those whom they accounted saints; but it was with reverence, to honour and enshrine them more nobly than before; not to carry off a bone to lie in a cabinet of curiosities, or a lock of hair, as we have seen ourselves, from King Charles I., to be handed about in a lady's drawing-room; or to taste the liquor of embalment, or to pry into some singularity of dress or usage—to be recorded at the next meeting of the Antiquarian Society—without a thought of the curses which the wise and good of all ages have denounced on the violators of graves.

But to return. Abroad, to the present day, coffins are rarely used. 'The lower classes of society even in this country,' says Cotman, following Gough,† 'up to the time of Elizabeth, had no other coffin than the winding-sheet.' In many old country churches might lately be seen a wooden box, ridged, with one or two lids, which was used as a bier to inclose and carry out the poor dead; and though such a seeming disrespect would be most painful in the present day, if it were confined to the poor, it may be questioned whether the simple depositing of the body in consecrated ground, with proper security against its being disturbed, but without unnatural attempts to prevent it mingling with its native earth, may not be the most proper form of sepulture:—

'The Barons of Roslin,' says Father Hay, 'were buried of old in their armour, without any coffin, and the late Roslin, my good-father [or father-in-law], grandfather to the present Roslin, was the first buried in a coffin, against the sentiments of King James VII., then in Scotland, and several other persons well versed in antiquity, to whom my mother Jean Spoteswood, grandmother of Archbishop Spoteswood, would not hearken, thinking it beggarly to be buried in that manner. The great expense she was at in burying her husband

* See Green's History of Worcester.

† Brasses, Introduction.

occasioned

occasioned the sumptuary acts which were made in the following parliament.'—*Grose's Scotland*, p. 47. (See also *Lay of Last Minstrel*, vi. 23, and *Note*.)

And Sir John Moore did not repose less honourably, because

'No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud they bound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.'

It is assumed, of course, that no frightful accumulations of interment would be crowded into a narrow space, such as are now found in our metropolitan cemeteries—and that no burials would take place in churches, or under circumstances which may render it necessary to guard against infection and disease.* In these cases much more is necessary than the mere inclosure of the body in wood; and the whole question is altered.

With the prevalence of this Egyptian contest against decay, we may trace the rise also of the superstitious legends respecting the remains of the martyrs. For a body to be found undecayed was in itself assumed as a sufficient evidence of sanctity; and we little know how many of the worst features of Popery in the worship of relics and the multiplication of false miracles, and the adoration of saints, may be traced to the unreasonable indulgence of that human weakness which shrinks from becoming a prey to the worm, and from thus paying the last debt of its sinful mortality.

If there is anything sound in these views, the first corruption in our church sepulchral monuments must be looked for in the use of stone coffins. They were first formed of different blocks. Subsequently they were hollowed out of a single stone; sometimes with a circular cavity for the head; and sunk but slightly beneath the surface of the ground. It was a natural accompaniment to set upon the lid some mark to describe who lay beneath, in a rude inscription or carving but little relieved.

'Effigies,' says Mr. Stothard,† 'are rarely to be met with in England before the middle of the thirteenth century: a circumstance not to be attributed to the causes generally assigned, which were either that they had been destroyed, or that the unsettled state of the times did not offer sufficient encouragement for erecting such memorials; but it rather appears not to have been before become the practice to represent the deceased. If it had been otherwise, for what reason do we not find effigies over the tombs of William the Conqueror, his son William Rufus, or his daughter Gundrada (nor, it may be added, of his wife, Matilda, or his daughter Cecilia, at Caen)? Yet, after a time, it is an

* We trust, from the appearance of a recent *blue book*, that the next session of parliament will produce an Act, most necessary and far too long delayed, on this important, but, in its details, most painful and disgusting subject.

† *Monumental Remains*, p. 4.

undoubted

undoubted fact that the alteration introduced by the Normans was the addition of the figure of the person deceased; and then it appeared not in the bold style of the later Norman monuments, but partaking of the character and low relief of those tombs it was about to supersede. Of these, and of the few perhaps that were executed, Roger, Bishop of Sarum, is the only specimen in good preservation.

‘About the beginning of the fourteenth century the coffin-shape entirely disappears, and the effigy is represented in full relief.’

In this individualizing tendency, perhaps, we may find the source of the second great corruption of our tombs. Christianity cannot regard death except as the Church regards it; and the Church cannot regard the dead any more than the living, as individuals, unless they are especially marked out for honour by holding some divine commission, or by possessing some worthy spiritual claim to be singled out for commemoration. The whole body, not any separate limb, should be the object of the Christian contemplation. Everything which confers a solemn and venerable character on the general Christian cemetery or place of rest (*κοιμητηριον*), as the last common home and receptacle of all our perishable bodies, ‘where the small and the great lie together, and the servant is free from his master,’ is consistent with the spirit of the Gospel, and therefore with truth, and therefore with good taste. But it may be doubted whether the still retaining our individual distinctions beyond the house of death, except in some rare instances, is not akin to the same false and dangerous tendency, which in the gradual growth of Popery drew minds from contemplating the whole body of the Church to particular teachers and founders of sects; and from the whole body of the elect departed to the mediation of particular saints. Place an Englishman on the field of Waterloo by one of those spots where he knows that hundreds of his countrymen are buried, who died fighting for their country; and his thoughts will be fixed on a grand social spectacle, elevating and refining them by its abstraction from all selfish tendencies. Let a thousand widows and orphans stand there mourning over the separate graves, each of their own kinsman; and domestic feelings and affections may indeed be roused, but the greater lesson of patriotism will be lost and forgotten. There is, then, no longer to be read in death the great maxim of social life on which the wisest politicians have known that the safety of their countries depended—a maxim as true and as necessary in the Church as in the State—that the individual is far more concerned in the welfare of society than society in the welfare of the individual:—*καλῶς μὲν γὰρ φερόμενος ἀνὴρ τὸ καθ’ ἑαυτὸν διαφθειρομένης τῆς πατρίδος οὐδὲν ἥσσον ζυναπολλυται, κακατυχῶν δὲ ἐν εὐτυχούσῃ πολλῶν μᾶλλον διασωζέται.** And

* Thucyd. lib. ii. c. 60.

thus

thus individual memorials over graves, except under particular circumstances, where they have rendered great services to society, and as Christians to the society of Christians, the Church, may properly be avoided.

One false principle admitted, others will soon follow; and the principle of retaining before the eyes of the living the memory of the individual dead beyond what was legitimate in the exercise of private affection, soon led to a third great corruption. The stone coffin, from being sunk in the ground, rose up above the surface, sometimes plain, sometimes with the lid more or less elaborately sculptured, and sometimes with a ridge, or *dos d'âne*, probably to throw off the moisture to preserve it from decay; and simultaneous with this movement the historian of religion will trace the rise of that worship of relics, and worship of the dead, and belief in the miracles worked at particular tombs, which amounted in the end almost to a belief in sorcery. Instead of fixing the attention on the real spot in the consecrated building, where daily spiritual miracles and spiritual cures were to be sought, the busy, sensualized, morbid curiosity for forbidden converse with the dead, which, mixed with fear and superstition, is so common to human nature, was taken advantage of to draw the vulgar mind from the altar to the tomb. The shrine of the supposed saint or martyr was venerated and loaded with gifts, while the table of the Lord was neglected; and the very first principle of Christian piety towards the dead was violated by disturbing the holiest remains, exposing them to sight in all their decay, and even trafficking with them for money. To 'bury our dead out of our sight' is a great law of true religious feeling. Nature, which has made death a loathsome and a fearful sight, and even natural love which would not willingly behold the corruption of that which we venerate, would throw a veil over the last sad process of mortal decay; and anything which obtrudes it too closely upon our senses must be bad. If this is true, the raised tombs in which the bodies were deposited above the surface* of the ground are a solecism in propriety. They became a greater solecism, when, by the operation of the spirit above alluded to, and by the natural tendency of the fancy to substitute a sensible magical operation for natural causes, or for secret spiritual influence, the tomb became a centre for devotion and a rival for the altar; lights

* The examination of several royal tombs has shown that this was originally their destination; and so as late as the will of Henry VIII. :—'Our body to be interred and buried in the choir of our college at Westminster; and there to be made and set, as soon as conveniently may be done after our decease, by our executors, at our costs and charges, if it be not done by us in our lifetime, an honourable tomb for our bones to rest in, with a fair grate about it, in which we will that the bones and body of our Queen Jane be put also.'—*Fuller's Church History*, b. v. p. 244.

were

were burnt on it,* prayers offered up before it, processions formed to it, and particular days devoted to its decoration; and thus by a natural but most fatal analogy, aided by the ancient practice of consecrating churches by burying relics beneath the altar, the tomb itself became an altar even in shape. And this is the fourth great corruption in the history of sepulchral monuments.

The beginning may be traced to the custom of keeping anniversaries. On that, for example, of Vitalis, abbot of Westminster, who died in 1082:—

‘His tomb (now even with the pavement) in the cloisters, was covered with a carpet, and over that a covering of silk wrought with gold, and two wax candles of two pounds each, which the sacristan was to provide, were to be placed there from the hour of vespers till the last mass of the requiem the following day; and the prior (or sub-prior in his absence) was to celebrate mass upon that account.’—*Dart’s Westminster*, vol. i. book ii. c. iii.

And when it became customary to celebrate the same anniversaries with feasts and donations, the possession of the body of a rich man deceased became a source of no little emolument, and encouraged still more misplaced devotions. Thus, we quote the same work—

‘Walter, abbot of Westminster, who lies in the cloisters likewise, had his anniversary kept in this church on the day of St. Cosmo and Damian. The manner thus:—on the vigil of the aforesaid saints the prior and convent were to sing *Placebo*, and a dirge, with three lessons, as usual; with ringing of bells and solemn singings; with two torches burning at his tomb from that vigil to the end of mass next day, which mass the prior, or somebody there in his absence, was to sing; and then the almoner was to distribute two quarters of corn, made into bread, at his tomb, according to the custom in those cases,—for all which this abbot assigned the manor of Paddington. And if any monies arising from that manor remained over and above paying the charges of this anniversary, the almoner was to apply it to *good uses*, and find for the convent, on the day of the aforesaid anniversary, symnells, gastella, canestella, brachinella, and wafers; and to every one of the brothers one gallon of wine (cum tribus bonis pittanciis); and to place good ale before all the brothers, at every table, as usual in other anniversaries, in a great tankard (25 lagenarum) of the same ale that the cellarer was used to find for strangers; and to find for those who dined in the refectory so much in bread, wine, ale, and two dishes of meat from the kitchen.’

It is interesting also to observe that with these anniversaries is

* Gruther gives an ancient inscription relating to this practice of burning lights on heathen tombs:—‘*Servus meus, et Eutychia, et Irene ancillæ meæ, omnes sub hac conditione liberi sunt, ut monumento alternis mensibus lucernam accendant, et solemniam mortis peragant.*’—Gruther, *De Jur. Max.*, lib. ii., c. 11.

coupled the practice of praying for the dead individually, in connexion with the doctrine of purgatory, which so materially modified the form of our sepulchral monuments; and likewise the grant of indulgences for persons who attended the mass on the solemn obit of particular persons, and joined in prayer for their souls. Nor is it to be forgotten that this hope of obtaining the prayers of the living was one of the chief reasons which induced the desire to be buried where attention might be attracted to the tomb, in frequented churches, and in the most conspicuous parts of them:—some relics of which notion may perhaps be found lingering, even now, in the reluctance which the poor exhibit to be buried on the north side of the churchyard. And with the establishment of masses for the dead, and the consequent emolument accruing from them, the very relation between the party deceased and the church which received and sheltered their remains became reversed; and burial in a particular church, instead of being asked as a favour, was bequeathed as a legacy. (*Gough*, vol. ii. p. 131.)

Error, however, has a pollard growth, and at a certain height will soon shoot out simultaneously into a number of branches. The interment of bodies within the walls of the church, the introducing sculptured figures of the dead, the covering them with gorgeous canopies, and finally converting their monuments into separate chantries and chapels distinct from the body of the church, all followed the establishment of tombs. Of the first of these mistakes it is scarcely necessary to speak. Looking to the proper use and destination of the church, or to the health of the living, such a practice ought to be prohibited. It sprung up, perhaps, not so much from vanity as from the superstitious notion that consecrated ground, and the vicinity of holy things, would in itself, if not consecrate what was unholy, at least preserve it from danger. Thus the Emperor Maximilian, father of Charles V., directed that he should be buried under the high altar of St. George's Chapel, so that from the breast to the head should lie over, in order that the priest celebrating mass might tread on his breast. (*Ibid.*, p. 85.) So Guiscard d'Angle, Earl of Huntingdon, 1380, bequeathed his body to be buried in the church of St. Cross, before the altar of our Lady, in the very place where the priest usually stood at the celebration of the mass. (*Ibid.*, p. 135.) &c. &c. On this principle the Campo Santo at Pisa was filled, or supposed to be filled, with earth from the Holy Land. On the same principle men desired to be buried in the dresses of friars or monks. (*Ibid.* p. 341.) On the same principle prevailed the pilgrimages to the tombs of saints; and the belief that morsels of clay taken

taken from the grave of a holy man are preservatives against disease, and against the powers of darkness—a superstition as prevalent now in Ireland among the poor Romanists as it was anywhere during the darkest ages.

‘The canons,’ says Gough, p. 178, ‘require that the burials of the faithful be in the cemeteries. At first this was observed with scrupulous exactness; but in time insensibly crept in the custom of burying in the church persons distinguished by their sanctity. Afterwards the emperors made interest to be buried at the door of the church, leaving the interior part to the saints. But the saints did not lie long alone. In aftertime interment in the church was permitted, not only to ecclesiastics of exemplary conduct, but to those of common character, or eminent only for the rank which they had held. At length the laity were admitted indifferently, as at present. The spirit of the church always opposed the abuse of burying in churches, decrees having been issued against it by councils in all ages, and in various parts of Christendom the fathers strenuously opposed it. In the 6th century the Council of Braga forbids interment in churches; “for if cities maintain their privilege of not burying the dead within their walls, with how much more reason should the house and temple of the Holy Martyrs be kept clear.” Another Council in the 9th century is equally strong in its prohibition. . . . Cardinal Bourbon, archbishop of Rouen, at a council held there, 1581, decrees that the dead be not buried in churches, not even the rich; “the honour not being to be paid to wealth, but to the grace of the Holy Spirit, should be reserved for those who are especially consecrated to God, and their bodies temples of Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost, for those who have held any dignities, ecclesiastical or secular, and are really and truly ministers of God, and instruments of the Holy Spirit, and for those who by their virtues or merits have done service to God and the State.”’ *

There was subsequently a royal ordonnance in France, that none but archbishops, bishops, curates, patrons, founders, and lords who hold supreme courts of judicature, should be buried in churches. All other persons in churchyards; and that they should be as far from the church as possible. (*Ibid.*, 176.)

Such was the gradual transition from a period when none but

* Constantine the Great was buried close to his church, in the very porch. It was the general practice to bury the heads of religious houses in their chapter-houses or their cloisters. Thus in 1420 (Gough, vol. ii. p. 176), Bishop Chinnoe, who had been abbot of Glastonbury, was buried in the Chapter House there, because he had completed it; and before Bishop Bell, the Bishops of Durham, in their Chapter House, because they would not presume to be nearer to the holy body of St. Cuthbert. (Gough, vol. ii. p. 176.) The Emperor Theodosius, says Gough, was the first who made a law against burying in churches. (Cod. Theod. lib. x. tit. 17.) Alphonso the Wise, king of Spain, forbade it, except to royal personages, bishops, &c. (Ley, xi. Ph. 1. tit. 13.) The custom of burying out of the church continued in Spain till the end of the 13th century.

saints

saints were thought worthy of a place within a consecrated temple, to a day, like the present, when a refusal to admit within the walls of a Christian church the monuments and panegyrics of men who die in infidelity or crime, is stigmatized as bigotry.

It was suggested that the exhibition of the human figure upon the tomb is another departure from the strict propriety of Christian taste and truth: although, if there is one kind of sepulchral monument beautiful in its form, comparatively correct in idea, and interesting both to the sculptor and the antiquary, it is the old altar-tomb, covered with its recumbent figure of knight, or king, or bishop, of which so many exquisite remains are still found in our churches. Some of the most beautiful of these have been preserved by the diligence and fidelity of the late lamented Mr. Stothard, in 'The Monumental Effigies of Great Britain;' and it is gratifying to see the same work continued by Mr. Hollis. And yet against the general idea of thus commemorating the dead may be urged what has been objected already—the tendency to individualize sepulchral memorials—the heavy expense attending it—its being obviously restricted to the rich—its necessarily implying burial within the church—and an appearance of ostentation not compatible with the perfect humility and unobtrusiveness of a pure Christian character.

In a memorial connected with death there must be truth, perfect truth, or it must fail in taste. And one truth the monumental effigies did exhibit in a most striking form, at a very early stage in the various transitions through which they passed. Till about 1230, according to both Gough and Cotman, the knight was represented drawing his sword; and the bishop or abbot with hand uplifted in the act of blessing: but from that time nearly all have the hands joined over the breast, in the attitude of prayer. And perhaps nothing can bring together in a more touching form the vanity of human greatness, the real awfulness of death, and the consolation and support administered beneath it by Christianity. This indeed might not have been the lesson really intended to be conveyed. The attitude was more probably connected with the superstitions of popery, and with those erroneous opinions on the intermediate state of the dead, which coupled prayer with the doctrine of purgatory. If a truly humble spirit of prayer had originated such designs, they would not so soon have degenerated into gorgeous exhibitions, accompanied by more decisive intimations of the state of blessedness of the deceased than perhaps true Christianity would warrant in ordinary cases.

'Prior to 1350,' says Cotman, 'the heads of military men, and those of kings, ladies, ecclesiastics, and burgesses, when represented recumbent,

bent, rest on cushions, single or double—called, in the “Lincolnshire Church Notes of 1629,” in the British Museum, a pillow and a bolster’ (and the increasing luxury may be traced even in these). ‘On each side of these is usually placed an angel, emblematic perhaps of the ministering angels, who are ever about the path and bed of the faithful, smooth the pillow of the dying, and carry the disembodied soul to receive the blessing of its Maker. This last part of their office is shown on the Elsing brass, where, as from the head of the knight, two angels are carrying to heaven in a sheet his glorified spirit. On the Lynn brasses the soul is traced to its utmost stage, and is seated in the bosom of the Father; to whom the angels are offering incense, and in whose praise they are striking their celestial harps. The most beautiful example of this is given by Gough, vol. ii. p. 311, from the monument of Lady Percy, at Beverley Minster.’—*Introduct.*, p. xiii.

It seems also that, as greater prominence was given to the pomp of life, in exhibiting the figure in its most gorgeous form, and with the strictest accuracy, and in covering the tomb with highly-wrought canopies, it was held necessary to convey the contrast of death with life more strikingly by the introduction of the skeleton,* or representation of the body in its state of corruption, in the same tomb. This is not uncommon in the fifteenth century, and becomes more frequent afterwards. It seems as if, with the increasing decay of sound religion, death became more and more an object of fear; and the world more likely to absorb the thought. And it may be that some such transition may be traced in the animals which are represented at the feet of the various effigies, and of which a satisfactory account has scarcely yet been given. The first idea suggested by them appears to have been that of the powers of evil trampled on or destroyed by good and holy men. No other interpretation can be put on their earliest occurrence in the form of serpents or dragons’ heads pierced by the end of the bishop’s crozier. This device is often found, especially on early French monuments; and generally in cases where no figure is represented on the tomb; and only the crozier itself, grasped occasionally by a hand sculptured in high relief. From this it is easy to pass to the idea of the lion and the dragon, as emblematic of the same evil powers, and placed under the feet of the recumbent figure. A transition appears to have taken place from this idea to an emblematic representation of the virtues of the deceased—the lion representing courage, the dog fidelity. We must not be drawn aside here into *heraldry*—it is undoubted, that by and bye the animals represented on the tombs were often connected with the family arms, or some rebus of the family name. The last stage appears to have been where the dog es-

* For instance, see Gough, vol. ii. pp. 111, 118.

pecially is really the representative of the living favourite, taking its station, not under, but on, the feet of its mistress, or couched under its master, with its name written on a label, or engraved on a collar round the neck; as Sir Bryan Stapleton's dog 'Jakke' at Ingham, and Dame Cassy's 'Terri' at Deerhurst. These are trifles to dwell upon, but they indicate a remarkable change of feeling.

It is unnecessary to say that the origin of the recumbent figure is to be found probably in the practice of carrying the dead body uncoffined to the grave, and dressed in its most gorgeous apparel, as is the practice now in many parts of the continent. Thus the marble tomb was only the perpetuation of the spectacle exhibited at the funeral. The canopy may be traced from the recesses in the side walls within which the coffin-tombs were early lodged, and surmounted by a richly-wrought Gothic arch, to the perfect chantries. From some of the royal tombs in Westminster Abbey, it might be supposed that it was thought a proper appendage, upon the same principle as the canopy was carried over the living person. With the chapels and chantries, such as those of Bishop West and Bishop Alcock, at Ely, we reach perhaps the acmé of corruption under the influence of popery. They involve many of the most objectionable features of that melancholy system; the sale of masses, the doctrine of indulgences and purgatory, the growth of a mischievous secular power in the Church, and the withdrawal of attention from the one Supreme Being to whom the sacred building is dedicated, to inferior and human creatures.

But in the mean time another very interesting form of monument had been introduced in brasses, a form indicating a more general demand for sepulchral memorials, a more lax admission of bodies to be buried within the church, and a greater disposition to overlook strict Christian discipline in the circumstances of death. The earliest English brass (says Cotman) upon record is that of Simon de Beauchamp, who completed the foundation of Ravenham Abbey, and died before 1208, and was buried in front of the high altar in St. Paul's Church, at Bedford. On the Continent their date is as early; and in the church of St. Julien, at Mons, is one of Geoffroi le Bel, who died in 1150.* The honour of the invention is attributed by some to France. Those mentioned by Cotman, in France, accord with those of Lynn, in Norfolk, in being not mere effigies let into the stone, but large sheets of metal covering the whole slab; and, where not occupied by the figure, filled with tabernacle work, or representing an embroidered carpet. They have also cushions under the head, which

* Cotman's Brasses, p. 5.

are not to be found in any other of that epoch in Norfolk. Others have derived them from Flanders, and especially from Ghent; and traced them to those countries chiefly which supplied the Flemings with wool. They were composed of various squares, for the convenience of importation; are often enamelled, and in the canopy and tabernacle work exhibit some of the most exquisite combinations which we possess of Gothic architecture. Whatever might be thought of restoring them, it is lamentable to think how many have been destroyed, some to make tablets for inscriptions upon later tombs, but far more for the sake of the metal in times of war and pillage.

We come now to the period in which the revival (we will not call it of art, for art in great perfection existed already, but) of Grecian art, began to corrupt and break down the system of Gothic architecture; and with it to introduce entirely new principles into our sepulchral monuments—principles very closely connected with the general movement of mind which displayed itself in the sixteenth century.

And it is worthy of remark that this change is not confined to England. There is in the Bodleian Library a very large and curious collection of drawings illustrating the sepulchral monuments of France. They were purchased, we believe, by Gough himself, and fill upwards of a dozen folio volumes. This collection is the more interesting and valuable, as in the tumults of the Revolution the monuments themselves must have for the most part perished. They are executed with great care; and an examination of them will show a singular coincidence with the history of the sepulchral monuments of England.

The altar tomb was soon affected. It became gradually charged with mere ornaments, and those of a classical character, until it sunk into the heathen sarcophagus; bulging out under James into a variety of heavy, cumbrous forms; and retaining no trace whatever of its original coffin-shape. The figure on it, by slow and almost imperceptible advances, begins to stir, and pass from death into life. The feet feel the new idea first: they fall apart, as is natural in a sleeping posture, instead of being rigidly fastened together, as in the ancient mode of laying out the corpse, and particularly as specified in many of the monastic rules. It is no longer the dead, whether occupied in the last moments with prayer, or reminding the bystander of the pains of purgatory, but the living, which fixes the attention. And yet it is the living asleep, and asleep in the greatest number of early instances in most painful postures; as if the process of turning in their beds and raising themselves on their arm to look round, they could only perform painfully and by stealth,

and in a considerable number of years; and from this they rise to kneel together, with their wives and children, until they finally attain an erect posture, as in most of our modern statues. Perhaps the most remarkable instance of this transition is to be found in the Fetiplace monuments in Swinford church, which have been noticed and slightly etched in Mr. Markland's little volume, but are engraved with great beauty in Shelton's 'Oxfordshire.' Among these are two of precisely the same general form, exhibiting each three figures, lying on shelves, as in the berths of a ship, and under one canopy or cornice. But they are of different dates; and, except in the details of ornament, there is scarcely any difference but in the attitude of the figures; those of the later century being advanced another stage in liveliness by drawing up one of the legs, as well as resting on the right arm. Those who wish to trace this change may observe it in Westminster Abbey in the monuments of John Lord Russell (1584), Thomas Owen, Esq. (1598), Sir Thomas Hesketh (1605), Sir Dudley Carleton (1631), Lord Cottington (1652), the Duke of Newcastle (1676)—without mentioning others where the process of resuscitation, or, as it really seems, of waking out of sleep, is farther advanced.*

For a long time, however, a devotional feeling still prevailed; and the attitude of prayer is preserved. Generally the husband and wife are kneeling face to face; and a book lies open before them on a prie-Dieu. But instead of asking the prayers of the bystanders, they pray for themselves, as Sir John Spelman and his wife, (1545,) at Narburgh: the prayer issuing from their lips. Nor must we forget another feature which begins to appear about the end of the fifteenth century, and rises into great importance in the two next. This is the introduction of children into the tombs of their parents. As the Romish superstitions were discarded, the merits of celibacy fell with them; the character and duties of the citizen became prominent; and to have raised up defenders for his country was one of the chief virtues to be recorded on his tomb. The sons are thus brought in kneeling behind their father, or standing at his feet; and daughters by their mother. Where there are two wives, or sometimes three (and this alone is a feature indicating strongly a revolution of sentiment), each family is attached to its own mother. On the tomb of William Yelverton, at Rougham, (1586) there are sixteen; Richard Althorp's (1554) has effigies of nineteen; and William Bardewell's, at West Sterling, (1460,) commemorates no less than thirty sons and daughters.† Even the dead children are represented in their

* An useful Handbook to Westminster Abbey has just been published by Mr. Peter Cunningham, son of the Poet. The index to this little volume is carefully done,—a rare case now-a-days,—and thus the date of any monument may be easily ascertained.

† See Cotman, p. 13.

winding-sheets,

winding-sheets, or, at a later period, lying on their beds. It is unnecessary to point out here the architectural solecisms committed in the attempt to preserve the original Gothic features of the altar-tomb, with the recumbent figure and canopy, in the altered elements of Grecian or Italian art. All that was beautiful and appropriate in the Gothic design becomes full of solecisms in the new style. The broken outline, the picturesque grouping, the pendent masses, the niches and pillars, the florid foliage running over the surface, all of them points in perfect keeping with the primary principle of elevation which is the germ of the Gothic, are wholly incompatible with the simplicity and symmetry of the Grecian. And the artists vainly endeavoured to preserve them by means of vases, pyramids, busts, scrolls, coats-of-arms, projecting cornices, broken pediments, and by what has not inappropriately been called the 'crinkum-crankum' style of Elizabeth and James; in which angles and curves are, as before, studiously intermixed, but intermixed without due proportion; and entangle the eye in a labyrinth of fractured lines, without unity, or harmony, or grace.

As the figure on the tomb gradually rises into life, the artists appear to have laboured under increasing difficulties in impressing on the spectator, through some other means, the fact that the person represented had really paid the debt of mortality. To accomplish this purpose, the first symbol which they recurred to, as the nearest approach to the Gothic pinnacle, was the pyramid or obelisk—no unfitting emblem of eternity. At the same time, as if to give this eternity a due degree of instability, they contrived to rest the pyramid upon four round balls. Instead of the whole skeleton exposed under the same tomb with the gorgeously-attired effigies, they were content with scattering about a few death's-heads, cross-bones, and hour-glasses. And, as if to exhaust every possible contingency, while the sarcophagus, on which the figure lies, implies that the body is contained within it, the spectator is informed, by means of a number of urns, that the remains have been burned, in defiance of the practice of Christians; while the inscription takes care to inform us that it was neither burned nor entombed, but buried in a vault underneath.

About the same period comes in one of the most monstrous innovations upon the pure principles of Christian art—we mean the studied and elaborate representation of the naked figure. '*Græca res est,*' says Pliny,* '*nihil velare.*' And with the introduction of Grecian art the '*nihil velare*' principle penetrated even into our Churches. With this came also the entire loss of

* Lib. xxxiv. c. 8.

reality. Allegory had indeed begun to intrude, as we have seen, in the employment of animals during the purer period of Gothic taste. But the recumbent figure was still the actual representative of the real figure as it lay on the last occasion on which it appeared before the eye, and as it was deposited in the grave. Its attitude was real and true—it was the attitude of a dying man in the house of prayer. If spiritual beings were represented kneeling round his pillow, or sitting at his feet, they were angels; and if the niches surrounding the tomb were filled with images, those images represented the relatives and friends of the deceased gathered there to do him honour. But at the approach of heathen art all this vanishes by degrees. As in the Greek comedy, the personages pass first into representatives of classes—as the armed figures round the tombs of Sir Francis Vere and Francis Norris in Westminster Abbey—and then lose not only their individuality only, but their truth.

Not only do the sons and daughters and mourners, who were originally placed in niches on the sides of the altar-tombs, pass into marble allegories of Fame and Time, and other heterodox if not vicious abstractions, who stand or sit in very mournful attitudes about the monument, but a whole flight of little boys unclothed, and with their fingers in their eyes, perch themselves on every available site of cornices, pedestals, and pediment; and on the same ‘*nihil velare*’ principle, the marble allegories themselves seem to have little else to do but to exhibit the admirable muscular power with which the sculptor has contrived to invest them. Of the little boys, indeed, however uncomfortable and dangerous the position which they occupy, some account may be given how they reached their several places: for most of them are furnished with wings—and, it is to be understood, are representatives of angels; though, why angels should take this form of little boys, and why they should lament so deeply for the transition of a good man from earth to heaven, may still be a question. But there are also females (who or what they are it is hard even to imagine), who about this time have contrived to climb up, and lay themselves across the curves of the pediment, wherever one exists; and there hold themselves on, with evident distress, in this painful and alarming posture, one leg loosely dangling down over the side, and the other coiled up to get a purchase to support themselves. This practice of taking repose on a sloping penthouse-roof, at a most break-neck distance from the ground, appears to have been prevalent in the seventeenth century; and we should willingly hope that there was some meaning in it, like that of the pyramid on balls, to represent the instability of human affairs, and to convey strikingly the moral lesson

lesson of the proneness of human grandeur to fall. In the meanwhile the principal figure lies in an easy, luxurious attitude of perfect indifference—an attitude which for a living person to assume in the house of God would denote a scandalous irreverence; and in which to be found even in a drawing-room would require some excuse of illness. Neither ladies nor gentlemen are in the habit, when they want repose, of laying themselves along the top of a sarcophagus wine-cooler, like the Duchess of Protector Somerset in Westminster Abbey; and if they are sick and dying, as the monument seems to imply, they do not dress themselves in state habiliments, or lean negligently on their arms, as if in the possession of full health. Sir Cloudesley Shovel did not earn his fame by ‘reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state.’ Dr. Busby would assuredly not have liked to have been found by his boys in the posture which he occupies. Dr. South, we suspect, was not in the habit of reading in bed; nor Sir Christopher and Lady Hatton of sleeping upon two inclined planes. Nor would Bishop Hough have liked to exhibit himself as if just frightened out of his sleep, with his episcopal robes thrown round him in much admired disorder. And yet ease and repose, careless ease and indolent repose, are the only characteristics which the artists of these monuments have forcibly impressed upon their works. It is not even repose after toil. There is no expression of manliness, of vigour, of calm, composed dignity, of deep thought, of that stillness and gravity which carries to the mind of the spectator a sense of a superior being placed before him, and which religion so imperatively requires, and sculpture can so admirably exhibit. They have neither the energy of life, nor the repose of death.

And when it is remembered that to build up these piles of marble in our cathedrals, in almost every instance some portion of the edifice has been disfigured, a window blocked up, a pillar undermined, or some rich canopy or tracery pared off; that the inscriptions, like the tombs themselves, contain little but a record of family pride; that almost all devotional feeling evaporates from the figure; that pagan emblems, such as inverted torches, begin to make their appearance; that a gaudy mixture of colouring and gilding prevails in most; and that the whole erection resembles more the façade of a house of many stories for the living, than a receptacle for the body of the dead;* we can scarcely lament that

* There is a well-known illustration of the religious feeling connected with the erection of these monstrous edifices in the history of the Earl of Cork’s monument in St. Patrick’s Cathedral, and Archbishop Laud’s efforts to obtain its removal from its original position at the back of the altar to its present site. It is one of the most striking specimens of this stage in sepulchral art; heavy, cumbrous, without unity or elegance, and rendered still more glaring in its deformity by the restoration of the original colouring and gilding.

their enormous expense soon led to the disuse of them ; and that as Grecian taste became more defecated from its mixture with the remains of Gothic, we arrive about the end of the seventeenth century at the next stage of our sepulchral monuments, which may be called the doorway style, or two pillars supporting an architrave, and enclosing either a tablet, or sometimes still a figure. Whether this form was borrowed from the triumphal arch, or was the natural residuum of the former architectural storied structure, when purified of its semi-Gothic excrescences, may be doubted. There is or was a monument of the kind in the Jesuits' Church at Rouen, which transferred the former notion to the inscription :—‘ Non est hic tumulus, sed arcus triumphalis virtutum, cujus basis fides et scientia, columnæ justitia et prudentia, ornamenta timor Dei et pietas, coronamentum charitas.’ Many of these in themselves are beautiful in their proportions ; but their total inconsistency with the buildings in which they are placed, and their unmeaning character, except as an elaborate and expensive frame for very long and therefore very bad epitaphs, render them perhaps the greatest disfigurement to our old churches. The monuments of Elizabeth and James do possess richness, variety, and intricacy, which in some degree interest the eye, and blend with the grotesqueness of Gothic architecture. But the doorways have nothing of the kind. And yet even these are ill exchanged for the huge slabs of pyramids sliced upon the wall, and exposing only a plain surface of variegated marble, which, as executors became more economical, and the dead less cared for, soon after usurped their places. From these the transition is easy to the mural monuments of the present day ; those blots upon the walls of our churches—which either affect no duty but to act as a family register of names and dates—or, if they do indulge in any flight of imagination, rarely venture beyond the weeping lady hanging over an urn and standing under a willow ; the inverted torch, emblem of the light of life extinct, intimating that the dead man died without a belief in immortality ; the mourner that cannot be consoled blaspheming against the command ‘ not to sorrow as men without hope.’ And the epitaphs—but this is a subject not briefly to be touched on—and our space is come to an end.

One part of this subject we have left untouched, because it has been alluded to by us before, and deserves a more full examination than we can give it at present. We mean the character of our national monuments in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's. Private follies and extravagancies are of comparatively little moment ; but when the government of a great and Christian nation could find no better mode of commemorating the dead than by re-erecting images of Neptune, and Mars, and Fame, and

and Victory, mixed up with dragoons and drummers, catapults and cannons, men without clothes in a field of battle, or English generals in Roman togas, and all the trash of the poorest pedant; and when a Christian Church in a Christian metropolis is selected as the fittest depository for these outrages, without regard to the ecclesiastical or religious character of those whom the State thus chooses to honour, there must have been something most unsound in the tone and manners of the age.

We laugh at the anachronisms of King John's barons in the *Antijacobin*, armed with blunderbusses and pocket-pistols, and rushing upon the stage with Knights Templars and Prussian grenadiers, Quintus Curtius and Marcus Curius Dentatus, the Roman legion and the battering-ram, to attack a convent; but is there anything more ludicrous here than in the account of the actual monuments raised in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by the British people in their metropolitan Cathedrals?

To use the words of the guide-books, not our own—

'General Wolfe is represented (*naked*) in his last agonies, pressing his hand upon the wound in his breast which caused his death, and supported on the hip of a *grenadier*, who with one hand gently raises his commander's falling arm, and with the other points to the figure of *Glory* descending from heaven to crown him with laurel. Upon the *pyramid*, in relief, a *Highland sergeant* is introduced, standing with folded hands, and thus silently contemplating the wreck of youth and valour.' (By Wilton, cost 3000*l*.)

'Admiral Holmes is represented as a *Roman warrior*, resting his head on a *cannon* mounted on its carriage. An *anchor*, *flag-staff*, and other naval emblems, diversify the background.'

'Admiral Watson, robed in the *Roman toga*, is introduced amidst a *grove of palm-trees*. On the one side is a personification of the *goddess* or genius of Calcutta prostrate; and, on the other, a similar emblem of Chandernagore, which is to be distinguished by the chains with which it appears bound.'

'Sir Charles Wager:—upon a neatly-wrought double pedestal sits a figure of *Fame*, holding a portrait of the deceased, which is supported by an *infant Hercules*. The background is sheltered by a pyramid, under the apex of which is placed a *coat of arms*. The lower pedestal is occupied by a piece of alto relievo, descriptive of the *capture of the Spanish galleons*.'

'Earl Stanhope, clad as an *ancient warrior*, is introduced in a recumbent posture, clasping a truncheon in his right, and a scroll in his left hand; at his feet stands an urchin leaning against a shield. A state-tent protects his person; on the crown of which is seated an armed *Pallas*, with a javelin in one hand and a scroll in the other: a pyramid conceals the background.'

'Lord Robert Manners and Captains Blair and Bayne (by Nollekens):—the background is composed of a pyramid, before which is placed

placed a *rostral column*, surmounted by a *statue of Fame*, who elevates a wreath of laurel for the purpose of crowning three medallions, which a *winged boy* is attaching to the front of the column. In the foreground—*Neptune, reposing on a sea-horse*, addresses himself to *Britannia, who appears guarded by a lion.* (Cost 4000*l.*)

'Lord Rodney (by Rossi, at the cost of 6000 guineas)—stands on a pedestal, on one side of which is seated a figure, meant for a *personification of History*, listening to *Fame*, on the other side, who is expatiating upon the merits of Rodney.'

'Major-General Bowes, by Chantrey' [in the House of the God of Peace and Love.]—'A scene admirably chiselled from life. Bowes was slain in the breach at the storming of Salamanca; and the actual circumstances of his death are here excellently portrayed. The shattered wall, the beaten enemy tumbling headlong with his colours, the charging British, and the victorious general falling, on the foreground, into the arms of a comrade, are all faithfully preserved and vividly exhibited.'

'Sir W. Myers:—*Hercules and Minerva*, or, as some suppose, *Wisdom and Valour*, meet before a tomb, and shake hands.'

'Sir W. Ponsonby:—his horse is introduced faintly sinking; while the rider, a *naked figure*, is placed on the foreground, in a strained kneeling attitude, for the purpose of receiving a *wreath of laurel* from the hands of a *statue of Victory.*'

'Mr. Pitt—habited in the robes of *Chancellor of the Exchequer*, and in the act of addressing the *House of Commons*, while *History*, a female, catching his portrait, is seated on one side, and a man naked and bound with chains, supposed to represent *Anarchy*, is on the other.' (6300*l.*!)

'Major-General Hay (by Hopper):—The deceased, habited in his regimentals, appears sinking into the arms of an *athletic* (undressed) attendant; a *sentinel* stands by in an attitude of grief; and in the background a *guard is seen marching* its round.'

'Sir Thomas Picton (by Gahagan):—*Genius*, personified in the statue of a winged youth, leans on the shoulder of an *ancient warrior*, who is designed to represent *Valour*, and stands in the act of receiving a wreath of laurel from the hands of *Victory.*'

'Mr. Perceval (by Westmacott):—His effigy is introduced upon a *mattress*, with a *statue of Power* indicated by the *fascies*, weeping over him; and figures of *Truth and Temperance*, the one distinguished by a bridle, and the other by a mirror, erect at his feet. Along the background runs an animated scene in basso relievo, *descriptive of the lobby of the House of Commons* at the moment of his fall.' (5250*l.*)

'Sir John Moore:—*Valour and Victory* are seen lowering the general into a grave with a *wreath of laurel*, while the *Genius of Spain* plants the *standard* of conquest over his grave.'

Chantrey, the lamented Chantrey, has, we hope, exploded Neptune and Mars, and Glory, and the Goddess of Calcutta, and the Genius of Spain, and the rest of the Pantheon, for ever.

It

It was Chantrey, not the Church, who first made us, of this day, sensible of these solecisms. He brought us back to Nature, and we owe him much for it. But there is still something to be done. It is still to be considered whether a statue which tells of nothing but the greatness of the departed, and the gratitude of the survivors, is the most fitting mode of commemorating the one, or of exhibiting the other, in a Christian Church. It is but a barren homage. It is not the homage which a good man would choose if he could be called from the grave, and asked in what manner he would wish that his name should be recorded. Surely, if the thousands now lavished on these public memorials were consecrated to some lasting work of honour to God and utility to man, which should at once preserve the memory of the dead, and encourage and direct the good deeds of the living; if, as Mr. Markland suggests, instead of busts and sculpture, we raised churches, or chapels, or school-houses, or founded refuges for the poor, or dedicated only some portion or ornament of a sacred building to the memory and name of those whom we wish to honour, we should be acting more consistently with that genuine benevolence which would delight to do good even in the grave; and should contribute, by degrees, to a fund which would soon be thus rendered permanently available to the noblest uses. And in thus doing we should only be treading in the steps of those by whom the noblest of our works of charity and piety were created and transmitted to us:—

‘We build churches,’ says Mr. Wilberforce, ‘by calculation, as a matter of necessity; but, of old, church-building was a delight, a luxury, a passion. Then men of wealth would build some glorious fane from foundation to turret, and those whose means were less abundant *would furnish a pillar, a transept, or a choir*: each man felt a paternal interest in his work; while he lived, he delighted to visit it, and watch its progress; when he died, his mortal remains were laid beneath the roof which he had raised, in the hope of His coming whose promise had called forth his bounty.’*

We may add that the same practice seems to have prevailed both in France and in England, in the erection of *painted glass windows*, many of which appear to have contained monumental effigies of deceased persons. The Dean of Chichester has set an

* Wilberforce on the Parochial System, p. 99. Several instances of this practice still remain in the church of St. Mary, Beverley. For example:—‘The corbels on the pillars which support the north side of the nave, are angels with scrolls in their hands, charged with inscriptions, which are repeated at the back of the columns,’ recording the donors of pillars. The Minstrels left behind them an evidence of their public spirit. They built one of the columns on the north side of the church, and placed an emblematical device on its capital with this inscription:—

Thys Pyllor made the Minstrels.

—Oliver’s Hist. of Beverley, pp. 167, 178, 351.

example

example of this kind in his own cathedral, and we trust it will not be without followers.

Mr. Markland shows that this practice of contributing portions of sacred buildings was not unknown to the ancients :—

‘ Mr. Fellowes,’ he says, ‘ in his recent travels in Asia Minor, met with several examples of the practice of individuals having contributed to the erection of *portions* of a building. He describes a beautiful temple of the Corinthian order at Labranda, “ with twelve fluted columns, and four not fluted, but apparently prepared for this ornamental finish.” These twelve pillars present the great peculiarity of having a panel or tablet not let in, but left uncut, projecting above the fluting : on each tablet is an inscription, showing the temple to have been a votive structure, *e. g.* “ Menecrates, son of Menecrates, the chief physician of the city, gave, whilst Stephanophoros, this column with the base and capital ; his daughter Tryphœna, herself also a Stephanophoros and Gymnasiarchos, superintending the work.” “ Leo, the son of Leo, whilst Stephanophoros, gave the column with the base and capital, according to his promise,” &c. &c.

‘ The symmetry of a column must necessarily be “ much disturbed,” as Mr. Fellowes states is the case, by the introduction of tablets of this description ; but if the precedent were adopted in this country, inscriptions (whether as records of private liberality, or as posthumous memorials) might be so placed around the *base* of a column, that the eye could not be offended by them.’

What we would wish to suggest in our modern days may best be stated in Mr. Markland’s own words :—

‘ Surely,’ he says, ‘ by the rebuilding and restoration of the *old waste places* of our Zion we should render far more honour to the dead than by a continuance of our present practice. And let it be remembered that in all the works which have been recommended, panels with suitable inscriptions may be carefully let into the walls, recording the occasion when they were raised and perfected, and the names of the individuals to be commemorated. Thus the name of a relation or friend would be identified with the shrine which holds his ashes. Should the font and the altar call for restoration, there are many touching associations, which point *them* out as most fitting memorials. At the one the deceased may have been baptized, and been made an inheritor of that kingdom in which it may be humbly hoped his spirit rests in peace ; and at that altar he may, during the largest portion of his life, have meekly knelt, and “ received with trembling joy the signs and seals of God’s heavenly promises.”

‘ If the works here recommended for adoption appear to be such as can only be accomplished by a large outlay of money, and can therefore be effected solely by persons of fortune, there are modes by which the same objects can be attained by individuals of moderate means. In the first place, instead of a paltry design being at once COMPLETED, and an inferior church erected out of limited funds, ought not the old custom of building by *degrees* to be resorted to? A plan for a large church might
be

be laid down, but a *portion* of it merely, a chancel or a transept, might in the first instance be perfected ; or the interior of a church might be finished, while the completion and ornaments of the external walls, tower, or spire, might be left to the care and munificence of others in future years. In all these undertakings there might be a principle of *expansion*, both as regards the size and ornaments of a building.

A signal example has recently been given us of this laudable practice. The liberal founder of a church in the district of Eastover, Bridgewater, thus expressed himself in relation to the proposed fabric :—"The proposal which I now make is to build the church, as far as may be, according to the drawing which is now laid before the meeting. As accurately as it is possible to calculate, it will cost about 3,000*l.* to complete the church, exclusive of the spire. It is my wish to go thus far at once, *leaving the spire to be completed at some future time*, when, from my own resources, or by the assistance of my friends, the necessary funds can be found. It was on this plan that the great cathedrals were almost all erected : one bishop generally completed one portion of the building, leaving the whole to be finished by future generations ; so that frequently two, three, or even four centuries, elapsed between the commencement and the completion of the work."

We may add an instance where a beautiful addition has been made to a parish church by the erection of a transept in early English, the lower part of which is appropriated to a family vault, and the upper to stalls and seats for the family, while slabs are placed within the tracery of the windows to receive the names of the persons who lie beneath. This is one of the nearest approaches which we have seen to the realization of our author's suggestions. The church is that of Calbourne in the Isle of Wight ; and the plan originated in the benevolence, good taste, and good sense of Sir Richard Simeon, Bart.

Mr. Markland has not been unmindful of the objections which may be advanced.

'Should it be urged,' he says, 'that these plans, if generally pursued, would lead to a neglect of sculpture, and that we should transfer the commemoration of the dead from sculpture to architecture, a little reflection will satisfy us that the art of sculpture would, on the contrary, be materially benefited. The accomplished artist, instead of being doomed to tasks which must often be to him of the most insipid and uninteresting character, from their not calling for any high exercise of his genius, would be left to devote himself to works more congenial to his taste and feelings. Let statues, and busts, and relievos be multiplied, but let their *destination be changed*. Let the statues and busts of literary men be placed in those Institutions with which they have been connected. Let those of lawyers be placed in Courts of Justice, or in the Halls of the Inns of Court ; those of medical men in the Colleges, where their lectures were delivered, or in the Hospitals, which they have benefited by the exercise of their talents and philanthropy ; and those of eminent

eminent ecclesiastics in their College Libraries or Halls. Let provision be made in the Houses of Parliament now rising for the introduction of statues within their walls. How much more advantageously might those of Lord Chatham and of Pitt, of Fox, Horner, and Canning, have appeared in such a building, than crowded, almost buried, as they are, in the adjoining Abbey of Westminster! Of such men monuments are not required on the particular spots where their ashes rest—these form the most precious deposit.

“In Santa Croce’s holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality.”

Shakespeare’s gravestone, with its quaint lines, would have drawn the same number of pilgrims to Stratford if no mural monument to his memory had existed; and when we approach the gravestone, simply inscribed with the name of SAMUEL JOHNSON, in Poet’s Corner, it awakens far keener emotions than the contemplation of his colossal statue in St. Paul’s. But we must recollect that sculpture is essentially combined with the plans here proposed. The church-porch, the altar-screen, and the font, may all be decorated, lavishly decorated, if desired, with appropriate sculpture; all these ecclesiastical appendages would admit its introduction with perfect propriety and the best effect. Grinlin Gibbons’s font in St. James’s Church, Westminster, and Sir Richard Westmacott’s alto-relievos on the screen of the Chapel of New College, are instances in point.

ART. VI.—*Marschall Vorwärts; oder Leben, Thaten, und Character des Fürsten Blücher von Wahlstadt.* Von Dr. Raushnick. (*Marshal Forwards; or Life, Actions, and Character of Prince Blücher von Wahlstadt.*) Leipsig, 1836.

THE unjust apportionment of present and posthumous fame to military eminence has often been the subject of grave remonstrance on the part of the aspirants to civil and literary distinction. Helvetius, in his work ‘*Sur l’Esprit*,’ once famous, now little read, attempts the solution of this standing riddle in human affairs:—

‘If we can in any instance imagine that we perceive a rallying point for the general esteem of mankind—if, for example, the military be considered among all nations the first of sciences—the reason is, that the great captain is in nearly all countries the man of greatest utility, at least up to the period of a convention for general peace. This peace once confirmed, a preference over the greatest captain in the world would unquestionably be given to men celebrated in science, law, literature, or the fine arts. From whence,’ says Helvetius, with an eye to the pervading theory of his fallacious treatise, ‘I conclude that the general interest is in every nation the only dispenser of its esteem!’

Unfortunately

Unfortunately for the French sage, that which he calls esteem, which we should rather term renown, is indiscriminately enough bestowed upon the destroyers as well as the saviours of nations—upon the selfish aggressor who amuses himself with the bloody game of foreign conquest, as well as upon the patriot who resists him. Philosophers may draw distinctions in the study, but Cæsar will share the meed with Leonidas. To give a sounder solution of the evident fact—to investigate the principle on which society seems agreed to furnish the price for the combination of moral and physical qualities, essential to the composition of military eminence, would lead us beyond our limits, if not beyond our depth. So far, we fear, Helvetius is right, that till the millennium shall arrive it will be vain to struggle against the pervading tendencies in which the alleged abuse originates; and that the injured parties must still be content to look upon those whose trade it is to die, under the feelings with which a young clergyman at a county ball beholds the lady of his affections in active flirtation with a newly-arrived pair of epaulettes; feelings which the author of ‘*Hamilton’s Bawn*’ has wedded to immortal doggrel. For the moment we can offer them no consolation; for we cannot enter on the discussion of the manifold circumstances which might be enumerated as a set-off to the advantages enjoyed by the soldier during a lease of existence, of which the tenure is as uncertain as the conditions are severe. To those, however, who moan over the posthumous part of the reward which Falstaff in his shrewder philosophy rated so low, we might suggest as matter of reflection that the number of those who are destined to enjoy it is so limited as to leave ample room for competitors of all classes, whether poets, philosophers, statesmen, or writers of novels in three volumes, or of histories in a dozen. Survey the military annals of Europe from the French revolution: Germany, France, Spain, Italy, Russia, Belgium, have formed the vast theatre of one huge and continuous scramble for such distinction. Every species of cotemporary reward, from kingdoms down to the Guelphic order, has indeed been showered on the combatants; but how many names will outlive their owners? How many of the meteors will leave a track of light behind their rapid and explosive course? Some half-dozen of all countries. We are speaking, be it remembered, of general celebrity, not of the just estimation in which the memory of individuals may be held in their own countries, or by the scientific. Two of the mightiest, by land and sea, are our own. Russia, perhaps, may claim some duration for Suwaroff. In the case of France who but a decypherer of gazettes will trouble

trouble his head fifty years hence about any of Buonaparte's marshals? The crisis of Valmy may ensure an historical notoriety to Dumouriez; but no nurse will frighten children with his name or that of Moreau. There is something solid and unpretending about the reputation of the Archduke Charles, which, coupled with his writings, will secure him respect from the *συμβολαι* of times to come; but the only name connected with the great wars of our own time, which we can add without scruple to those of Buonaparte, Wellington, Nelson, and Suwaroff, as likely to be permanently one of the household words of the world, is that of a man *longo intervallo* inferior to three of the four—Blücher. If we are right in this supposition, it does not follow that in respect of military skill and genius he can justly be ranked even with several of those lieutenants of Napoleon whom we have ventured to condemn to comparative oblivion. It is rather on the moral ground of his identification with a great national movement, of which he was the ostensible leader and representative, that he seems to us one of the legitimate 'heirs of Fame.'

We have two lives of this commander before us, of which, however, the one seems borrowed almost verbatim from the other. We shall ground our observations on the first which came into our hands, that of Dr. Raushnick.

The Duke of Wellington received his first military education at a French college, a natural consequence of the deficiency of all appliances for that purpose in England at the period of his youth. It is rather more singular that his Grace's illustrious comrade, whose enthusiastic devotion to the cause of Prussia formed the stimulus to his exploits and the basis of his reputation, should have borne his first arms against that country—the land, not indeed of his birth, but of his adoption.

Gerhard Leberecht von Blücher was born in 1742 at Rostock, in Mecklenburgh-Schwerin, in which province his family had been established for some centuries, having given a bishop to Lubeck in the thirteenth. His father had retired from the military service of Hesse-Cassel upon a small landed inheritance. Three elder sons having been impartially, but at some expense out of scanty means, distributed among the Russian, Prussian, and Danish services, it was this gentleman's anxious desire to devote the two younger to the only other occupation to which the landed gentry of his day condescended, the cultivation of the soil. For this a simple home-education was deemed sufficient, and was all the parental resources could afford. In 1756 the Seven Years' War broke out, and to remove his sons from the temptation of military scenes, the father sent them to the care of
a relation

a relation in the Isle of Rugen. Such precautions frequently terminate like the beautiful tale of Admetus in Herodotus. The boys for a while contented themselves with such feats of activity and danger as the cliffs of Rugen and the sea could afford them. Some centuries earlier Blücher might have figured among the sea-kings in the annals of Scandinavian piracy; and, instead of emptying the cellars of Epernay, might have drank the ale of English convents. Sweden had now joined the fray against the great Frederick, and, in an hour evil for the paternal precautions, a regiment of Swedish hussars set foot on the island. In spite of all attempts at remonstrance or prevention, young Blücher, now in his fifteenth year, joined the ranks, and soon found himself on the mainland, opposed to the Prussian forces in a contest in which little either of ardour or skill was evinced by his comrades. In 1758 he was taken prisoner in a cavalry-skirmish with the regiment of Colonel Belling, who, soon perceiving some promising indications in the stripling, treated him with kindness, and negotiated for him an exchange with a prisoner, who, being by birth a Prussian, had forfeited his life to military law. This transaction enabled Blücher, without impeachment of his honour, to take service in the regiment of his captor. Till it was effected, he had tenaciously resisted the offer of a subaltern's commission in the then most brilliant of continental services.

Under Belling he served through the latter part of the Seven Years' War, assisted at the murderous battle of Cunersdorff; which first brought the formidable qualities of the Russian infantry under the notice of civilised Europe, and was wounded at Freyberg. On the re-establishment of peace he was found a turbulent subject for garrison duty, the inherent monotony of which was not relieved to him by the resources of education. His leisure was diversified, as usual in such cases, by as much sporting, drinking, gaming, and flirtation as his pay could afford, as also by frequent duelling, of which no serious result is recorded. One instance of the latter propensity, for which hot blood and the manners of his age and vocation may plead excuse, was certainly little to his credit; for he ended by calling out his patron and commander, Belling, who had now attained the rank of general. That he was not shot, or at the least cashiered, for so gross a violation of military law, must be ascribed to the generosity of that veteran, who contented himself with transferring this turbulent and ungrateful subject to a lieutenancy under a Major Podscharli, an officer to whose military tuition Blücher's biographer ascribes the happiest results.

In 1770 Poland was invaded by the troops of Frederick, and Blücher found himself again commanded by Belling, who never

ceased to befriend him. Belling was an able and trusted soldier, but his situation in Poland was one which required political talent and pliancy, and he was replaced by an officer of different habits and manners, with whom also, however, Blücher soon contrived to quarrel. The Poles at this time, like the Spaniards in ours, revenged by frequent assassinations their subjection to the invader. A priest, whom Captain Blücher suspected as the instigator of two of these enormities, was summarily condemned by him to military execution. The grave was dug with the usual formalities, the culprit blinded, and the muskets discharged—though with blank cartridge. The priest survived his fright—but this daring violation not only of justice, but of Frederick's conciliatory policy, was punished, mildly enough, by the degradation of the offender from the highest to the lowest on the list of captains in his regiment. This being followed by the promotion of an officer from another regiment to the next vacancy, the cup of Blücher's indignation boiled over, and he demanded his retirement from the service. Frederick replied by placing him in arrest, with a view to give him time for consideration. The gentleman, however, insisted, and his repeated applications at length extorted the following answer:—'Captain Von Blücher is released from his service, and may go to the d—. January, 1773.'

This interruption of Blücher's military career continued for thirteen years. We have heard that a chancery-lawyer who for any reason abandons his practice for the thirteenth portion of that period seldom recovers it. Assuredly, few soldiers of fortune, after quitting a regular service for a dozen of the best years of their life, have died field-m Marshals. Perhaps Blücher was somewhat reconciled to an event which seemed so likely to blast his prospects, by the circumstance that it found him seriously in love and half engaged with the daughter of a Saxon Colonel Melling, then settled in Poland. The lady was seventeen years his junior, Polish in her language, her beauty, and her attractions, which is saying everything for the latter. They married, and settled on a farm of the father-in-law. Blücher appears to have abandoned the excesses of his youth in his new vocation, and to have prosecuted it with ability and success. After a few years he found himself in condition to purchase a tolerable estate near Stargard in Pomerania, whither he migrated from Poland. As a resident proprietor he continued his attention to rural affairs, and became a man of consequence among his neighbours. He was elected to the local magistracy, and consulted by the provincial authorities. This was not all. It is evident that there was something about the man which in the estimation of his superiors had uniformly outweighed the objectionable features of his wild, uneducated, and

and untameable disposition. Frederick the Second was not a man to overlook the freaks of an ordinary swaggerer, yet we find that at this period he corresponded with Blücher, and assisted him with money for the improvement of his estate, first in the shape of loan without interest, and then of donation. This liberality on the part of a sovereign so careful of his dollars was the more remarkable, as it by no means took the shape of a retaining fee for future military devotion. Blücher's restless spirit pined for restoration to the service, but on this subject Frederick was inexorable. In 1778 there was a prospect of hostilities in Bavaria, and Blücher became urgent for permission to re-enter the army. His first attempt was defeated by his wife, a second by the stern refusal of Frederick. He was obliged to remain an agriculturist, his farm prospered, and his hearth was surrounded by six promising sons and a daughter.

Frederick died in 1786. Blücher now set aside all connubial remonstrances, rushed to Berlin, made interest with some of his former commanders, and returned to Pomerania without positive success, but with assurances of support in due season. On the next military inspection he attracted by his riding the attention of the new king, presented his request in person, and found himself in his former regiment of Black Hussars, with the rank which he would have occupied had he continued without interruption in the service. It was soon apparent that his military ardour, which perhaps might have cooled away in the barracks, had only been nursed and kept vigorous by the long interval of domestic repose. His other old propensities were, we fear, resumed with his uniform, and his wife perhaps only consulted her own convenience and comfort by dying about this period. Except that she was beautiful, attractive, and fond enough of her husband to wish to detain him at home, we hear little of her. Blücher returned to the camp as though the interval had been a dream, and its adventures as imaginary as those of the sultan of the Arabian tale, who dipped his head into a tub of water for an instant, which by the delusion of magic was converted into years of deposition and servitude.

Some years of garrison duty were still to elapse before the great event of the French Revolution opened a career for such spirits as Blücher. The commencement of hostilities between Prussia and France found him a colonel, and thus his exercise of command dates its commencement from the fifty-first year of his age, a time of life at which many officers look to a well-earned retirement. From the period of the Duke of Brunswick's famous and fatal incursion to the peace of Basle, he was in almost constant employment. On the death of General Goltz he succeeded

to the command of the left wing of the Prussian army; and without doubt the confidence of his soldiers and the general success which attended his operations, particularly with his favourite arm the cavalry, fully justified this promotion. The corps of hussars under his immediate command, including his old regiment, is said to have lost but six men by surprise during the outpost duty of the campaigns of 1793 and '94, in which Prussian accounts boast that they captured 4000 men, 1500 horses, and 11 guns from the enemy, and he retired from the contest with the reputation of a second Ziethen. The curious in the details of such warfare may learn them from a journal which he kept and *published*. There are one or two anecdotes of this period which may, perhaps, tend to rescue his character from the imputation of unmitigated barbarism cast upon it by the French. While commanding within their frontier, he caused a captured officer who had died of his wounds to be buried with all military honours—an attention to the fallen so unusual as to excite the greatest astonishment among the French inhabitants, who were further edified when he administered with his own hand an exemplary threshing to the village carpenter who had given short measure and bad workmanship to the coffin. Another incident is recorded in his journal, and we give it in his own words. It occurred near Kaiserslautern in 1799:—

‘ Among the prisoners was one whose thigh-bone had been shattered. They had laid him near the fire, and offered him bread and brandy, as to the others. He not only rejected this, but refused to be bandaged, and repeatedly begged the bystanders to shoot him. The latter said to one another, “This is an obstinate, sulky Frenchman.” Muffling and myself were within hearing, and approached the group. The wounded man lay still, drawn into himself, and saw nothing of what was passing. As he seemed to shiver, I caused cloaks to be heaped upon him. He looked up at me upon this, and again cast down his eyes. Not being master of the French language myself, I made my adjutant tell him that he ought to let himself be bandaged, and take nourishment. He answered nothing, and I made them tell him further that I held him for a poor creature who did not know how to meet his destiny, and that it became a soldier least of all men to take refuge in despair, that he should not give up hope of recovery, and might be assured that he found himself among men who would do everything possible to relieve him. He looked at me again, a stream of tears burst from his eyes, and he reached me out his hand. Wine was offered him, he drank, and offered no further resistance to the surgeon. I then asked him the cause of his previous obstinacy. He replied, “I have been forced into the service of the Republic. My father was guillotined; my brothers have perished in the war; my wife and children are left in misery; I thought, therefore, that death alone could end my troubles, and longed for it. Your kindness has brought me to better

better reflections. I thank you for it, and am determined to meet my future lot with patience.”’

This incident seems to us to confirm the valuable adage that the devil is not so black as he is painted, especially where the pencil is a French one.

The peace of Basle afforded Blücher leisure for a second marriage, and he was united to a Maria Amelia von Colomb. He held for some time a command in Munster under the Duke of Brunswick, where he made acquaintance with many of the French emigrants, among whom the Abbé de Pradt was his favourite. The late King, Frederick William III., who ascended the throne in 1797, had found occasion, while serving in his father's armies as crown-prince, to remark the merits of Blücher, and in 1801 promoted him to the rank of lieutenant-general. In 1803 he was appointed governor of Munster, which by the terms of the peace had fallen to the lot of Prussia. The episcopal palace, which became his residence, now witnessed a revival of those scenes for which it has been celebrated by Sir W. Temple, in the times of the warlike and Rhenish-loving prince-bishop. High play was still with Blücher a passion which could only find its substitute in that still more exciting pastime, in which

‘Kings hold the bottle, and Europe the stakes,’
and the neighbouring baths of Pymont afforded dangerous summer facilities for the indulgence of this pernicious taste.

The peace was hollow. The French occupation of Hanover placed the two nations in dangerous propinquity, and a strong war-party existed in Prussia, especially in the army, of which party, as a matter of course, Blücher was a leading member.

In 1806 the drama opened at once with that great disaster of Jena, which chastised the military pride and overweening confidence of Prussia, and placed her existence as a separate state on the map of Europe at the mercy of the conqueror. The divisions and distractions of those in high command were only rendered more conspicuous by the courage which the isolated and unsupported battalions of the Prussians opposed to the admirable combinations and concentrated masses of the enemy. All the advantages of superior information and intelligence which usually accrue to those who fight on their own soil, in this strange instance were engrossed by the foreign invader, who might have been said, like Ariel,

‘Now in the waist, the deck, and every cabin,
To flame amazement.’

The spirit, not of the great Frederick, but of Ariosto's Agramant, reigned in the Prussian camp. Blücher was not in a situation

tion as commander of the cavalry to control the movements or repair the errors of Brunswick, Mollendorf, and Hohenlohe. All he could do was to offer to lead his brave horsemen in a desperate attempt to retrieve the fortune of the day. This offer was at first accepted by the King, but the permission was revoked, and all that remained for Blücher was to endeavour to save as large a remnant as possible of his force by a retreat into Northern Germany. The courage and perseverance with which he conducted this attempt were such as could scarcely have derived additional lustre from success. It must be admitted, on the other hand, that nothing could exceed the vigour and activity with which Buonaparte's generals, when slipped in the chase, foiled all his efforts. Like a wild beast, he found himself alike tracked on retreat, and anticipated in every desperate rush for escape, whether towards the Elbe, the Oder, or in the direction of Hanover. Driven at length through Lubeck, which to the misfortune of that neutral city he for a moment occupied, and where he narrowly escaped personal capture, he was brought to bay in its neighbourhood—and here, suffering himself from fever and exhausted of every supply for his men, he was forced to capitulate.

Blücher retired for a season to Hamburg on his parole. His exchange was afterwards effected with General Victor. On the occasion of his release he visited the French head-quarters, and was received with marks of distinction by Napoleon.

With the powerful assistance of Russia the contest was still maintained in the northern provinces, and the offer of Swedish co-operation induced the king to organize a corps intended to act on the rear of the enemy from the northern coast. Blücher was selected for the command of this expedition, which was, however, frustrated in the first instance by the vacillation of the Swedish sovereign, and finally by the battle of Friedland and the peace of Tilsit which succeeded. After the treaty was signed, our hero retained the command of the Pomeranian army, a post of much difficulty, for the troops of the conqueror were stationed in its neighbourhood, and frequent discussions and disputes arose between the commanders. Blücher is said to have shown much subtlety and address in this position, in which his character gave weight to the concessions he was compelled as the weaker party to make. Words, according to our English satirist's theory (adopted by Talleyrand), were invented by man as a concealment to his thoughts and a disguise to his intentions, and Blücher is said to have derived much convenience from his use of the German language in negotiation, for which his ignorance of any other afforded him a pretext. He stands, indeed, accused by French writers of having grossly misused this device on the retreat from Jena, in
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an interview with the French general Klein. It is certain that he succeeded in persuading that officer that an armistice had been concluded, and that both Klein and Lasalle were thereby induced to postpone an attack and allow Blücher to get a day's start of his pursuers. It is very difficult to believe, that if he had committed himself in this instance beyond the allowed limits of military stratagem, Napoleon, however little scrupulous he is known to have been as to the conduct of his own officers, would have forbore to blast the character of a troublesome opponent by a formal verification of the charge—still more that he would have given Blücher the honourable reception of which we have spoken, at his own head-quarters. Klein and Lasalle had the Emperor's ear for their own story, and had every inducement to make the most of their own justification. We must confess at the same time that, but for this negative evidence, even the German account of the transaction would be suspicious. Another accusation of a similar nature has been preferred against Blücher. He is charged with having violated the armistice in 1813 by occupying the neutral ground before the day specified for the renewal of hostilities in Silesia:—but the Prussian accounts reply distinctly, that the original violation of this territory was the act of the French under Macdonald.

The French were not his only accusers. During his tenure of command in Pomerania he found occasion to defend himself against certain anonymous attacks which issued from the Leipzig press upon his military conduct in his recent arduous retreat. Blücher demanded an investigation before a court of inquiry which had been appointed to sit at Königsberg for the consideration of cases of a far more serious complexion. The evidence of that distinguished officer Scharnhorst, who had shared the toils and dangers of his retreat, was conclusive in his favour, and the result was more than his justification.

A dark period now ensued to Blücher's adopted country—four years of humiliation, of sullen submission to almost every possible variety of outrage and exaction. France should in policy either have pursued her conquest to the utter dismemberment of Prussia, or have spared her dignity. The death of the loved and lovely Queen, who was considered as the victim of Napoleon's unmanly insults, added to the general indignation. In despite of French vigilance, and of the terms of the peace which limited the numbers of the standing army, means were found silently to accumulate both soldiers and material for a future campaign. The Baron de Stein set on foot the famous *tugendbund*, and Blücher, in despite of his now advanced age, was looked up to as the future vindicator of his country's wrongs. An illness

illness which afflicted him through the greater part of the year 1808, and at times affected his reason, seems but to have added a morbid fire to his enthusiasm. He is said in moments of delirium to have 'attained to something like prophetic strain,' and to have predicted with confidence the speedy liberation of his country and the downfall of its oppressor. 'This must happen,' he said, 'and I must assist at it, and *I will not die* till it shall have come to pass.'

Blücher's education had been that of a soldier. He knew no language but his own, but he was fond of writing, and took a pleasure in dictating his despatches and proclamations. We have seen letters addressed by him to the King at this period, upon the subject of that future movement to which he looked forward with such unabated confidence, containing passages of an eloquence worthy of his theme. His hopes were revived from time to time by the Austrian war and Schill's chivalrous enterprise; but the prospect was soon clouded, and, till the two colossal powers, Russia and France, once more arrayed themselves against each other, the distant successes of England in the Peninsula could alone afford him a gleam of consolation.

Among the concessions which Napoleon extorted from his doubtful ally previous to his Russian expedition was the removal of Blücher from his Pomeranian command, a measure for which the old soldier's reckless language and deportment afforded a full justification. It was gilded on the part of the sovereign by a handsome territorial donation in Silesia, to the capital of which province Blücher, after a short residence at Berlin, retired.

It was to Breslau also that the King betook himself on the occasion of that famous defection of D'York from the French, which fired at once from one end of Prussia to the other the insurrectionary materials long and secretly stored up for such a contingency. The nature of Blücher's feelings and advice at this juncture might easily be anticipated. He was loud in favour of an immediate forward movement, louder in his scorn of more timid and dilatory proposals. The King hesitated in bestowing upon him the command which the popular voice and the general feeling of the soldiery would have at once decreed to him. There were among the court advisers not a few who looked upon Blücher as a mere fiery hussar, who would compromise by rashness and want of science the hopes of the present crisis, and by such the pretensions of Tauenzien were advocated. The opinion and advice of the deeply-skilled Scharnhorst, however, prevailed, and on the 15th of March, 1813, Blücher's long dream was realized by finding himself at the head of the Silesian army.

We have dwelt, perhaps at some length, on the earlier portion
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of Blücher's career—as affording illustrations of his character from that part of his biography with which general readers are probably the least familiar. The subsequent incidents of his military life are so well known as to make summary revision superfluous. It is impossible, however, for any one, scientific or otherwise, to review the great struggle of 1813 and '14 without admitting that if to the Emperor Alexander belonged the political influence, and to Schwarzenberg the address, which mainly kept together the discordant elements of the coalition, Blücher was the fighting element which inspired the mass with a spirit of enterprise in action and endurance under defeat of which few coalitions have presented an example. In ordinary times, or with ordinary objects, Blücher's character and disposition would have ill fitted him for acting with the subtle and jealous Russian, or the lukewarm Swede, to whom the Germans applied the well-known line from Schiller's *Song of the Bell*,

‘Ach! ihm fehlt kein theures haupt.’

Neither the amiability of Schwarzenberg, nor the patient tact of Wellington, which neither Portuguese nor Spanish could exhaust, were natural to Blücher; but for his two great purposes, the liberation of his country and the humiliation of France, he could assume both. Defeat indeed he suffered often:—to compare him with that great captain from whom throughout his campaigns in India and Europe no enemy ever carried off a gun and kept it, would be preposterous. Few victories, however, have been more fairly won, to say nothing of their consequences, than the great battle of the Katzbach. No mere hussar inspired his troops with that sterling enthusiasm which could enable them to pursue every advantage and rally after every failure, which could retrieve Montmirail on the heights of Montmartre, and keep steadily to a programme of combined movement after Ligny. Blücher must have possessed real and high skill as a tactician, though probably not as a strategist, to which, indeed, he does not seem ever to have pretended. At the same time his supreme contempt of danger and constant recklessness of personal exposure had doubtless very much to do with his success. He possessed with Marmion and Napoleon the art

‘To win the hardy soldier's heart,
Who loves a captain to obey,
Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May.’

His jests, frequently of a description ill calculated for chaste ears, extorted grim smiles from lips black with the cartridge, and sent laughter through the column while grapeshot was tearing its ranks. When he checked his horse in the hottest cannonade to light his pipe at the linstock of the gunner, the piece was probably

bably not the worse served. Towards the close of the campaign in France the infirmities of age at one moment almost induced him to contemplate the abandonment of his command, and to retire into the Netherlands, but the spirit triumphed over the flesh, and though unable to remain in the saddle for the last attack on Montmartre, he gave his orders with calmness and precision from a carriage. His appearance on this occasion must have taxed the gravity of his staff, for, to protect his eyes, then in a state of violent inflammation, the grisly veteran had replaced his cocked-hat by a French lady's bonnet and veil. His health prevented him from sharing the triumphal entry of the sovereigns into Paris, and on the 2nd of April, 1814, he resigned the burthen of his military command.

The peace of Paris by no means satiated his thirst for the humiliation of France. After enjoying the reward for his services in the enthusiastic congratulations of London and Berlin, he divided for awhile his residence between the latter city and Breslau, at all times and in all places exhaling his discontent at the concessions of the allies. Unmeasured in his language, mixing freely in society of all classes, and venting his spleen on all diplomatists, but specially on Hardenberg, he became, without any personal object of aggrandizement or political ambition, but in the mere indulgence of his ill humour, the nucleus of a little Fronde, calculated to offend without influencing the sovereign and his ministers.

That Blücher looked forward to another trial of strength between his countrymen and the French is evident, but it is hardly possible that at his age he should have contemplated the probability of once more in person directing the fortunes of the contest, and of at last feeding fat the ancient grudge he bore not only to Napoleon, but to the nation. His speculations were probably more the offspring of his feelings than of any profound observation of the political state of Europe. A letter of the Duke of Wellington, however, to his brother Sir Henry Wellesley (*Gurwood*, December 17th, 1814), shows that his views were shared by one whose calmer judgment and nearer observation were not subject to such influences, and who had neither defeats to retrieve in his own person, nor insults to avenge in that of his country:—

‘I believe the truth to be, that the people of this country (France) are so completely ruined by the revolution, and they are now suffering so severely from the want of the plunder of the world, that they cannot go on without it; and they cannot endure the prospect of a peaceable government. If that is the case, we should take care how we suffered the grand alliance to break up, and we ought to look to our alliance with the powers of the Peninsula as our sheet-anchor.’

Blücher

Blücher might have long gone on smoking, gaming, and scolding without interruption, if the great event had not occurred which restored him to his more legitimate vocation. The news of Napoleon's escape found him accidentally at Berlin. His first impulse was to call on the English ambassador, to twit him with the negligence of his countrymen; his next to exhibit himself in the principal street of the capital in his field-marshal's uniform, a significant hint to younger generals not to expect that he would concede to them his place in the approaching fray. His nomination to that post of honour and danger soon ensued, and his old companion and adviser, Gneisenau, was once more at his side.

The Duke of Wellington reached Brussels from Vienna on the 5th of April, 1815, and found Kleist in command of the Prussian force, for Blücher only arrived at Liege on the 17th. It appears from the Duke's letter to Lord Clancarty, of the 6th, that he found Kleist disposed to retire, in case of being attacked, behind Brussels, a plan which the Duke warmly opposed, in spite of his own opinion expressed in his letter to Lord Bathurst, of the same date, of the insufficiency of the force at his disposal. From Blücher's temper and turn of mind, as well as from the event, we may infer that the Duke had little difficulty in recommending to the former his own views, based, no doubt, as much on political as military considerations, in favour of a position in advance of Brussels.

From the Duke's letter to Lord Clancarty of the 10th of April, it appears that he contemplated, in the first instance, taking the initiative by the end of that month or the beginning of May, at which period he conceived that the allies might throw into France a force of 270,000 men to be opposed by some 180,000. (*Gurwood*, xii. p. 297.) We find, however, that, three days afterwards, his intelligence of Buonaparte's state of preparation had already led him to abandon this prospect. In enclosing a memorandum founded on his original ideas, he says:—

‘Since I wrote to your Lordship some important events have occurred in France, which will leave Napoleon's army more at his disposal than was expected at that time, and he has adopted measures which will certainly tend to increase it at an early period. You will see by the enclosed papers that it is probable that the Duc d'Angoulême will be obliged to quit France, and that Buonaparte, besides having called for the soldiers recently discharged, amounting as I understand to about 127,000, of which 100,000 may be deemed immediately disposable, has organised 200 battalions of Grenadiers of the National Guards. I imagine that the latter will not be a very formidable force; but still numbers were too nearly equal according to the estimate I gave you in my letter of the 10th, for me to think it advisable, under present circumstances,

cumstances, to attempt to carry into execution what is proposed in the enclosed memorandum.'

The subsequent correspondence shows that neither the condition of his own force nor that of his allies could have justified the experiment. The mutinous state of the Saxon troops might alone have been sufficient to derange such a plan of action. Some officers indeed of both nations have been of opinion that it was *from the beginning* far more in the power of Napoleon than of the allies to take the aggressive course; and that by crossing the frontier, which it is said he might have done with 40,000 men, very soon after his reinstalment in the Tuileries, he would have had more chances in his favour than he found in June. It is evident that, with all his exertions, the Duke of Wellington at least had full occupation for the interval which elapsed, in collecting and adjusting the component parts of an army, which at its best was far inferior to any he had commanded in Europe. His correspondence at once shows his unceasing anxiety to anticipate the offensive movement of the enemy, in which Blücher fully shared (see *Gurwood*, 2nd June, 1815), and justifies the prudence which forbade any forward movement. It shows, moreover, that the difficulties of his position were not confined to the well-known deficiencies and imperfections of his army on which Napoleon so much relied, its raw and heterogeneous composition, the absence of the flower of the English infantry, the refusal of the Portuguese, &c. Even the article of material, which it might have been supposed Woolwich would have supplied in profusion, was slowly and scantily doled out to his pressing remonstrances; and instead of 150 British pieces, for which he applies on the 6th of April, we find him on the 21st in expectation of only 42, making up, with the German guns, some 84 pieces; while he states, from the Prussian returns, that their corps on the Meuse are to take the field with 200, and their whole force with no less than 600. With respect to drivers, horses, the heavy artillery, pontoons, &c., his difficulties are shown to have been equally embarrassing. (See *Gurwood*, 21st April, 1815).—But in addition to all these lets and hindrances, it is evident that the Duke's scheme for offensive operations was throughout kept steadily dependent upon *the movements of the allies on the Lower and Upper Rhine*. This is strikingly evident from a letter to Schwarzenberg, dated 2nd of June, 1815,* and from the one of the same date which follows it

* ' Sous ces circonstances il est très important que je sache aussitôt que possible quand vous pourrez commencer vos opérations; et de quelle nature elles seront, et vers quel tems nous pouvons attendre que vous serez arrivé à une hauteur quelconque, afin que je puisse commencer de ce côté-ci de manière à avoir l'appui de vos opérations.

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fit to Sir Henry Wellesley.* Napoleon, however, took the game into his own hands, and played it, in the first instance at least, with a skill and energy worthy of his best days and reputation.

It is probable that no extensive military operation was ever conducted to its issue, whatever that issue might be, without many derangements of the original conceptions of its leaders, arising from the casualties of the busy moment, the failure of despatches, the misconstruction of orders, the misdirection of columns, &c. The operations now in question were certainly no exception to this rule on either side. As to Napoleon, if his own account of them be believed, few commanders in critical circumstances have been worse seconded, as far as prompt obedience and punctuality were concerned. If Ney and Grouchy are to be credited in their defence, no subordinates ever suffered more from tardy and contradictory orders on the part of their chief. Captain Pringle, in his excellent remarks on the campaign of 1815, published in the appendix to Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, truly observes that, in French military works, the reader never finds a French army beaten in the field without some plausible reason, or, as Las Casas terms it, a concurrence of unheard-of fatalities, to account for it. '*Non nostrum tantas componere lites.*' To an ordinary reader Grouchy's defence of himself appears difficult to answer. It is evident that in this, as probably in every other similar transaction, chance reigned arbiter over many important occurrences; nor were such accidents confined to the French army and operations. The English were not exempt; and that the fate of the contest at Ligny on the 16th of June was seriously influenced by the absence of Bulow's corps, the fourth, is known to every one. In Plotho's very circumstantial account we find the fact mentioned, that orders were forwarded to Bulow from Sombref, on the 15th, which were expected to secure his junction for the next day. The dispatch was sent to Hannut, where it was presumed that it would find his head-quarters established. These were still, however, at Liege, and the dispatch, appearing to be of no consequence, *unwichtig scheinend*, lay at Hannut unopened, and was found there by Bulow only on his arrival at 10 o'clock the next morning.

We shall have a word or two more to say by and bye as to the circumstances under which Blücher was brought into action at Ligny. That his infantry fought admirably against great odds on

Le Maréchal Blücher est préparé et très impatient de commencer; mais je lui ai fait dire aujourd'hui qu'il me paraissait que nous ne pouvions rien faire jusqu'à ce que nous fussions certain du jour auquel vous commenceriez, et en général de vos idées sur vos opérations.'—Gurwood, xii. p. 437.

* 'The whole of Schwarzenberg's army, will not be collected on the Upper Rhine till towards the 16th, at about which time I hope we shall begin.'—Gurwood, xii. p. 438.

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that occasion has never been disputed; with respect to the cavalry and the artillery Blücher expressed some dissatisfaction. Whatever were the merits of the position, it is clear that Napoleon was tasked to the utmost to wrest it before nightfall from the old warrior who held it. Few English narratives of the campaign have recorded the fact that it was visited by the Duke of Wellington shortly before the commencement of the action, on which occasion the two generals concerted in person their future measures for mutual co-operation, in whatever manner the first collision might end. The German accounts have not failed to record the interview, nor how the attention of the well-girded Prussians was drawn to the white neckcloth of the great commander, who, but for his cocked hat, with the cockade by its four colours bespeaking the field-marshal of four kingdoms—England, Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands—might have been taken for an English gentleman on his morning ride. We believe it to be the opinion of most English officers acquainted with the ground at Ligny, that the Duke under similar circumstances would have defended it in a different manner from that adopted by the Prussians, for that the locality admitted of a disposition which would have less exposed the masses not immediately engaged to the murderous fire of the French artillery.* We have heard that Gneisenau was sensible of the objections to this feature in his own arrangements, but had adopted his course from knowledge and experience of the habits and *morale* of his own troops, who, as he is reported to have expressed himself, liked to see the enemy. In illustration of the Duke of Wellington's opposite practice in this particular, we are tempted to quote the following passage from a French military writer. It is from an article in the 'Bulletin Universelle des Sciences' for 1825, on a history of the Russian expedition, by the Marquis de Chambray:—

'The author,' says the reviewer, 'compares the English and French methods of fighting, and the operations of the generals Massena and Wellington in 1811. Among the remarkable propositions to which the author is led by the results of this inquiry, we select the following for notice:—To defend a height, the English infantry did not crown the crest, after the practice of the infantry of other nations. Massena was repulsed, because the English employed for the defence of the heights they occupied the manœuvre I have spoken of before (that of placing themselves some fifty paces in rear of the crest, and leaving only *tirailleurs* on the slope), which is preferable to that hitherto in use.' 'This manner of defending heights,' continues the reviewer, 'is not new. It has been sometimes employed, but it had been adopted generally by the English during the Spanish war. It had even been

* This view is borne out by the remarks of a very able Prussian critic of the campaign, the late General Clausewitz.

taught their troops in time of peace. The infantry of other nations places itself usually on the crest in sight of the assailant. French infantry remains rarely on the defensive; and when it has overthrown the enemy, pursues with such impetuosity as not always to preserve its ranks. Hence the reverses it has suffered on some of the occasions, which are few, when it has defended heights. For on most occasions, such as Corunna, Busaco, Fuentes de Oñoro, and Albuera, it attacked.'

There is doubtless great difference between the local features of Ligny and Busaco, between a Flemish slope and a Portuguese sierra, and we are aware that the 'brunt of the former action lay in the low villages of Ligny' and St. Amand; but the principle of non-exposure is the same. It has been stated that when Napoleon mounted his horse on the morning of the 18th, seeing few signs of the British force in his front, he began to vent his disappointment at their presumed escape, but that Foy, who had much Peninsular experience, warned him not to rely on appearances. 'Wellington,' he said, 'never shows his troops. A patrol of dragoons will soon ascertain the fact, but if he is yonder, I warn your Majesty *que l'infanterie Anglaise en duel est le diable.*'

The incident of Blücher's fall under his expiring horse at Ligny, and of the memorable act of devotion on the part of his aide-de-camp, is well known. Modern warfare could probably hardly furnish a parallel case, and Froissart has recorded no more chivalrous exploit than that of Nostitz. From the Prussian accounts of this cavalry charge, at the head of which Blücher had thus exposed his person in vain, we collect that it was repulsed, not at the sword point, but by the carbine fire of the French cavalry, who stood firm in their ranks. This we imagine our officers would consider as rather an old-fashioned proceeding, and worthy of the cuirassiers of the sixteenth rather than of the present century. We find, however, that same method was again resorted to with success by the French cavalry under Grouchy in an affair near Namur on the 19th.

The victory remained with Napoleon, but Blücher, instead of obliging him by retiring on Namur, clung with tenacity to his communications with the English, and, exactly as had been agreed upon, directed his retreat on Wavre. No beaten army ever rallied quicker or to better purpose. Blücher was conveyed to a cottage, whence he dictated his dispatches and issued his orders, unshaken in spirit, though sorely bruised in body. While the surgeon was rubbing his bruises he asked the nature of the liniment, and, being told it was brandy, stated his opinion that an internal application would be far more efficacious. This was applied in the mitigated shape of champagne, and he said to the messenger

messenger who was on the point of departure with his despatch, 'Tell His Majesty *das ich hätte kalt nachgetrunken*, and that all will do well.' His order of the day for the 17th, after some reflections on the conduct of the cavalry and artillery, concluded with these words—'I shall lead you again against the enemy: we shall beat him, for we must.'

We find in the 'Life of Napoleon' published in the Family Library, a story of a second interview between the Duke and Blücher on the 17th, stated as a fact well known to many superior officers in the Netherlands. The author and his informants, however superior, are mistaken. The Duke in the early part of the 17th had enough to do to conduct his unexampled retreat to Waterloo, from before Napoleon's united force and superior cavalry—a movement which but for the trifling affair of Genappe would have been accomplished without the loss of a man. He remained at Quatre Bras so occupied till half-past one P.M., and then retired by the high road to the field of next day's battle, which he thoroughly examined, and was proceeding to dinner at Waterloo, when he was overtaken by an aide-de-camp of Lord Anglesey, with the intelligence that the 7th hussars had been engaged with the French lancers, and that the enemy was pressing his rear. He immediately returned to the field, and remained on the ground till dark. Blücher, on the other hand, was forced to keep his bed during this day.

The 18th, however, saw him again in the saddle, at the head of Bulow's newly-arrived division, urging its onward course, and his own, like Milton's griffin through the wilderness, cheering the march-worn troops till the defile of St. Lambert rang to his old war-cry and sobriquet 'Forwards'—reminding them of the rain which had spared so much powder at the Katzbach, and telling them of the promise of assistance which he stood pledged to redeem to the English. Nobly indeed was that promise redeemed, and the utter ruin of the French army is to be ascribed to that assistance. Ungrateful we should be not to acknowledge such service, though we cannot subscribe to the theories, whether French or Prussian, which give it the full merit of saving from destruction an army which had, while as yet unsupported, repulsed every attack and annihilated the French cavalry.

We know that no thought of so disastrous a result crossed the minds of those about the Duke's person, and that officers of his staff who left the field wounded towards the close of the action, did so with no other feeling of anxiety than for the personal safety of him they left behind. His servants, who, in the village of Waterloo, had the opportunity of witnessing the incidents of the rear of such a battle—which try the nerves more than those of the fray itself—

itself—knew their master well. The manoeuvres of the kitchen were conducted with as much precision as those of the Footguards at St. James's. Reign what confusion there might in the avenue of Soignies, there was none in the service of the duke's table, and the honour of the Vattel of his establishment was preserved free from stain as his own.

That he ever returned to eat the dinner so prepared was certainly not due to any avoidance of personal exposure on his own part. Of Buonaparte's conduct in that respect on this his last field-day we have seen no account on which we could rely. We have no doubt of his *sang-froid* under fire; but whether Waterloo witnessed its conspicuous display we are ignorant. On divers celebrated occasions he is known to have abundantly exposed himself; but in general he would seem to have been as free as our own commander from the vulgar ostentation of courting danger, and in most of his greater battles there was little call for it. We have heard that Bertrand, at St. Helena, set much store by an opera-glass through which Napoleon had discovered the English general at Waterloo. We believe that neither the Duke nor his staff succeeded at any moment of the action in identifying the person or exact position of his great opponent, though few great battles have brought rival leaders so near. That our chief was everywhere except in the rear is well known; and the casualties among his own staff, of whom many were hit at his side, bespeak the hot service he went through. Danger pursued him to the last. After sixteen hours in the saddle, he was alighting at his own quarters, when the spirited animal, long afterwards a pensioner in the paddocks of Strathfieldsaye, as if conscious of the termination of his labours, jerked out his heels in a fashion which a slight change of direction might have made fatal to his late rider. Such an exploit would have rendered poor Copenhagen rather more famous than *the little gentleman in black velvet*, so often toasted in our Jacobite revels of the last century.

That the two allied nations should be altogether agreed as to the apportionment of the glory of the day was not to be expected. It is clear, to the lasting honour of both, that whatever feelings may have since grown up on this subject, none interfered for a moment with the cordiality of their subsequent operations. Blücher had none of the jealousies to contend with which had frequently embarrassed him when acting with Russians and Swedes; and any difficulties arising out of the diverging lines of communication with their resources, only served to show the good will and determination with which they were met by the commanders of the two armies. The following passage from a Prus-

sian pen will show that just national pride is not always inconsistent with candour :—

‘ Upon the question, who really fought and won the battle of the 18th, no discussion, much less contention, ought to have arisen. Without in the slightest degree impeaching the just share of Prussia in the victory, or losing sight for a moment of the fact that she bore a great share of the danger, and drew much of it from her allies and upon herself at a decisive moment, no unprejudiced person can conceal from himself that the honour of the day is due to the Anglo-Netherlandish army, and to the measures of its great leader. The struggle of Mount St. Jean was conducted with an obstinacy, ability, and foresight of which history affords few examples. The great loss of the English also speaks the merit of their services. More than 700 officers, among them the first of their army, whether in rank or merit, and upwards of 10,000 soldiers, fell or retired wounded from the field.’*

We may here remark, in justice to the Prussians, that their loss on the 18th has been greatly underrated by many writers. Pringle, among others, counts it at 700 men. The Prussian returns are given in Plottho’s Appendix :† that of killed and wounded for the 4th corps alone shows a loss of 5000, of which 1250 were killed. This bloody struggle occurred principally in the village of Planchenoit, the capture of which is compared by the Prussians with that of Blenheim in the battle of Höchstett. It is a part of the action which has been little noticed, but was creditable alike to French and Prussians. The village was stormed and retaken three times. We think that the entire loss of the Prussian army on the 18th could hardly have been less than 7000, at which their authorities compute it. Especial credit is due to Thielman, who, during the day of the 18th, resisted the obstinate endeavours of Grouchy’s far superior force to cross the Dyle at Wavres. Grouchy, indeed, effected towards evening the passage of that river at Limales, but too late for his purpose of dividing the Prussian army, or forcing Blücher to concentrate his force and abandon his allies. We know not which most to admire, the determination of Blücher to redeem his pledge of succour to Wellington, or the gallantry with which Thielman enabled Blücher to carry this resolution into effect, protecting at once the flank and rear of the Prussian army, guarding one road of direct access to Brussels itself, and preventing Grouchy from marching to the assistance of Napoleon.

This struggle, so unequal in point of numbers, was continued

* *Geschichte des Preussischen Staates*, 1763-1815. Frankfort, 1820. Vol. iii., p. 374.

† *War of the Allied Powers*, &c. Berlin, 1818.

for some hours on the 19th. It was not till Vandamme had advanced on the direct road to Brussels, as far as Rossières, on the verge of the wood of Soignies, thereby turning the right flank of Thielman, that the latter abandoned the defence of Wavres, and began an orderly retreat on Louvain. He had previously learned the extent of the success of the allies on the 18th, and must have been easy as to the result of any further advance of Grouchy. The news reached the Frenchman a little later, and he forthwith commenced a retreat, which, perhaps, in its execution did him even more honour than his previous exploits.

The above remarks, which we think calculated to render bare justice to the conduct of our Prussian allies, are founded on the minute and authentic official reports of Plotho's fourth volume. That some caution is requisite in dealing with the numerous narratives which have been published of these transactions may be proved from such an instance as the following passage, which is to be found in a History of Napoleon, by a M. de Norvins, published for *military* readers, and beautifully illustrated by the pencil of Raffet. Speaking of Wellington's position at Waterloo, he says:—'The post of Hougomont, on the *left* of the English, became to them of the last importance, for it was there that the Prussians were to join them.' This is only to be equalled by the change in the relative positions of the heart and liver adopted by Molière's impromptu physician. Errors so flagrant as this are, indeed, of rare occurrence, but the subject is a dangerous one to unprofessional writers, unless they enjoy the advantage, and condescend to use it, of communication with sound military authorities. An accomplished civilian of our own has lately closed with an account of this final struggle a voluminous History, which has, we know, enjoyed in its progress a very high share of popularity. Agreeing as we do with many of Mr. Alison's political opinions, and approving the spirit of his moral reflections, we have no disposition to question the general merits of a work which is at all events entitled to a formal and separate article, and which we hope to make the subject of one in due season. Meanwhile, however, since the subject of the Waterloo campaign has come in our way, we may be pardoned for remarking in general that a writer of Mr. Alison's particular qualifications would have acted wisely in compressing the military narratives and disquisitions which abound in his volumes, and in abstaining from certain conclusions, which, coming from him, possess, indeed, no other authority than that with which his mere powers of language can invest them, but may be quoted by interested persons for their own purposes—persons who would otherwise pay little attention to

Mr. Alison or his work. In his account of the Belgian campaign, he has, in our opinion, only added one to a long list of imperfect narratives,* fitter for the pages of a magazine than for a compilation of the dignity and importance to which he aspires.

Mr. Alison (*History of Europe*, &c., vol. x. p. 991) speaks of

‘Buonaparte’s favourite military manœuvre of interposing between his adversaries, and striking with a superior force first on the right hand and then on the left,’

as having been attempted by him and baffled in this campaign. We doubt whether the expression of interposing between two adversaries can be correctly applied to any of Buonaparte’s successful campaigns, and we almost suspect that if he had in contemplation a manœuvre of so much hazard on this occasion, it was the first on which he can be said to have attempted it. Hear Clausewitz on this matter:—

‘All writers who have treated of this campaign set out by saying that Buonaparte threw himself between the two armies, in order to separate them. This expression, however, which has become a *terminus technicus* in military phraseology, has no clear idea for its foundation. The space intervening between two armies cannot be an object of operation. It would have been very unfortunate if a commander like Buonaparte, having to deal with an enemy of twice his force, instead of falling on the one half with his united strength, had lighted on the empty interval, and thus made a blow in the air, losing his time whilst he can only double his own force by the strictest economy of that commodity. Even the fighting the one army in a direction by which it will be pressed away from the other, even if it can be effected without loss of time, incurs the great danger of being attacked in the rear by the other. If the latter, therefore, be not far enough removed to put this risk out of question, a commander will scarcely venture on such a line of attack. Buonaparte, therefore, chose the direction between the two armies, not in order to separate them by wedging himself between, but because he expected to find and fall on Blücher’s force in this direction, either united or in separate bodies.’—*Feldzug von 1815*, &c., p. 54.

In the particular instance Mr. Alison’s supposition is so far supported, that Buonaparte’s main attack was on the right and centre of the Prussian position rather than the left. The battle of Ligny began late in the day, and it was perhaps only want of time which prevented Buonaparte from pushing a column further on their right flank at Wagnelies. Whatever his purpose, he certainly was under the conviction after his success

* Among the battles on which Mr. Alison has, we think, most unfortunately laboured, we must notice particularly those of Assye and Toulouse. As to both, his rashness and inaccuracy are, as we shall probably have occasion to show in detail by and by, most flagrant and, after the publication of Colonel Gurwood’s book especially, most inexcusable.

that

that Blücher had retreated towards Namur, and his neglect in ascertaining this fact would appear to have been a singular and fatal error. But his main object was evidently to find the Prussian army, and beat it.

‘This position,’ says the historian, speaking of Ligny, ‘was good and well chosen, for the villages in front afforded an admirable shelter to the troops.’—p. 924.

The position, as occupied by the Prussians, has been considered very defective by better authorities than Mr. Alison.* English officers are, we believe, pretty well agreed on this point; but if their judgment be questioned, no writer has pointed out some of its defects more clearly than General Clausewitz, who, having served as chief of the staff to the third corps of the Prussian army, writes with greater authority on this part of the campaign than perhaps on any other. He particularly censures the occupation and defence of St. Amand, one of Mr. Alison’s admirable villages, as a pernicious *hors d’œuvre*. It was too far advanced, and the Prussians as the action proceeded were exposed to greater loss than the assaulting enemy, in moving successive battalions down the slope to its defence. Their strength was thus consumed before Napoleon made his final attack with his reserves. Posts which cost the defenders more outlay of life than the assailants, though sometimes necessary evils, can hardly deserve the epithet *admirable*. (See *Feldzug von 1815*, p. 91.)

The cavalry action of the 17th at Genappe is briefly but incorrectly described in the following passage:—

‘So roughly had the French been handled on the field of battle the preceding day that no attempt was made by them to disturb the retreat of either army, except by a body of French cuirassiers, which, about four o’clock in the afternoon, charged the English cavalry, who were covering the retreat between Genappe and Waterloo.’—*Alison*, p. 932.

For cuirassiers read lancers. They did not in the first instance charge the English cavalry, but pressing rather close on our rear, were charged gallantly but ineffectually by the 7th Hussars, who could make no impression on the front of their column in the defile, and lost many officers and men, wounded and prisoners. When the lancers, flushed with success, debouched on a wider space, they were ridden over by the 1st Life Guards.

In discussing the *verata quæstio* of Grouchy’s conduct on the 18th, Mr. Alison, p. 995, speaks of his force as *fully matched* by the Prussian corps opposed to him at Wavres. No account, French or other, which we have seen, rates Grouchy’s corps at less than 32,000 men. The third Prussian corps, under Thiel-

* We believe we may safely state that in the course of their previous interview, already noticed, the Duke of Wellington did not conceal from Marshal Blücher his apprehensions as to the choice of the position near Ligny.

man,—instead of rising, as Mr. Alison says, to 35,000—did not exceed 16,000!

‘No official account of the Prussian loss,’ says Mr. Alison, p. 994, ‘has ever been published.’

Meaning their loss on the 18th. As we have already had occasion to signify, Mr. Alison might have found the official returns most minutely given in the Appendix to Plötho’s fourth volume, distinguishing officers, men, and horses, down to what Mr. Canning called the fraction of a drummer. A separate list for Thielman’s loss in the action at Wavres is alone wanting to make these returns quite complete.

Mr. Alison says, p. 924,

‘It was in the evening of the 15th, at half-past seven, that Wellington received the intelligence at Brussels. Orders were immediately despatched,’ &c.

As Buonaparte’s first attack was on the Prussian outposts at Thuin, it was natural that the first intelligence of hostilities should come from the Prussians, but their officer met with some delay, and the news was, in fact, brought by the Prince of Orange. He found the Duke, not at half-past seven, but soon after three o’clock, at dinner at his hotel, about 100 yards from his quarters in the park, which he had taken care not to quit during the morning, nor even on the day preceding, though pressed to do so in at least one instance by a person of high consequence, who was not probably aware of his reason for remaining. The Prince of Orange, who had thus come in from the Belgian outposts to dine with the Duke, was soon after followed by the Prussian General Muffling, who brought accounts of the affair of Thuin, and orders were immediately issued for the movement of the army to the left. These, despatched about five, must have reached most of the corps by eight, and probably all before ten. The Duke’s detailed orders are not all as yet before the public; but it is, perhaps, sufficient to refer to the *Memorandum* of 15th June, 1815, as printed by Colonel Gurwood. Before ten, further accounts were received from the Hanoverian General Dornberg, showing that all was quiet in the direction of Mons, &c.,—and the after orders were issued. (*Gurwood, 15th June, 1815, 10 P.M.*)

In the not very intricate case of Waterloo itself Mr. Alison indulges himself in various decisions of a rather questionable description. As to the ground of the action, for instance, he lays down that

‘The French army had an open country to retreat over in case of disaster; while the British, if defeated, would in all probability lose their whole artillery in the defiles of the forest of Soignies.’—p. 937.

The fact is, that if the Duke fought with one defile in his rear, Buonaparte fought with two. The difference was, that while the Duke could, *in extremis*, have maintained the wood with his infantry,

infantry, Buonaparte, if beaten, could not so well have maintained Mr. Alison's *open country*. And odd enough, but so it is, Mr. Alison states, at page 935, a conclusion rather different from that which he announces in p. 937, for the *dictum* there is

'Retreat after disaster would be difficult, if not impossible, to the British army, through the narrow defile of the forest of Soignies: overthrow was [meaning, *must be*] ruin to the French.'

We know not how to reconcile these *interlocutors*. The plain truth is that the enemy's troops could have run away on either side of the *chaussée*, and they did so; but his carriages must have been jammed in any but a very timely retreat, as they were, in the defile of Genappe. However, Mr. Alison may be assured that the Duke of Wellington did not, at any time, contemplate the necessity of a retreat from his position at Waterloo. Upon the occasion of no former battle had he taken more pains to make himself by personal inspection thoroughly acquainted with his ground, and he was, from first to last, satisfied of his ability to maintain the post until his ally should arrive to his support. Clausewitz, p. 117, expresses a positive opinion, in which every military critic but a Frenchman must concur, that, even had the whole of Grouchy's force been at Napoleon's disposal, the Duke had nothing to fear pending Blücher's arrival.

The Duke is often talked of as having exhausted his reserves in the action. This is another grave error, which Clausewitz has thoroughly disposed of (p. 125). He enumerates the tenth British brigade, the division of Chassé, and the cavalry of Collaert as having been little or not at all engaged—and he might have also added two brigades of light cavalry.

That there was, as Mr. Alison states, much confusion with the retiring baggage on the road to Brussels is true enough—such is always the case with the rear of a great army during a battle—but the baggage of the old Spanish regiments remained where it was ordered until sent for by the Duke, and everything reached them in safety about midnight—a remarkable instance of precision, all things considered.

Another statement is calculated, as it stands, to convey a positively false impression as to the situation and services, during the battle, of the English officer who ranks next to his illustrious leader for constant, persevering, and frequently brilliant performance of his duty.

'Wellington,' says Mr. Alison, p. 937, 'had stationed General Hill, with nearly 7000 men, at Hal, six miles on the right, in order to cover the great road from Mons to Brussels.'

And, again, in describing the state of the Duke's preparations on the morning of the 18th, he says,—

'His

‘His whole army, with the exception of the detachment under Hill, near Hal, was now assembled,’—p. 938.

From these passages an ordinary reader would certainly infer that Lord Hill was not personally engaged in the battle of Waterloo, but that he was sitting on his horse at the head of a small detached body of 7000 men, six miles out of cannon-shot. The fact is, that the whole army was divided into two corps. The Prince of Orange commanded the first, Lord Hill the second, which included in the list of its commanders of division or brigade such names as those of Clinton, Picton, Pack, Kempt, and Adam. From this corps Lord Hill was ordered to detach a part, and a part only, of the fourth division, under Sir C. Colville, to which was attached a more considerable body of Dutch troops under Prince Frederick of Orange. The whole amounted to some 17,000 men. The immediate object of this detachment was that of guarding the road from Mons to Brussels; but had the Duke been compelled to retire from his position at Waterloo, this corps would have rendered important assistance to his right, and, had the battle been undecisive, it would have been in line at Waterloo by the morning. The Duke certainly attached much importance to the position of Hal. It is a strong one, and had been occupied by Marlborough shortly before the battle of Oudenarde. If Napoleon had advanced in this direction, it is probable that the battle for the defence of Brussels would have been fought here. Lord Hill’s presence, however, was not necessary at Hal on the 18th; and we will venture to say that no general officer was under hotter fire in the action of Waterloo than our late commander-in-chief. He disposed and led on in person Sir F. Adam’s decisive attack on the flank of Napoleon’s guard. In the despatch of the 19th to Lord Bathurst, the Duke says,—‘I am particularly indebted to General Lord Hill for his assistance and conduct on this as on all former occasions.’—*Gurwood*, vol. xii. p. 483.

‘During this terrible strife,’ says Mr. Alison, p. 947, ‘Wellington remained in his position at the foot of his tree, occasionally throwing himself into a square, or directing the advance of a line. So heavy was the fire of cannon-shot to which he was exposed that nearly all his suite were killed or wounded by his side; and he was obliged in the close of the day to the casual assistance of a Portuguese, who stood near, to carry the most necessary orders.’

The historian in a subsequent page favours us with the *ipsisima verba* addressed by the Duke to the soldiery of two of the several squares into which his Grace thus threw himself. We are, however, able to assure Mr. Alison that the story, however generally current, of the Duke’s occasionally flinging himself into
a square

a square is a fiction. He *never once* was in that position throughout the battle of the 18th. For *Portuguese* read *Piedmontese*. The young gentleman in question was of the family of De Salis, a subject of the Sardinian government, and in its service. The mission he undertook was one of danger, for his uniform made him liable to be mistaken for a Frenchman by the brigade to which he carried the Duke's order to advance. 'Were you ever in a battle before?' said the Duke. 'No, Sir.' 'Then you are a lucky man; for you will never see such another.'

'Blücher and Wellington, by a singular chance, met at the farm of La Belle Alliance, and mutually saluted each other as victors.'—p. 957.

They met, not at La Belle Alliance, but a short distance further on the Genappe road, near a farm called the 'Maison Rouge,' or 'Maison du Roi.' This was the furthest point to which the British advanced; at least it was here that the Duke gave orders for the halt and bivouac of his own exhausted troops, and handed over the task of further pursuit to the Prussians, nothing loth to accept it.

The above remarks have been called forth by Mr. Alison's propensity to the extraction of military details from questionable sources. We find graver cause of offence with him when he sits down in his library-chair to distribute his praise and censure between the two great commanders whom he summons before his tribunal. His parallel of Napoleon and Wellington, after the fashion of Plutarch, is a tissue of truisms and assumptions which must not at present detain us; but among his '*few observations conceived in an European spirit!*'—there occurs a passage on which we think it worth while to say a few words:—

'In the first place, it is evident, whatever the English writers may say to the contrary, that both Blücher and the Duke of Wellington were surprised by Napoleon's invasion of Belgium on the 15th of June; and it is impossible to hold either of them entirely blameless for that circumstance. It has been already seen from the Duke's despatches, that on the 9th of June, that is, six days before the invasion took place, he was aware that Napoleon was collecting a great force on the frontier, and that hostilities might immediately be expected. Why, then, were the two armies not immediately concentrated, and placed in such a situation that they might mutually, if attacked, lend each other the necessary assistance? Their united force was full 190,000 effective men, while Napoleon's was not more than 120,000, or, at the utmost, 140,000. Why, then, was Blücher attacked unawares and isolated at Ligny, and the British infantry, unsupported either by cavalry or artillery, exposed to the attack of a superior force of French, composed of all the three arms, at Quatre Bras? It is in vain to say that they could not provide for their troops if they had been concentrated, and that it was necessary to watch every bye-road which led to Brussels. Men do not eat more when drawn together

together than when scattered over a hundred miles of country. Marlborough and Eugene had long ago maintained armies of 100,000 men for months together in Flanders; and Blücher and Wellington had no difficulty in feeding 170,000 men drawn close together after the campaign did commence. It is not by a cordon of troops, scattered over a hundred miles, that the attack of 120,000 French is to be arrested. If the British army had from the first been concentrated at Waterloo, and Blücher near Wavres, Napoleon would never have ventured to pass them on the road, however unguarded. Those who, in their anxiety to uphold the English general from the charge of having been assailed unawares, assert that he was not taken by surprise in the outset of the Waterloo campaign, do not perceive that in so doing they bring against him the much more serious charge of having so disposed his troops, when he knew they were about to be assailed, that infantry alone, without either cavalry or artillery, were exposed to the attack of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, in superior numbers, contrary not only to the plainest rules of the military art, but of common sense on the subject.'—p. 988.

'It results from these considerations that in the outset Wellington and Blücher were out-manceuvred by Napoleon. Napoleon so managed matters that he was superior to either at the points of attack at Ligny and Quatre Bras. This is the most decisive test of superior generalship. The allied Generals were clearly out-generaled,' &c. &c.—*Ibid.*

When the Duke of Wellington was summoned from Vienna to take the command in the Netherlands, the armies of our continental allies were distributed in different parts of Europe, while the greater part of that of England had been detached to North America; and though peace had been concluded with the United States, were not yet returned. On his arrival from Elba, Buonaparte had found a French army in France completely organized, consisting of 250,000 men, with cannon and all requisites, and capable of increase from a number of old soldiers and returned prisoners, dispersed through the country. It is obvious that, under such circumstances, the first measures which the Generals of the allied armies could take must be defensive. The armies in the Belgian provinces and on the left bank of the Rhine must have been strictly directed on this principle. They were at the outposts; it was their office to protect the march of the other armies of the allies to the intended basis of combined operations. Each of these armies, indeed, had particular interests to attend to besides those which were common to all; but the peculiar objects intrusted to ours were of supreme and paramount importance. The force under the Duke's command, consisting of British, Dutch, and Hanoverians, had to preserve its communications with England, Holland, and Germany; to maintain its connexion with

with the Prussian army; and to protect Brussels, the seat of government of the Netherlands.

Napoleon had great advantages, whether for offensive or defensive operations, in the number, position, and strength of the fortresses on the N.E. frontier of France. These enabled him to organize his forces and arrange their movements beyond the power of detection on the part of the allies, even to the last moment. They put it out of the power of the allies to undertake any offensive operation which should not include the means of carrying on one or more sieges, possibly at the same time. The country occupied by the Duke and his immediate allies was comparatively open, for the ancient strongholds of Flanders had been found in very bad condition, and though his measures were as active as judicious to put them in a state of defence, no activity could repair their deficiencies in a very brief space of time. No general ever occupied a defensive position of greater difficulty and inconvenience, and the uncertainty of the length of time during which it was to be so occupied was an aggravation of that difficulty. It is clear, from numerous passages in Colonel Gurwood's 12th volume, that the Duke could do nothing to terminate that period till the other armies of the allied powers should have entered on the basis of combined operations. The Duke could only occupy himself, as he did, in strengthening his position by pushing on the works of Charleroi, Namur, Mons, Ath, Tournay, Ypres, Oudenarde, Courtray, Menin, Ostend, Nieuport, and Antwerp. Reports of an intended attack by Napoleon had been frequent before June; and previous to the 15th of that month it was known at Brussels that Buonaparte had left Paris to take the command on the Northern frontier. This certainty, however, could make no immediate change in the position of the allied armies; it could not invest them with the power of taking the initiative. All the usual precautions for the forwarding of orders to the troops in their respective cantonments had been already adopted, but any decisive drawing together of the forces, founded on any hypothesis which could as yet be formed, might have been destructive to some one or other of the interests which it was the business of the Duke to preserve inviolate.

Mr. Alison, however, decides that the Duke was surprised because he did not know that Buonaparte would attack by the valley of the Sambre, and did not collect his troops to meet the enemy in that direction. 'It is vain,' says Mr. Alison, 'to say that it was necessary to watch every bye-road to Brussels.' Does Mr. Alison know that among the said *bye-roads* there happened to be four *great roads* leading on Brussels from the depart-
ments

ments of the North and the fortresses on the French frontier—one from Lisle, by Menin, and Courtray, and Ghent; one from Lisle on Tournay, Oudenarde, and Ghent; one from Condé on Tournay; one from Condé by Valenciennes, on Mons? Each of these were great paved roads, presenting no other obstacle than the unfinished works to which we have before adverted. On any or all of them Buonaparte might have moved his columns with the same secrecy with which he poured them on the Prussian right; and with greater ease and rapidity—for the fact is remarkable, though little noticed, that Napoleon had, at an earlier period, broken up the roads by which he ultimately advanced on Charleroi, and which he was in consequence obliged partially to repair for that advance. It was highly probable up to the last moment that Napoleon would make his main attack by one or more of these *bye-roads*: and it is now the opinion, not perhaps of Mr. Alison, but of somewhat higher strategical authorities, that if the Duke of Wellington had concentrated his troops prematurely to the left, Buonaparte would have so acted. Would it have been no advantage to him to have opened the campaign by throwing himself on the line of the English communications with Ostend, driving the Court of Louis XVIII. from Ghent, and probably occupying Brussels? We may, with General Clausewitz, think it probable that even such a start of success would have failed to avert Napoleon's ultimate ruin;—but the Duke had a complicated task to perform—it was his business to throw away no chances: he had to watch over the inclinations as well as the real interests of different populations; he had to watch over the great danger of any sudden revival of the Buonapartean *prestige*—he had sacrifices to avoid as well as objects to compass. Let us consider what would have been his position at the best, had any one of the interests intrusted to his care been sacrificed. He might have effected his junction with Blücher, and have answered a French proclamation from the palace of Lacken by the Gazette of a victory on some other field than that of Waterloo; but how many Alisons would have arisen to tell us how in the first instance he had allowed his right flank to be turned! The victory must, indeed, have been rapid and decisive, which would have silenced the opposition orators of England, and repaired the shattered *morale* of Belgium—with a French army between the Duke and the coast, and Brussels the head quarters of Napoleon.

We may further suggest to Mr. Alison that though troops do not eat more when together than when separate, it is rather more difficult for the commissary to bring their necessary supplies to
one

one point than to many, especially as respects cavalry. Mr. Alison must be aware that these troops, quartered, and as it was, crowded, on the territories of an ally, were not fed by the Napoleonic process of compulsory requisition. Those who were responsible for their discipline, physical condition, and efficiency, had good reasons for not collecting them an hour sooner than was necessary. A nervous and incompetent commander having the fear of such critics as Mr. Alison before his eyes, would probably have been distracting his subordinates and harassing his troops by marches and counter-marches as profitable as those of Major Sturgeon in Foote's farce, while the Duke was keeping his men in hand and his counsels to himself. Such a general would assuredly not have gone to the Duchess of Richmond's ball.

We should like to know Mr. Alison's definition of a surprise. We do not ourselves profess to furnish any compendious formula including all the conditions which collectively or separately may justify the use of a term so derogatory to the reputation of any commander. We apprehend, however, that these conditions are most completely fulfilled when the party assailed is not expecting to be attacked at all. Lord Hill's attack of the French at Arroyo Molinos is an instance of this rare class of exploits. Another fair condition of a surprise is when the party attacked is prepared for defence, but when the line of the hostile approach or the point of attack is one which he has overlooked or neglected: in this way Soult was surprised at Oporto, Jourdain at Vitoria. The affair of Culm affords an instance in which two hostile bodies surprised one another, for the Prussians no more expected to find Vandamme in their front than he did to find them on his rear. We presume Mr. Alison hardly means to bring the Duke of Wellington under the first of these categories. As to the latter, we contend that Napoleon's line of attack was one embraced and provided for in the Duke's calculations, but which the circumstances of his position made it impossible for him, up to the last moment, to anticipate with precision.

It is probable that even Phormio, who lectured Hannibal at Ephesus,* was aware that the *initiative* of operations between two armies *en présence* is a great advantage, of which either leader would be too happy to avail himself. The allies in the Netherlands and on the Meuse in 1815 were, as we have shown, necessarily on the defensive. They were waiting for the junction and co-operation of other large armies, destined for the attainment of a common ultimate object. This defensive position did not necessarily preclude all idea or plan of attack upon the enemy. The

* See Cicero *de Oratore*, lib. ii., cap. 18.

enemy might have so placed himself as to have rendered the attacking his army advisable, even necessary. In that case the English and Prussians should and would have taken the initiative; but the enemy did not assume any such position. On the contrary, he took one in which his numbers, his movements, his designs could be concealed, protected, and supported, down to the very moment of execution. The allies, therefore, *could not* have the initiative in the way of attack. But they might have, and they had it, in the way of defensive movement; and, with submission, we maintain that they availed themselves of that opportunity the instant that it was within their power. Their original position having been calculated for the defence and protection of certain objects confided to their care, any alteration in that position previous to the first movement of the enemy, and the certainty that that was a *real movement*, must have exposed some important interest to danger; and therefore no movement was made until the initiative had been taken by Buonaparte, and the precise design of his movement was obvious. Any movement on the part of the allies, previous to his ascertained march and purpose, would have been what is commonly called a '*false movement*,' and we believe the Duke of Wellington has never hesitated to avow his opinion, that, of all the chiefs of armies in the world, *the one* in whose presence it was most hazardous to make a false movement was Napoleon Buonaparte.

We have not the Duke's *detailed and complete orders* for the movements of his troops on the receipt by him of authentic intelligence of Napoleon's decisive movement on the Sambre. We believe that, if we had it in our power to place those orders in full before our military readers, it would be apparent that but for the occurrence of certain accidents, which we shall not characterise further than by saying that he never could have expected or reckoned on them, the left wing of his army—infantry, artillery, and particularly cavalry—must have been in position at Quatre Bras by two o'clock P.M. on the 16th of June. It was only, as has already been shown, in consequence of an accident that Bulow's corps did not join Blücher in time to take part in the affair of Ligny on that day; but since Blücher was not to be able to repel the French on the 16th, the English army, however strong it might have been, must, in consequence of what was settled between the Duke and Blücher on the morning of the 16th, have retreated from Quatre Bras on the 17th. But take things as they were:—the forces that reached Quatre Bras, and concentrated upon the position of Ligny, were sufficient to maintain the one post, and to retire from the other in good order, and fully prepared for immediate co-operation in the further carrying out of a plan deliberately framed beforehand.

beforehand. And this was the plan of the Duke of Wellington, who, with a very remarkable accuracy of prescience, had, as we have seen, predicted, as early as the 2nd of June, that his first active movement would be on the 16th of June, and who, from the time of his arrival in the Netherlands, had considered Waterloo as the ground on which, if Buonaparte should make Brussels his aim, it would be the best for the allies to fight their battle in defence of that capital. And now, wise not only after, but in spite of, the event, Mr. Alison tells the general whose business was defence, and whose defence was completely and triumphantly successful—whose defence included the entire protection of every object and interest committed to his care—the avoidance of every sacrifice and risk to which he was exposed, and the gaining of the greatest battle recorded in modern history—Mr. Alison tells the Duke of Wellington that he was ‘surprised,’ ‘out-maneuvred,’ and ‘out-generaled’ by the leader whose every aim and purpose he, in a campaign of three days, utterly baffled and for ever overwhelmed.

Mr. Alison, however, does not merely infer the fact of the Duke’s ‘surprise’ in June, 1815, from the outward aspects and results of those military operations which our historian considers himself so well entitled to criticise. He has, being a skilful lawyer, reserved the strongest part of his case for its close. He has direct and positive evidence to produce—he can show not only that the Duke was surprised, but the exact circumstances in, and by consequence of which, he was surprised. He thus puts his irrefragable witness in the box :—

‘Wellington and Blücher, at this critical period, were relying almost entirely upon secret intelligence, which was to be forwarded to them by Fouché. . . . This extraordinary delay in collecting the troops when the enemy, under so daring a leader was close at hand, cannot be altogether vindicated, and it was attended with fatal consequences; but the secret cause which led to it is explained in Fouché’s Memoirs.¹

Inactivity of Wellington and Blücher.

wellnigh

¹ Gurw. xii. 449, 457.

‘That unparalleled intriguer, who had been in communication with Wellington and Metternich all the time he was chief minister under Napoleon, had promised to furnish the English general not only with the exact moment of attack, but with the plan of the campaign. Wellington was hourly in expectation of this intelligence, which would have enabled him to know in what direction he should concentrate his forces; and thence it was that he lay motionless in his cantonments. How he did not receive it must be given in Fouché’s own words:—“My agents with Metternich and Lord Wellington had promised marvels and mountains; the English generalissimo expected that I should *at the very least* give him the plan of the campaign. I knew for certain that the unforeseen attack would take place

Fouché’s unparalleled duplicity.

on

on the 16th or 18th at latest. Napoleon intended to give battle on the 17th to the English army, after having marched right over the Prussians on the preceding day. He had the more reason to trust to the success of that plan, that Wellington, deceived by false reports, believed the opening of the campaign might be deferred till the beginning of July. The success of Napoleon, therefore, depended on a surprise; and I arranged my plans in conformity. On the very day of the departure of Napoleon I despatched Madame D——, furnished with notes written in cipher, containing the whole plan of the campaign. But at the same time I privately *despatched orders for such obstacles at the frontier*, where she was to pass, that she could not arrive at the head-quarters of Wellington till after the event. This was the real explanation of the inconceivable security of the generalissimo, which at the time excited such universal astonishment.'¹—vol. x. p. 921.

¹ Fouché,
Mem. ii.
340, 342.

We are ready to make every possible admission to Mr. Alison and his respectable authority. When the Bavarian Wrede arrived late on the ground of Wagram, as we have heard, he apologised to Napoleon for his delay, saying 'I fear I have deranged your Majesty's plans;' to which Napoleon replied, 'I have no plan, but as you are come we will attack.' Let us suppose, however, that on this occasion Buonaparte had a plan, and that Fouché knew it in all its details. Let us take for granted still further the authenticity of the memoirs attributed to Fouché—that he not only penned the passage in question, but that the infamy of its truth, as far as his own conduct is concerned, attaches to him—and that he was the complex traitor he describes himself. Would it follow that the Duke of Wellington could or would depend on M. Fouché's accurately knowing and truly reporting whether Buonaparte had made up his mind to move on Charleroi or on Mons?

Being professionally a weigher of evidence, Mr. Alison, we conceive, ought hardly to have relied, in any case, on the statements of a work attributed to such an apostle of truth as Fouché; yet he does so without even making the inquiry whether the work is really his in all or in part, or whether it is to be classed with the biographies of those two admirable females Madame du Barri and the Marquise de Crequi. We have it in our power, however, to give a short and direct answer to Mr. Alison's solution of the mystery he has conjured up—It is totally unfounded. No decision of the Duke, whether to set his troops in motion, to keep them quiet, or to govern their direction, was in the slightest degree influenced by the promise, the expectation, the arrival, or non-arrival of any intelligence from Fouché.

The Duke of Wellington, for the reasons we have detailed, having a knowledge that his adversary was on the frontier, and expecting

expecting an attack, did wait for intelligence on which he could rely of the precise direction of that attack. He waited, however, not for a French petticoat padded with Fouché's autograph ciphers, but for reports from the British or Prussian officers at the outposts.

It is proper to observe that Mr. Alison's marginal references to Col. Gurwood's twelfth volume, pp. 449, 457, are so placed as if the Duke's papers would afford some indication at least of his reliance on Fouché. We are very sure this was a mere lapse of the pen on the part of our historian. But we cannot acquit Mr. Alison of very culpable negligence in having written a 'History of Europe' without reading the Duke of Wellington's despatches; and if he had read this twelfth volume, he would have found at its 649th page the following sentence, being part of a letter to General Dumouriez, dated Paris, September 26, 1815:—

‘ Avant mon arrivée à Paris au mois de Juillet, je n'avais jamais vu Fouché, ni eu avec lui communication quelconque, ni avec aucun de ceux qui sont liés avec lui.’

There was no dependence on the *espionnage* of traitors, and there was no surprise. Buonaparte, from circumstances, enjoyed the full advantage of the initiative. His skill in using that advantage, with the courage and devotion of an excellent army, gained him a partial and temporary success over Blücher, which, if Blücher had been a Mack or Hohenlohe, might have been more serious, and which, if Bulow's orders had reached him in due time, would, most probably, have been no success at all. The Duke of Wellington, meanwhile, though unable to extend so far to his left as to join in the battle against Buonaparte in person, occupied during the 16th, and repulsed before night, a large portion of his army under one of his best generals, and effectually prevented him from pursuing the incomplete advantage he had obtained over Blücher. Buonaparte could not follow the Prussians, leaving the Duke with his army collected and untouched in possession of all the passages of the Dyle, and of his communications with France by the valleys of the Meuse and Sambre. Excepting, therefore, the momentary glimpse of success at Ligny, all Buonaparte's movements in this grand system of attack were effectually checked and discomfited. The great advantage he started with availed him nothing. He had found antagonists whom neither his rapidity could surprise, nor his dexterity perplex; and he fell to rise no more.

If Mr. Alison's pages bore somewhat less the impress of entire self-satisfaction with his own conclusions as to the conduct of this momentous campaign, we should be tempted to refer him to the

posthumous work of General Clausewitz, who, having served, as we have stated, as chief of the staff to the third corps of the Prussian army, and having long applied himself to the scientific branches of his profession, has at least a better claim than Mr. Alison to deal in sweeping and authoritative censures on subjects of this nature. Mr. Alison will find in that work, and we give him the full benefit of it for his argument, a disposition, very natural in a Prussian, to find fault after the event with the Duke's caution in the protection of his right. He will find him favourable to a system of closer junction between the two allies at the manifest and admitted risk of those sacrifices which the Duke undoubtedly declined to incur. He will find the Prussian most impartially severe on his own commander, especially on ground with which he is acquainted, the field of Ligny; but he will find him, when he comes to detailed criticism on the Duke of Wellington, writing with the caution which becomes a soldier cognizant of the difficulties of the Duke's position, but confessedly ignorant of his plans, intentions, and the details of his orders for the distribution and collection of his forces. General Clausewitz died in 1831; had he lived to read even Colonel Gurwood's twelfth volume we think it probable he would have modified some of his conclusions. Had he retained them we might still differ from such a critic, but we could only do so with the respect due to extensive service, the modesty which usually accompanies experience, and, we must add, the impartial honesty of a German gentleman. With regard to Mr. Alison himself, we desire also to speak with general respect, indeed, but we cannot acquit him of serious blame upon this occasion. When an Englishman darts his sting from the tail of ten elaborate volumes, at what he thinks the vulnerable part of the highest military reputation of his country, and the purest of any age, we cannot but remember that, though he may have done little, he has done his best to impair that reputation. His success, so far as he obtains it, will make him in exact proportion an useful tool in the hands of men of a different stamp, the professed detractors here and elsewhere of the greatest subject of these realms who has ever devoted himself to their service. But it is time to return to Marshal Forwards.

Many swords were reluctantly sheathed on the convention of St. Cloud, but none more reluctantly than his who for a second time entered the gates of Paris as a conqueror, which he would rather have forced as a destroyer. Restrained as he was by the cooler heads and less vindictive spirit of the sovereigns whom he served, and the greater man with whom he had co-operated in the field, he was with difficulty prevented from blowing up the beautiful

tiful bridge of Jena.* His wrath exhaled as usual in bitter sarcasms against the whole tribe of pen-and-ink men and politicians. He found also some distraction in the vice of gambling, for which under Buonaparte, and indeed down to the reign of Louis Philippe, every public facility was afforded to all classes in the French capital. Such distractions could only have assisted the process of mental and bodily decay, which was further promoted by an accident. An English garrison without a horse-race is scarcely a thing in *rerum naturâ*. Blücher, attending one of these festivities at St. Cloud, fell heavily horse and man over a rope which he was too blind to perceive in his path, and it is said that the effects of this fall were perceptible in some very curious forms of hallucination, such as extort a smile even from those who are contemplating the melancholy spectacle of the ruin of a noble mind.

The attractions of Paris were insufficient to overcome his aversion for its inhabitants. His head-quarters were for the most part established at St. Cloud, and occasionally transferred to Rambouillet and Chartres. The arrangement of the conditions of the peace of Paris afforded him the opportunity, of which he

* We are tempted to place here *part* of the last of the Duke of Wellington's long series of letters to Blücher on the subject of this bridge, and the whole of the immediately subsequent communication:—

‘*Mein lieber Fürst,*

‘*Paris, 9th July, 1815.*

‘The subjects on which Lord Castlereagh and I conversed with your Highness and General Comte Gneisenau this morning, viz. the destruction of the bridge of Jena and the levy of the contribution of one hundred millions of francs upon the city of Paris; appear to me to be so important to the Allies in general, that I cannot allow myself to omit to draw your Highness's attention to them again in this shape.

‘The destruction of the bridge of Jena is highly disagreeable to the King and to the people, and may occasion disturbance in the city. It is not merely a military measure, but is one likely to attach to the character of our operations, and is of political importance. It is adopted solely because the bridge is considered a monument of the battle of Jena, notwithstanding that the Government are willing to change the name of the bridge.

‘Considering the bridge as a monument, I beg leave to observe that its immediate destruction is inconsistent with the promise made to the Commissioners on the part of the French army, during the negotiation of the convention, viz. that the monuments, museums, &c., should be reserved for the decision of the Allied Sovereigns.

‘All that I ask is, that the execution of the orders given for the destruction of the bridge may be suspended till the Sovereigns shall arrive here, when, if it should be agreed by common accord that the bridge ought to be destroyed, I shall have no objection,’ &c. &c.—*Gurwood*, vol. xii. p. 552.

‘*A Paris, ce 10 Juillet, 1815,*
à 9 heures du matin.

‘*Mein lieber Fürst,*

‘Le dîner est chez Very aujourd'hui à 6 heures, et j'espère que nous passerons une journée agréable.

‘Je viens de recevoir la nouvelle que les Souverains arrivent aujourd'hui à Bondy, et des ordres d'y envoyer des gardes, &c., ce que je fais. Je crois qu'ils ne s'arrêteront que quelques heures à Bondy, et qu'ils pourront arriver ce soir.

‘*Agréez, &c.*

‘Le Maréchal Prince Blücher.’

‘*WELLINGTON.*

gladly

gladly availed himself, even before its final signature, to depart for Prussia. His farewell address to the army bore date the 31st of October, 1815. The retiring forces began their march, but before Blücher himself crossed the frontier, hearing of some further diplomatic difficulties, he took upon himself to halt them as suddenly and peremptorily as if they had been a regiment on parade. The confusion produced by this parting act of authority was excessive, and was only put an end to by positive orders from Paris. Blücher reached Aix-la-Chapelle in a broken state of health on November 20, the day on which the peace was signed. Hence, with frequent delays, and harassed by the noisy demonstrations of respect with which he was everywhere received, he slowly made his way to Berlin.

The light seemed burning to the socket, but it was destined still to shine, though with enfeebled and tremulous lustre, some four years longer. He resided chiefly at Kriblowitz, in Silesia, on an estate with which, in 1814, he had been rewarded by the King, but paid occasional visits to Breslau and Berlin. A journey, dictated by medical advice, to the sea-baths of Dobberan, afforded him an occasion to visit the place of his birth, Rostock, where he recognised and received with touching amiability some surviving acquaintances of his earliest youth. Hamburgh and Altona were also gratified by glimpses of the veteran. He passed on his route the churchyard of Ottensen, in which repose the ashes of Klopstock. He had been personally acquainted with the poet, and as he passed he uncovered his grey head, a soldier's tribute of respect to the German muse, which his early patron Frederick the Great would have sneered at. He also visited Klopstock's widow, who opened on the occasion a bottle of tokay, which her husband thirty years before had charged her to reserve for some occasion of singular joy and festivity. These little incidents have their value. Napoleon's esteem for Ossian, and Blücher's for the poem of the 'Messiah,' remind us of the veneration for female chastity which has been attributed to the King of Beasts. Of the honours showered upon him from all quarters, sovereigns, burgomasters, and municipalities, it is unnecessary to speak.

We have elsewhere mentioned that Blücher was a nervous and fluent writer; his intimates also asserted that he was born an orator. At the festive meetings of the table, in which, when his health allowed him, he delighted to the last, he was Nestorian in his harangues and narrations, but failure of memory as to the order of dates made the latter very confused. He never failed to do justice to the participation of Gneisenau in all his greater military exploits. On one occasion he puzzled the society by gravely announcing his intention of kissing his own head; he

he solved the riddle by rising and embracing that of Gneisenau. This was an exploit which his English comrade in arms could not imitate. His last illness came upon him in September, 1819, at Kriblowitz. His death-bed was attended by the King, and he died calm and resigned in the arms of his faithful aide-de-camp Nostitz.

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- ART. VII.—1. *Financial Statement of Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons, Friday, March 11, 1842.* London. pp. 36.
2. *A Letter from Sir Richard Vyvyan, Bart., M.P., to his Constituents upon the Commercial and Financial Policy of Sir Robert Peel's Administration.* London, 1842.
3. *Guilty or Not Guilty? being an Inquest on the Conservative Parliament and Ministry.* pp. 14. London and Plymouth, pp. 36.

IT is a common saying that 'desperate diseases require desperate remedies;' and the deplorable state of commercial distress and financial embarrassment, under which the Conservative ministers were called to office, would, we are satisfied, have reconciled the country to even stronger measures than they have found it necessary to adopt. But we do not rest our humble approbation of Sir Robert Peel's policy on any such extreme grounds. The administrative affairs of a great country—except under the immediate *avalanche* of a revolution—can seldom be called *desperate*; and even when, as towards the close of the Melbourne administration, they most nearly approach that hopeless state, they require not a wild *kill-or-cure* treatment, but, on the contrary, increased caution, a cooler circumspection, and an adherence to principle the more rigid as the temptation to depart from it becomes stronger. It was, we presume, with these views that Sir Robert Peel contemplated the difficulties of his situation, and by them he seems to have been guided in the choice of his remedies—bold but not adventurous—extensive without being extravagant—developing rather than altering the existing system, and endeavouring to direct, by the lights of experience, the new tendencies and impulses of these active and *go-a-head* times. The details of these measures we shall consider hereafter, but we must, at the outset, bear our testimony to the great, statesmanlike, and, in its main features, *novel* principle, on which the system has been framed. We do not say that the details are novelties—the elements of any human work, material or moral, must be common

common to all men—the architect of St. Paul's and the mason of the Mansion-house employed similar stones and tools: the difference between one artist or one statesman and another, is in the skill and genius which direct the combination; and in this view we venture to pronounce Sir Robert Peel's budget to be ✓ as striking for the novelty of its principle as for the admirable simplicity of its structure, and, as we believe, for the ultimate convenience and efficiency of its practical working.

In order to put this in its full light we must give a short summary of the case which Sir Robert Peel had to deal with.

The Duke of Wellington's administration, on its retirement towards the close of 1830—after not quite three years' tenure of office—having during that time repealed nearly 4,000,000*l.* of taxes, in addition to more than 30,000,000*l.* which had been repealed since the war—having reduced the capital of the national debt by 20,000,000*l.* and the annual charge by 1,000,000*l.*—left to their successors a *surplus* revenue of near *three millions* (2,913,673*l.*). This *surplus* Lord Melbourne's ministry gradually changed to a *deficit* by the double operation of increasing expenditure and diminishing revenue, and in the last year of their sway the addition made to the public debt by the accumulation of successive annual deficits amounted to the enormous sum of 7,500,000*l.*, with an ascertained further deficiency for the then current year ending April, 1842, of 2,350,000*l.*, and for the year ending April, 1843, of 2,470,000*l.*, exclusive of the expenses of the wars in the East, estimated at sums that would increase the annual deficiency to near *four millions*. The deficiency of the current year could only be met by funding it; but how was an annual deficiency of near *four millions* to be supplied? The Whigs had paralysed or drained up all the ordinary sources of taxation—first they had made impolitic reductions, and then they had imposed inefficient substitutes—they had, for instance, *destroyed*, instead of *modifying* (as they might advantageously to all interests have done) the postage revenue, and threw away, as a mere *sop* to a small but urgent *clique* of their Radical partisans, a *million and a half* of the fairest, most equal, and least onerous of all taxation. Then, on the other hand, they imposed 5 per cent. on the Customs and Excise, which was a notable failure, producing, instead of 1,895,000*l.*, as estimated, only 206,000*l.*—about $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. instead of 5 per cent.; and at the very time when they made this unhappy attempt to increase the revenue by *raising* the duty on every article of the *tariff* 5 per cent., they and their partisans were preaching two contrary doctrines—one, that the best mode of raising an *immediate* revenue was by *lowering the tariff*!—and the other, that the state of the country required a great remission of the revenue derived

derived from import duties. And these jumbled doctrines they next year affected to make the foundation of what they called a *budget*—but which was in truth the most ridiculous and the most disgraceful abortion that was ever generated between party spite and ministerial incapacity—ridiculous, because no man believed that it could, or was even meant to, meet the pressing difficulty—and disgraceful, because it was a fraudulent device to embarrass the future administration, at the risk—nay, at the positive *sacrifice*—of great national interests, to the maintenance of which these very men were, by the strongest declarations, *individually pledged*. But what cared they?—they knew their ministerial days were numbered—that, for causes entirely distinct from their financial difficulties, they must soon give way to the Conservatives; and the whole policy of their two last years was narrowed to the miserable hope of embarrassing their successors, and of creating a feeling in the country against any of the modes by which it seemed possible to retrieve our finances. With a system thus partly repudiated—partly paralysed—partly exhausted—and wholly disorganised—‘how,’ they fondly asked themselves, ‘how, in the face of doctrines so popular as those we have been inculcating on the public mind, is a new ministry to raise *four millions of new taxes*?’

Sir Robert Peel asked himself the same question, and found in his own good sense and courage, and in the concurrence and confidence of his Cabinet, the Parliament, and the Country, an answer which the Whigs had not contemplated. He prudently began, as he stated in his speech of the 11th March, by examining the more obvious resources; and he boldly and honestly exposed all the difficulties which that examination revealed.

‘Shall we pursue the system on which we have been acting of late years? Shall we, in a time of peace, have resort to the miserable expedient of loans? Shall we try a re-issue of exchequer bills? Shall we resort to the savings-banks? Shall we have recourse to any of these plans, which are neither more nor less than permanent additions to our debt?’

‘We have to supply a deficiency of upwards of 5,000,000*l.* upon two years. Is there a prospect, by ordinary means, of retrieving the loss?.... Can you calculate, do you anticipate, a possibility of reducing the amount of our next year’s expenditure? I do not anticipate that such can be the case. Is this an occasional or a casual deficiency, and for which you can easily provide? Is it a deficiency for the present year only? It is not. This deficiency has existed for the last seven or eight years. It is not an occasional deficiency. In 1838 the deficiency was 1,428,000*l.*; in 1839 it was 430,000*l.*; in 1840 it was 1,457,000*l.*; in 1841 it amounted to 1,851,000*l.*; in 1842 it amounted to 2,334,000*l.*; the amount of the deficiency in the five years was 7,500,000*l.* To that

I add

I add the estimated deficiency for 1843—2,570,000*l.*; making in all, for the six years, a deficiency of 10,070,000*l.*

'After the proof I have given that our financial embarrassments are not mere occasional difficulties, will you have recourse to the miserable expedient of loans? I cannot propose such a measure.....I trust that I may, with almost universal consent, abandon the idea of supplying the deficiency by the scheme of contracting fresh loans.

'If, then, it is necessary for me to have fresh taxation, shall I lay it upon articles of subsistence—upon those articles which may appear to some superfluities, but which are now become almost the necessities of life? I cannot consent to increase the taxation upon articles of subsistence consumed by the great body of the labouring portion of the community. I do think that you have had conclusive proof [in the failure of the 5 per cent. on the Excise and Customs] that you have arrived at the limits of profitable taxation on articles of subsistence.

'Is it possible, then, to resort to other means? Shall I revive old taxes now abolished? Shall I take the duties of the post-office, for instance? I will not say—speaking with that caution with which I am sometimes taunted, but which, nevertheless, I find very useful—I will not say that the post-office ought not to be a source of revenue. I will not say that it may not fairly become a means of taxation: but I say this, I do believe the late measure has not yet had its full trial; and that I am so sensible of the many advantages that result from it, that I do not think that in the present year it is advisable that we should change it.....Shall I revive taxes which were levied on great articles of consumption, and which were very productive?—shall I revive the taxes on salt, on leather, on wool? I do not know but, in respect to leather, that the reduction of that tax took place without public benefit; I fear that the full amount of the advantage did not go to the consumer.....I fear that, in this instance, you reduced a duty which benefited monopolists. But the question is not now whether we shall reduce an existing tax; it is whether we shall revive duties which have been done away with, and in the abolition of which various compacts and commercial arrangements have taken place.'

After showing by some details the impolicy and bad faith—he might, we think, have said the *impossibility*—of reviving taxes lately repealed, he proceeded to notice the various objects of new taxation which had been suggested—some impolitic, as weighing upon new industry, such as on railroads and gas-lights—others simply ridiculous, as on forte-pianos and umbrellas. He then exposed the Whig nostrum of *lowering the tariff* as a source of *immediate revenue*—and he showed (as the Quarterly Review, No. cxxv, p. 248, had done, and as everybody who ever thought on the subject must know) that the improvement of the revenue by a reduction of duty must be in most cases a doubtful, and in all a slow process, and wholly inadequate to meet the present emergency; and this obvious truth he illustrated by some remarkable examples

amples drawn, partly from the great experiment of reduction made by Lord Liverpool's government in 1825, partly from some more recent alterations. On wine, for instance, the duty was lowered from 9s. 1½d. to 4s. 2½d. the gallon—the revenue fell immediately 800,000*l.* a-year, and has never yet recovered itself; and wine we should have, *à priori*, thought to be the very most promising article for such an experiment. So of tobacco; so of sugar; so of hemp; so even of newspapers, on which the reduction was so great, that, coupled with the growing taste for newspaper reading, a different result might have been anticipated. Coffee indeed was in some degree an exception to the general failure—yet it was *three years* before the duty even on coffee recovered its former amount; and we need hardly observe that an article which, like coffee, is introduced into habitual consumption as a substitute for *other food* is an exceptional case, and would be an unsafe guide for a general system.

While the prospect of any adequate relief by the ordinary processes of taxation was thus hopeless, the general emergency had become more pressing: increased expenses—growing commercial embarrassment—aggravated distress of the labouring classes—want of work, and consequently want of food—discontent—sedition, almost insurrection! It is indeed a master-mind that could see its way through such difficulties, and a master-hand that could control them—nay, that could make the very difficulties themselves equipoise, as it were, and correct one another—and could by a skilful adaptation bring them to contribute, each its quota, to an enlarged and general system for the security of public credit and the development of national resources.

The first object, the basis of the whole operation, was to find means of equalizing the Revenue with the Expenditure. This an *Income Tax* was certain to do, and it was nearly as certain that nothing else would: remission of taxes had failed—increase of taxes had failed—per centage on taxes had failed;* and not only failed, but had failed under circumstances that forbade a repetition of such experiments. In this position Sir Robert Peel did not shrink from the deep responsibility and supposed unpopularity of an *Income Tax*: he formed a juster estimate of the honesty as well as the ability of the country—he knew that it could, and he believed that it would, make any exertion necessary for the maintenance of public credit, and he was, every way, right. We have been told by some who affect an air of authority that an income tax is essentially and exclusively a *war tax*. We beg leave to ask *why* it should be so? and in what code that dogma is written?

* The per centage on the *Assessed Taxes* laid on by Mr. Baring, in 1840, had not failed, as we shall more particularly notice; but everything else had.

Lord Brougham, the powerful and victorious adversary of the attempt to continue the former Income Tax after the war, holds no such doctrine; but, on the contrary, in a series of very able and argumentative *Resolutions* which he offered to the House of Lords on the 17th of March last, he places the proposition of the tax and his own acquiescence in it on their true grounds:—

‘That a direct tax on income ought never to be resorted to, unless in some great emergency of public affairs, when an extraordinary expenditure may become unavoidable for a time, or in some pressure upon the finances of the country which can be sustained by no other means.’

The *principle* of an Income Tax is this—that in great emergencies, which in an especial degree endanger *property*, it is just and natural to ask *property* to make *special* exertions to protect itself. Hitherto such emergencies had arisen only in *war*—but ten years of Whig misrule, during what Lord Palmerston called Peace, had brought the public revenue and public credit into a more serious and pressing jeopardy than our most gigantic War had done. We had had for six or seven years a growing and accumulating *deficit*—a word which was unknown to our language, as the thing was to our finances, till Lord Melbourne’s ministry—a *deficit* larger than that which had occasioned the first Revolution in France—a *deficit* which those who caused it had abandoned all hope of reducing—a *deficit*, in short, which *if not extirpated* would, like a cancer, have eaten into the vitals of every species of property. Every species of property was therefore interested in the danger and in the cure. We were engaged—to say nothing of Afghanistan and China—in a *war against national bankruptcy*, and therefore Sir Robert Peel was, even in the narrowest view of the case, sufficiently justified in calling up the only effectual aid which circumstances had left the country.

But he had higher views in proposing his Income Tax than those which would have sufficed for mere *justification*. Public credit was indeed his first and most pressing object—but he saw that there were other great interests whose claims on his attention and sympathy were very urgent, and to which, if possible, some relief should be immediately afforded. We shall not here pause to inquire whether the prodigious extension of our *Manufactures* ought to be, on abstract consideration, matter of regret or satisfaction—whether, if we were founding a *Utopia*, we should have wished so large a proportion of our national strength and our social existence to be implicated in enterprises so essentially fluctuating and precarious—whether the vast and rapid accession of wealth which these enterprises produce be not counterbalanced by the sudden and extensive distress

distress which every fluctuation of seasons, markets, and even fashion, is certain to inflict on a population factitiously created by these manufactures, and which cannot exist without them.* These may be interesting questions for the speculative philosopher, but the practical statesman must deal with the existing facts. We might on moral and social grounds prefer, and feel it our duty to encourage, an agricultural rather than a manufacturing population—but our present lot is cast—we must take it as it is, and abide the consequences of a system which, wisely or unwisely, we have created, and gradually swelled to its present gigantic proportions.

See, then, besides the mere financial embarrassment—what a variety and magnitude of other difficulties were afloat. Trade, and particularly manufacturing trade, was low and languishing—the declared value of the exports of cotton manufactures had fallen off one million in the last year. In 1840 they were 17,000,000*l.*, in 1841 only 16,000,000*l.* The financial, and consequently the commercial, affairs of our *great partner in trade*, the United States, were deeply disordered, and reacted powerfully on our markets. France, Belgium, and Germany, were closing their doors against our industry—thus enhancing, though to their own ultimate cost, the immediate distress of our manufacturing masses. The Poor-Rates had been for the last four years rapidly increasing, and threatened, after overwhelming the town districts, to invade—by *rates in aid*—the rural ones. For much—for the greater part—of such evils no Government can be responsible—it can neither wholly prevent nor effectually cure them, and the occasions are rare in which they can be, by any administrative measures, even imperfectly relieved; and we do not remember any instance in which such a relief was generally and systematically attempted. It remained for Sir Robert Peel to take advantage of a circumstance, to the common eye, so inauspicious as a great financial difficulty, to endeavour to afford some relief to those social and commercial embarrassments: any minister might have thought of meeting the *deficit* by an Income Tax, though few would have had the courage to have attempted it; but to propose and apply it as Sir Robert Peel has done—to pay our debts, and at the same time increase our capital—to

* Dr. Holland, of Sheffield, has, in a series of letters, under the title of '*The Millocracy*,' exhibited in a very striking way the *concomitant* progress of *manufacturing wealth* and *popular distress*. The great mill-owners are so unscrupulous as to charge this distress to the account of the *Aristocracy*, the *Government*, the *state of the Law*, and especially the *Corn-law*. Dr. Holland, on the contrary, proves that it is produced by the *millocracy*—that is, by the overgrowth of the manufacturing system; and that it is one of the inevitable accompaniments, if indeed it be not the main source, of the prosperity of the *millocrats* themselves.

escape from imminent bankruptcy and to create by the same effort a surplus for the alleviation of distress, for the encouragement of industry, and for sowing with a liberal hand the seeds of reviving prosperity and of future wealth—this is what we pronounce to be a happy novelty in the annals of finance. May the ultimate success be answerable to so original and so noble a conception!

The public approbation and parliamentary support which enabled Sir Robert Peel to carry this great measure do honour to the national character; for, contrary to the usual course of things, the burden was most cheerfully accepted by those on whom it was expected to fall with the greatest severity. The leaders of the Opposition had at first determined to support the measure, but they soon and suddenly changed their course, and every possible impediment to its progress was conjured up—in Parliament, the warfare of vexation and delay, adjourned debates, discussions on petitions, and bye-battles on every pretence—out of Parliament, harangues, processions, placards, and every other device of agitation. No effort was omitted to excite the *middle orders* against a tax which was, they were told, a peculiar hardship on them. But in vain; the honesty and good sense of the people rendered abortive the incendiary efforts of their would-be leaders; and the sound and practical view of the case taken in Lord Brougham's *Resolutions* had undoubtedly a considerable effect upon reasonable men of all sides. But peculiar credit is due to the majorities of the Houses of Lords and Commons, and to the great Conservative party throughout the country; for it cannot be denied that it appeared, *at first sight*, that, in the new adjustment of the general burden, the *property* of the country, and particularly the *landed property*, which constitutes the most prominent strength of the Conservative party, was called upon to take the heaviest share of the sacrifice. We shall see by and by, when we come to examine the details—that this apprehension was to a considerable degree unfounded—that the sacrifice is by no means so great as it appears—that it probably may be no sacrifice at all—and that even the Income Tax itself may be looked upon as somewhat of the nature of a *temporary advance* made by wealthy capitalists to relieve and facilitate certain branches of industry which—though now suffering—will, by this timely assistance, be enabled to recover themselves, and to repay at no long interval their debt to the general fund.

It has been said that the series of measures were carried by fighting one interest against another, and thus overcoming, in detail, an opposition which, if united, must have been fatal to the project. But this is a very unfair view of the case, and a very unjust

unjust imputation, both on the merits of the arrangements and the motives of its supporters. No doubt there was, and still remains, much difference of opinion on details so various, and affecting so many conflicting interests; but these were merged—not in a juggle or compromise of individual objects, but—in a conviction of the extensive advantages of the proposition *taken as a whole*. It was as a *whole* that this proposition was offered to the consideration of Parliament—it was as a *whole* that Lord Brougham's *Resolutions* vindicated it—and it was only *as a whole* that it could have been carried! The great experiment on the Tariff could not, we are satisfied, have been attempted if the Income Tax had not prepared a foundation for it; nor, probably, could the Income Tax have been carried if the Property and Intelligence of the country had not been persuaded that, considering the circumstances of our manufacturing population, a large modification of the Tariff on raw materials and articles of subsistence had become of urgent necessity. These are what we conceive to be the prominent merits of Sir Robert Peel's policy, and the true causes of the general approbation and concurrence which it has eventually received.

But we do not conceal from ourselves that the concurrence, though general, is not universal; the plan is too sober, too rational, too practical, to please the *extremes* of the two sects which divide public opinion on subjects of political and financial economy. The *free-trade-and-fixed-duty* men (strange inconsistency that enlists two such contradictory principles under the same banner!) are ready to raise an insurrection because Sir Robert Peel's reductions have not gone far enough. Those, on the other hand, who think that neither trade nor agriculture, however established, or matured, or flourishing, can support themselves without the *go-cart* of protecting duties—whose sleep is disturbed by visions of German pigs, Swiss bulls, and runts from Brittany*—and who never ask themselves how our manufacturers can consume even English meat or English corn, if they cannot earn wages to buy them—are alarmed lest Sir Robert Peel may have gone too far. The former class will never be satisfied: their object is *Revolution*, and the wholesome and at once liberal and Conservative policy of the present ministry is odious to them, as being *pro tanto* a safety-valve against the fatal explosions which they are trying to provoke. But the other class—those who are inclined from ancient and respectable prejudices to hold out to the last possible

* We notice as a curious instance of popular credulity, that there was, on the announcement of the new Tariff, a panic actually excited in some parts of the country, under which farmers sold their cattle at ruinously low prices from the dread that meat was to be imported—from Hamburgh for instance—and sold in London at 3d. a lb.; such meat having in fact never been sold in Hamburgh itself under 4d. or 5d. the lb.

moment against *any* relaxation of protecting duties on home produce—are much more accessible to reason: they are already beginning to see and, what is better, to *feel* that they are themselves consumers as well as producers; and that, if as producers they are in some degree benefited by high protecting duties on a few articles, they are as consumers mulcted to probably a greater amount by prohibitory duties on a vast majority of others.

At the first aspect of the ministerial plan there was, no doubt, a strong feeling of surprise, and perhaps of disappointment, in many respectable quarters, at the principles which it was supposed to announce. It was stated both by artful enemies and hollow friends that the Conservative ministry, having attained office by their opposition to the *free-trade* speculations of the Whigs, had deserted their own principles and adopted those of their defeated adversaries. This impression was not merely erroneous, but indeed the reverse of the fact, and was speedily removed from every mind that looked at Sir Robert Peel's measures as—what they are—a *system*. The *elements*, as we have before said, of all financial operations must be the same, the difference can only be in their application. Now the Whigs proposed to deal with the Corn-Laws—so did Sir Robert Peel; but the Whig object was to *abrogate*, Sir Robert's to *maintain* and *confirm* them. The Whigs *talked* of dealing with the Tariff, but ventured to approach but 3 *articles* out of 1150, and those only under the false pretence of *increasing* the revenue—Sir Robert did deal with the *whole* 1150 *articles* of the Tariff, but with the avowed purpose of *diminishing* the revenue, at least for a time. The Whig measures (though ridiculously inadequate to their object) professed to be *wholly fiscal*—Sir Robert Peel's were the very reverse; he disclaimed *all fiscal objects*, (which he effectually secured by a bolder stroke—the Income Tax,) and directed every change he proposed to the relief of distress and the increase of comfort throughout the masses of the people. Dealing, therefore, with the same materials, it was hardly possible that two systems could be more different in their objects and operations. They were, indeed, navigating the same sea, but it was on opposite tacks; they were travelling the same high road, but it was in contrary directions.

Just as this, the true state of the case, had been, as we thought, universally acknowledged, and when all minor differences of opinion in the Conservative party seemed to be arranged in a general acquiescence, the public were surprised by the appearance of the letter of Sir Richard Vyvyan to his constituents, the electors of the borough of Helstone, in which that gentleman—long known, and on several occasions honourably distinguished, as a Conservative—revived, and embodied in a hostile and bitter manifesto,

manifesto, the most offensive, and, we think we shall show, the most unfounded imputations against the whole Conservative party, and more pointedly against the chief Conservative leaders. If we weighed only the intrinsic merit of this production or the effect it produced on the public mind, we should not have thought it worth the attention of our readers; but there are some collateral circumstances connected with it which appear to require special consideration. In the first place, it records the most systematic disapprobation of Sir Robert Peel's measures, both in principle and detail, that we have seen; and we find that it has been the parent of some other pamphlets *ejusdem farinae*, the title of one of which—'Guilty or Not Guilty?'—we have prefixed to this article merely for the occasion of saying that it is more absurd and violent than Sir Richard's own letter, to which, indeed, it has a strong *family likeness*. Now, convinced, as we sincerely are, that those measures are of vast present value, and pregnant with still greater results—we feel it to be our duty to refute imputations on their origin, and misstatements as to their operation, which, to whatever extent they might be credited, must be injurious to the practical effect of the great experiment itself—to the characters of those who proposed it, and to the force and permanence of that public opinion on which it mainly relies for its present and future success. Besides, Sir Richard Vyvyan is no ordinary pamphleteer; his character and station, his talents and accomplishments, and the principles he has heretofore professed, invest him with a share of individual authority, which we regret to find misdirected, and which we should be happy to see restored to its original course. And, finally, there are in the *publication* itself circumstances so peculiar as to challenge particular notice, not to say animadversion; and to these we shall begin by calling our readers' attention.

The first and most obvious question is, why the *Member for Helstone* chose to express his sentiments in this form. Sir Richard is not merely a member of parliament; he is a gentleman of studious habits, who professes to have devoted much attention to the science, as it is now called, of political economy; and he is the representative of a special class of industry, which, 'as well as all the other great interests of the country,' are, he contends, seriously damaged, and still more seriously endangered, by the ministerial measures. Why, then, did he sit by, a silent, and, as far as the public knew, assenting spectator of measures which he so strongly condemned? Why did he not avow his opinions, make his objections, plead the cause of his own constituents and of the country in general, *at the proper time*, and in the *place* to which his constituents had, for that very purpose, delegated him? Why, above all, having such serious objections,

or

or rather *charges*, to make, had he not the candour to do so in the presence of those whom he meant to arraign, and who might, and we have no doubt would, have given him an immediate and probably a satisfactory answer? Why did he bottle them up at Westminster to explode, two months later, the sour and frothy fermentation at Helstone? Half the pamphlet is employed in giving vague and obscure excuses for this strange conduct, which, as far as we understand them, the other half contradicts. For instance:—

‘ In this letter I have already stated my objections to the income-tax, and my vote is recorded against it; but had I endeavoured to deliver the *same opinions in the House, by speaking upon the subject, such a speech would have been treated by the main body of the Conservatives as an attempt to excite mutiny in their camp, and my motives would have been honestly misinterpreted by some, and unfairly misrepresented by others.*’
—*Letter*, pp. 35, 36.

It is new to us to hear that the ‘main body of the Conservatives’ are drilled into such Turkish discipline that a calm and candid statement of a member’s opinion would be considered as ‘*mutiny*’; and we wonder that Sir Richard Vyvyan should have, even for a moment, submitted to such degrading thralldom. We wonder, too, that the example of so many other gentlemen—as good and as *steady* Conservatives as himself—who took active parts in the several discussions, did not encourage him to venture on some, however gentle, expression of his opinion: and, after all, we find it hard to reconcile Sir Richard’s aversion from anything that could look like ‘*mutiny*’ with the publication of this very bitter and offensive manifesto against his leader and his party.

But, strange as is the general aspect of this conduct, it seems, in its details, still more inconsistent. Amongst the propositions of the new Tariff was a lowering of the duties on foreign metallic ores—metallic ores being, as our readers well know, the staple of Cornwall, and creating the special interest which Sir Richard Vyvyan represents. A deputation from Cornwall was instructed to wait upon the minister to propose an increase of protection for copper ore (*viz.* 10*l.*, or at least 7*l.* 10*s.*, per ton, instead of 5*l.*, as proposed by the Government*). Sir Richard thought, it seems, that the Cornish deputation did not understand their own business,

* We state the matter in generals, for the details were very complicated and took several shapes—from the first proposition of 5*l.* per cent. on the value, to a scale reaching from 1*l.* 10*s.* to 7*l.* 10*s.* on the ton of metal: 6*l.* per ton of metal on the richer ores was finally adopted, with, we believe, a pretty general concurrence; but there are such various interests concerned—the miner, the smelter, the importer, the manufacturer, the consumer—that an adjustment which shall satisfy everybody is no easy matter.

and

and that the proposed protection was insufficient (though he does not say what rate *he* would have recommended) :—

‘ Under this impression I declined accompanying them when they conferred with the prime minister in *Downing Street*, because my presence on that occasion would either have implied a tacit acquiescence in their opinions, had I been silent, or it would have promoted an inconvenient and worse than useless discussion in his hearing, if I had declared my disagreement and protested against their course of proceeding.’—*Ibid.*, pp. 6, 7.

Sir Richard, who does not hesitate to publish to all the world, and in very unmeasured terms, his differences with the deputation, the ministry, his friends, and his party, shrunk sensitively from even a conversation in Sir Robert Peel’s private room, lest it should have exhibited the appearance of a difference of opinion between him and the deputation! which, as it appears to us, was, and could be, no difference at all :—for the deputation only agreed to the lower sum because they could no longer hope for better terms, and would assuredly not have quarrelled with Sir Richard for endeavouring to convince the minister that a higher protection was necessary. What followed is still more surprising. We have the evidence of the successive alterations in the printed copies of the Tariff that there was no item of the whole catalogue more modified—we presume on discussion with these deputations—than this very article of copper-ore, and none therefore on which the personal intervention of the member for Helstone could have been more desirable for the interests of all parties. If Sir Richard had any *personal* reasons for not attending a meeting at the prime minister’s office—if, peradventure, he may have thought that his proper place in *Downing Street* would have been to *receive*, instead of attending, deputations—no such reasons could exist for his not attending the discussion in the House of Commons :—there, of course, he would take his natural part; he would explain the importance of the interests confided to his guardianship; he would urge the inadequacy of the proposed protection; he would state the amount which he thought necessary—the arguments against the lower rate; but if he could not persuade the House to adopt his own rate (the amount of which he never states), he would have fallen back upon those who advocated a 10*l.* duty; and if that should also fail, he would concur with the other Cornish representatives in trying to obtain their proposition of 7*l.* 10*s.* This, surely, was the natural and proper course; but what did Sir Richard?—

‘ In the unsatisfactory debate which took place in the House of Commons, all the other members representing the British mining interests

contended for no greater protection than the 7*l.* 10*s.* It is my belief that most of our deep copper-mines will be seriously injured, if not altogether abandoned, unless the importers of foreign copper be compelled to pay a much higher duty; and this conviction is based upon statistical documents, the accuracy of which has never been questioned. But to have insisted upon it in debate, in opposition to the language of other Cornish representatives, would have exposed me to the *imputation of being an alarmist*, and of affecting to know more and to see farther than those who opposed the ministerial propositions; for such is the certain result of every man's endeavour to urge his own individual opinion in a popular assembly like the House of Commons when he is unsupported by the concurrence of members who are at least as much interested as he is in the matter under discussion.

'The only justifiable motive for speaking on such a question was the hope that other gentlemen might have been thereby induced to vote in favour of a higher rate of duty,—a hope which, under the circumstances of the case, it would have been absurd to entertain. By giving utterance to opinions which would have placed me in *direct opposition* to the members who had conferred with the minister, I might indeed have convinced you that I am not unmindful of your interests, and of those of my native county; this object, however, can be attained by addressing you in writing, and by offering my deliberate advice to the miners in general upon the conduct which seems the best suited to their *present perilous position*.

'Such a course enables me to make an unreserved declaration upon the *alarming prospects of calamity to which not only the miners of Cornwall but almost every productive class in the nation are exposed by the policy of the present government*. In thus stating my views without disguise or hesitation, it is necessary to commence by directing your attention to the circumstances under which they obtained office: unless you calmly reconsider the events of the past year you will be unable to form an unprejudiced estimate of the *approaching danger*.'—*Ibid.*, pp. 7, 8.

Was there ever such a tissue of inconsistencies? He abandons his own proper duties, in his own proper place, lest he should be called an *alarmist*, and then volunteers—without mission and without excuse, and when it was too late to do any good, though it might do much mischief—he volunteers, we say, to sound a general *alarm* on every possible topic, and to endeavour to create a panic in every possible quarter. He suppressed, he says, his opinions, because they were '*in direct opposition*' to those of his colleagues. The government proposal was 5*l.*; the Cornish members were sticking for at least 7*l.* 10*s.*; and for 10*l.*, if they could obtain it. Sir Richard was for some higher rate, which he envelops in mysterious silence, but say 12*l.*. Can going the whole length of one's friends, and even a good deal farther, be called '*direct opposition*?' If he had said to his colleagues, 'I prefer

prefer 12*l.*; but if I cannot carry that, I shall unite with you in trying to obtain 10*l.*, or even 7*l.* 10*s.*, in preference to 5*l.*,' would that have been '*direct opposition*' to those colleagues? Then he offers to the Cornish miners and to the nation at large his '*deliberate advice*' on their '*perilous position*,'—deliberate advice meaning, it seems, advice that comes too late; but he would not give them his assistance in the discussions in Downing Street—nor a speech, nor even a vote, in the House of Commons, while there was yet time to have *diminished* at least the '*peril of the position*.' During the whole of this transaction, Sir Richard was—for such reasons as he gives—absent from the deputation; silent in the house; reserved with his colleagues; mysterious as to his own views; and, above all, averse from being an *alarmist*; and then he turns right round, and publishes this letter, because '*such a course enables him to make an unreserved declaration upon the alarming prospects of calamity to every productive class of the nation*,' and of '*stating these views without disguise or hesitation*.' In the midst of all these contradictions it has escaped Sir Richard Vyvyan that this last assertion seems to *admit* that, however '*unreserved*' the character of his *letter* may be, his previous conduct in the whole affair was not unlikely to be charged with '*hesitation and disguise*.'

The freedom with which Sir Richard treats the motives and the actions of other gentlemen not only justifies, but requires, our directing these observations *ad hominem*, and the more so, because we find that the chief practical object of his letter is a suggestion that the country in general, and Cornwall especially, should petition her Majesty to dismiss from political life both her present and her late ministers—'the two rival sections [factions?] wrangling for office'—and to call to her councils some third party, as yet unborn, whom Sir Richard does not directly describe, but by many mysterious hints indicates, we think, as being centered in, if not confined to, the individual person of Sir Richard Vyvyan himself. The process by which all the rubbish of Tories and Whigs—the Peels and Stanleys, the John Russells and Palmerstons—are to be thrown aside, and the Vyvyan administration suddenly erected on their ruins, is ingenious and easy:—

'The nation itself has a duty to perform in the present emergency. It must inform the Sovereign of the danger to which almost every interest is exposed. Unless our Cornish miners approach the throne with statements of the grievance about to be inflicted upon them by her ministers, the Queen cannot be aware of their condition.'—p. 44.

And the Cornish miners, it seems, are peculiarly fitted for taking the lead in this great political regeneration, because

‘In the first naval action of the last war, a British frigate, commanded by Lord Exmouth, captured a vessel in every respect its superior, although a great portion of its crew were Cornish miners who had never before been at sea, and were brought into action in a few hours after their embarkation.’—p. 45.

Some readers may not see the force of this argument—but we read it thus—that, as Cornish miners became, within a few hours, able and victorious seamen, so a Cornish member would become by as short a process an able and triumphant minister. One difficulty only presents itself—the petition *if* it reached the Queen must be infallible—but ministerial despotism would endeavour to intercept it. Against that obvious danger Sir Richard has provided a remedy remarkable for its novelty and ingenuity:—

‘There are constitutional methods of submitting their grievous complaints to the Queen, without consigning it to the care of a minister. *Every peer of the realm is privileged to ask for an audience.* With proper precautions, the working miners of Cornwall may rest satisfied that their petition will be placed in her Majesty’s hands, however their enemies may endeavour to keep the Queen in ignorance of their deplorable prospects.’—p. 46.

We were not aware that any other ‘precautions’ were necessary for such a purpose than that Sir Richard himself should have put on a dress coat and gone to one of the Queen’s levees, where he might have ‘placed the petition in her Majesty’s hands,’ without incurring much danger from the machinations of ministers. The passage, however, is valuable on another account, as conveying an important intimation that the new party which is to be charged with the future administration of affairs does not consist—as from the rest of the pamphlet might be supposed—in Sir Richard Vyvyan alone, but that he has a *peer* ready to work the omnipotent petition into the Queen’s presence. We are thus assured that the new administration would have at least one voice in each house of parliament; but, Sir Richard having some modest misgivings that he and Lord *Blank* alone could hardly make head against the united force of Whigs and Tories, suggests to those who might not be disposed to support his administration, a patriotic sacrifice which would effectually relieve him from all rivalry or opposition:—

‘I believe that many representatives of their fellow-subjects would *gladly retire into private life, and vote for the election of their successors*, if such a sacrifice on their part would enable the Queen to look for ministers beyond the narrow circle to which her Majesty is confined by the present system.’—p. 43.

This really exceeds all the rest! Gentlemen who will not
now

now so much as listen to Sir Richard Vyvyan's advice about a duty on ores, would nevertheless '*gladly*' commit political suicide in favour of this modern *Salomoneus*, who hopes to make his way to the government of the empire by a bridge of *copper*!

But, closing here, as we are glad to do, those personal observations which the tone and temper of Sir Richard's letter irresistibly invited, we shall now proceed to examine what is more important—the facts which he has alleged as the excuse of his '*mutiny*,' or, as it may, we fear, be more properly called, his *revolt*.

His first and main charge against the ministry and the whole Conservative party in parliament is a very serious one indeed, affecting not only their policy, but their honesty and their honour. The country, he says, is

'exposed to *poverty and ruin*, by an administration calling themselves *Conservatives*, but differing only in degree from their predecessors, against whose policy they invoked the aid of the *too confiding* electors of the United Kingdom, within the last twelve months.'—pp. 5, 6. ✓

Again:—

'The leader of the opposition [Sir R. Peel], who had originated the vote of distrust before the dissolution, was commissioned by the Queen to form a new government, and the constituencies looked forward with confidence to an immediate cessation of ministerial endeavours to unsettle existing regulations affecting agriculture and trade, while they hoped that some of the obnoxious changes effected by the Whigs, more especially as regarded the *Poor Law Commission*, might be reconsidered. They were fully justified in entertaining these expectations: appeals had been made to them upon such questions, against the Whigs; and they had laboured with zeal to promote the election of members, in whose assurances of opposition to the measures of the late government they had full reliance. Under such auspices, Sir Robert Peel became her Majesty's prime minister.'—pp. 11, 12.

And again:—

'Last year the productive classes believed their interests were in jeopardy when parliament was dissolved, and they were wearied by the constant attempts of the Whig administration to disturb the existing laws. At the present moment they are equally alarmed; but they are more disgusted with the conduct of public men, because the leaders of the Tory party, if not chargeable with deceptive promises before they became ministers, allowed the constituencies who returned the majority of the House of Commons to deceive themselves. Mr. Palmer, one of the members for Essex, has lately declared in parliament, that had his constituents been certain that the present administration would act as they have done, and had he declared his intention to support such measures previously to his election, he could not have obtained the votes of fifty Conservative electors in his county: and no minister who heard this declaration ventured to contradict it.'—pp. 39, 40.

The object and result of all this—and of sundry incidental epithets

epithets and expressions scattered through Sir Richard's letter, as well as through the pamphlet of his disciple, the self-elected coroner, who has held, it seems, an '*Inquest*' on the Conservative party, and finds it '*Felo-de-se in a fit of duplicity*'—the sum and substance, we say, of all this is to charge the ministry with having obtained their position and their majority by professions and pretences which they have since shamefully abandoned, and by a general delusion of the constituencies—particularly on the three great measures of the *Corn Laws*, the *Tariff*, and the *New Poor Law Commission*. The proceedings, says Sir Richard Vyvyan, of the Whigs on these subjects had alarmed the constituencies, and the Conservative candidates were enabled to eject their rivals by pledging themselves on the hustings, 'some in one place, some in another,' against *any* alteration in the two former of these points, and for the repeal, or, at least, the reconsideration, of the latter. Now we think we may venture to assert that this imputation is not more strange in the mouth—we beg pardon—from the pen—of Sir Richard Vyvyan, than it is unfounded in the facts and substance of the case. We certainly cannot presume to answer for all the opinions which every individual candidate may have expressed or been supposed to express, in the excitement and confusion of a general election, 'some in one place, some in another,'—a vague phraseology by the bye, which contradicts the imputation, which it was meant to convey, of a general and systematic attempt to delude the constituencies—and amounts to no more than this very obvious truism—that different candidates in different places urged different arguments on different constituencies. But, moreover, hustings speeches seldom enter into details, and are generally imperfectly heard and loosely reported. Hustings audiences, too, are apt to generalise, and it is therefore very probable that some candidates, adverse to the *particular* alterations proposed by the Whigs, may have appeared to deprecate *any* alteration whatsoever; and there can be no doubt at all that there were, amongst four or five hundred Conservative candidates, many various and some even opposite shades of opinion on the specified questions; but that either the Conservatives, as a *Party*, *could*, or that any eminent Conservative leader *did*, pledge themselves that there should be no alteration in the *rates* of *Corn* or *Custom* duties, or that the *Poor Law Commission* should be abolished, we absolutely deny—and are, we think, peculiarly bound and authorised to deny it.

We trust that it will not be thought presumptuous in us to say that *we too are Conservatives*; and we have been led, by the testimony of both friends and adversaries, to hope that—within the
humble

humble limits of literary co-operation—we have been honoured with some share of the confidence of the Conservative party, though we have never affected to be the *organ* of that party. We know not indeed who could confer, but we know that we do not pretend to, any such mission—our opinions are our own, and it is only by *coincidence*, and not from *authority*, that we can be supposed to speak the sentiments of the Conservative leaders. But the fact of such a general coincidence of opinion is enough for our present purpose, and will, we flatter ourselves, establish by testimony—humble because it is our own—but indisputable in point of fact—that the propositions of Sir Robert Peel's Government—for a modification of the rates of duty on Corn—for a revision and reduction of the Tariff of Customs—and for the continuance of the Poor Law Commission—are no new projects—neither an imitation of the Whigs nor a deception on the Tories—but the natural result of principles distinctly avowed and clearly explained on the part of the Conservatives *prior* to the change of Government, and more especially—*before* the last general election—during its progress—and at its close!

In June, 1841, while Lord Melbourne's ministry were still in office, and at the moment when they were about by a dissolution to appeal to the people on the relative merits of their policy and that of the Conservatives, we published an article '*on the Budget and Dissolution*,' which was considered at the time as a kind of Conservative *manifesto*—which was extensively adopted as such by the periodical press—and which was, we believe, frequently referred to (as we in truth hoped it might be) by Conservative candidates on the hustings. Now in that article, while showing that the Whig budget was a gross deception, we carefully distinguished between the sound principle which it abused, and the fraudulent pretence which it advanced. We admitted that the scale of corn duties might be advantageously modified, though we deprecated the ministerial juggle of what they called a *fixed duty*, by which they meant *no duty* at all; we expressed also our approbation of a general revision of the Customs Tariff, with a view to the reduction of the rates, though we scouted partial experiments on *two* or *three* articles, under the ridiculous pretence of raising by any such process an *immediate* revenue sufficient to relieve the pressing financial emergency. Let us be permitted to repeat what we said on that occasion—and first, as to the duties on the importation of Foreign Corn: did we say that they should never and in no circumstances be lowered?—no, on the contrary, while we insisted on the principle of a graduated scale, we contemplated the probable expediency of some lowering of the rates:—

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‘The existing law acts on the principle of a graduated duty varying according to the variations of the home supply—the duty rises as the price falls, and falls as the price rises—so that importation is discouraged as it becomes superfluous, and encouraged as it becomes desirable. . . . We omit for the moment the consideration of the *RATES* of duty now established; we at present confine ourselves to the *principle*—it is the *principle* only that the ministerial plan affects to supersede, and it is of that *principle* that we are desirous to record our entire approbation.’—*Quarterly Review*, No. cxxxv, pp. 256, 257.

We then took the liberty of suggesting to ‘*CANDIDATES who might be reproached on the hustings for opposing the Ministerial plan for cheap bread*’ (*ib.*, p. 258), certain reasons in favour of a graduated in preference to a fixed duty, and certain answers to the objections usually made against the sliding scale—and we added

‘But, moreover, if experience has shown that the *present* scale of duties affords opportunities for such practices, it would be easy to regulate them so as to render such operations very difficult and very rare; as, for instance, by taking the averages in longer periods, and making the *scale of duty* LESS RAPID, and perhaps somewhat LOWER.’—*Ibid.*, p. 259.

Here then, in a paper written *before the elections*, and for the avowed purpose of being *referred to on the hustings*, we suggested the very measures which are now characterised as an afterthought—a *surprise*—a *deception* on the Constituencies: and in our article of September, 1841, on the ‘Prospects of the New Ministry,’ we said,—

‘We believe that the Corn-Law agitation has so signally failed, and that *most* men are so satisfied of the necessity of *some* protection, while *all* are so entirely convinced of the *impossibility*—that is the plain truth—of *any* fixed duty, that this question will not constitute any serious difficulty to the new Government, *whether* it adheres to the present scale, or contemplates—as we, and many other friends to the principle, suggested long before the change of Ministry—some *MODIFICATION* OF THE *RATES*, or any alteration in the mode of taking the averages.’—*Quarterly Review*, No. cxxxvi, p. 530.

Here again, even before the new Ministry was fully installed, we repeated the suggestion, ‘*long before made by ourselves and others,*’ of an alteration in the manner of taking the averages, and of a *modification of the rates*; and we did so, because we saw that some alterations had become expedient, and we felt it to be our duty not to lead the public to suppose that, while advocating the *principle* of the existing scale, we were pledging our opinion to the immutability of all its *details*.

The Tariff case is, if possible, still stronger.

The Tariff question was opened on the part of the late Ministry by an able article in the *Edinburgh Review*, for January, 1841, by which we were led to expect that Lord Melbourne’s government

government had resolved to go into the *whole* of that important question; and we believe they had at one time come to that resolution, but, with their usual cowardice and bad faith, they abandoned the general measure, and shabbily, and for mere party purposes, restricted themselves to three articles, sugar, timber, and corn, to which—as we showed in our Number for June, 1841—the principle happened to be, from local, temporary, and other peculiar circumstances, singularly inappropriate. But did we in that article censure the ministry for having thought of modifying the Tariff? No, quite the reverse; we censured them for *not* having persisted in their intentions, and for having—instead of doing a public good, which we considered that a revision of the Tariff would be—thought only of gratifying a party spite and creating embarrassment to a future Ministry. On this subject we said in that article—

‘We do not deny—on the contrary, we are well aware—that the principle of a further modification of the Tariff of import duties had been under consideration—not of this ministry alone, but of every ministry since 1825, and not of ministries only, but of many individual writers, and of the public at large.’—*Quarterly Review*, No. cxxxv, p. 243.

We added—

‘The essay in the Edinburgh Review points rather to a general inquiry into the subject of Tariffs than to the possibility of any immediate or sudden experiment on any two or three articles. *In much of what is said in that essay we concur*—on some points we doubt—on others we should be decidedly adverse; but *all*, we admit, were *deserving of calm and deliberate consideration*.’—*Ibid.*, p. 244.

We further stated that

‘we were far from *deprecating a bonâ fide plan of revising and modifying the Tariffs*’ (ib.)—

We confined our objection to the partial and deceptive attempts of the Ministry, who, if they had been sincere, ought, we said, to have

‘*recommended from the Throne the consideration of the general system of import duties*.’ (ib.)

And we added very distinctly our opinion on the general principles by which *Protecting Duties* should be treated:—

‘Protecting duties are *in their nature* and by the very *principles on which they were originally founded*, liable to *revision, alteration*, and even *EXTINCTION*. Our predecessors, when induced by motives of commercial or national policy to *protect* any individual branch of trade, never intended that the *protection* should last beyond the occasion. The *go-cart* would naturally be laid aside as soon as the child was strong enough to walk alone. We are aware that in some instances this wholesome rule was forgotten or neglected: in others, powerful influences may

may have prolonged *protection* beyond its proper bounds: in all cases it is hard to hit the exact moment of transition, and still harder to accommodate existing interests and old habits to a change of system. But though protection has thus a natural tendency to last too long, that is no valid argument against its existence within proper limits, and certainly is rather an additional reason why *any alteration rendered necessary by the alteration of times and circumstances* should be made gradually, cautiously, and with nice discrimination.'—pp. 248, 249.

Can it be said with any colour of truth that those who, on the eve of a general election, published or countenanced such declarations as the foregoing, *deceived* the constituencies into a belief that they were pledged against *any* modification of the Tariff or *any* interference with protecting duties?

As to the Poor Laws, Sir Richard's chief objection, indeed the only one specified, is to the *central Commission* in London. Now it is remarkable enough that in our article of September, 1841, after suggesting some amendments in the practical details, we insisted on the advantage, indeed the necessity, of the *central Commission*; and as the subject is still of undiminished importance and interest, we are not sorry for an occasion to repeat our strong opinions on that point:—

'Our readers know that we supported some of the leading principles of that measure on its first introduction; and that, though pained and grieved by many details of its operation during subsequent years, we have never joined in the violent reprobation of it which has been turned very generally against its authors. We knew that some change in the old practice was necessary—and believed that the Whigs had acted with courage and sincerity in applying what they thought the most efficacious remedy—and were willing to hope that they themselves would alter details wherever these were condemned by experience. But, moreover, *who in his senses would think of suddenly pulling down a mansion built only ten years ago*, because some of the details were unsightly or inconvenient—even if there were no *grave differences* of opinion, as there notoriously are in the poor-law case, as to the *extent of the inconvenience or deformity*?

'We cordially agree (with the friends of the bill) on the question of what is called *centralisation*—that is, the existence of a central authority in the metropolis, to ensure a unity, or, at least, similarity, of principle and practice throughout the whole country. That the large class of individual and local cases ought to be and must be individually and locally determined, is unquestionable; and that the existing rules as to cases of extreme and sudden urgency are far too narrow, we are strongly inclined to believe; but who can be so unreasonable as to deny that some broad and general principles, founded on broad and general consideration and experience, ought to pervade the whole? Why should one county or one parish have one principle, and another another? Why should not that which is best and fittest and most beneficial be extended to all?

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We really cannot believe that any serious difference of opinion does or can exist on so self-evident a proposition ; and accordingly we find that the strongest adversaries of the central *Board* would only replace it by an equally central authority under another name.'—*Quarterly Review*, No. cxxxvi., pp. 530-532.

We trust we shall be pardoned for the apparent egotism of thus reproducing our own opinions, as we really do not know where else we could find so short and yet so full a refutation of Sir Richard Vyvyan's charges—such direct and tangible proof that *before the formation of the present ministry*—nay, *before the dissolution* that produced it, and *during the elections*—the very measures which are now characterised as *surprise, deception, and duplicity*, were, by a portion at least of the Conservative party, contemplated as probable, and publicly recommended as expedient.

But though these imputations are made against the Conservative party generally, they are pointed with peculiar zealotness, and with many personal insinuations, against Sir Robert Peel. If the member for Helstone had ventured to make his charges in the proper place and the proper presence, Sir Robert Peel would assuredly have saved us the trouble of taking any notice of them. Whether he had treated them with the indignation which their injustice, or the ridicule which their absurdity deserved, he would have left us nothing to say. As it is, we need do no more than repeat the clear and explicit declarations which Sir Robert Peel himself has over and over again made in the face of the country. Indeed, after every possible allowance for what we may call the *involuntary* errors of temper, prejudice, and, perhaps, *pique*—we are still at a loss to understand how a writer of Sir Richard Vyvyan's position and information could be led to make assertions which we should have supposed every man who hears, and every man who reads, the proceedings of parliament, must know to be unfounded. Is it not notorious that Sir Robert Peel has, ever since he became the acknowledged leader of the Conservative party, stated, with perhaps more than necessary frankness, the system on which *alone* he would ever consent to conduct a government ? and is not that system—from the highest *principle* down to the minutest *detail*—the *same* that he has promised and accomplished in all his recent measures ?

Read his address to the electors of Tamworth in 1834-5 :—

' Now, I say at once that I will not accept power on the condition of declaring myself an apostate from the principles on which I have heretofore acted ; at the same time, I never will admit that I have been, either before or after the Reform Bill, the defender of abuses, or the enemy of judicious reforms. I appeal with confidence in denial
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of the charge to the active part I took in the great question of the currency—in the consolidation and amendment of the criminal law—in the revisal of the whole system of trial by jury—to the opinions I have professed and uniformly acted on with regard to other branches of the jurisprudence of the country—I appeal to this as a proof that I have not been disposed to acquiesce in acknowledged evils, either from the mere superstitious reverence for ancient usages, or from the dread of labour or responsibility in the application of a remedy.’

His speech on Sir J. Yarde Buller’s motion on a want of confidence in the then government, May, 1840, is an answer, by anticipation, to some of the chief allegations of Sir Richard Vyvyan’s letter, which has, indeed, the singular ill luck of containing nothing, absolutely nothing, that had not been refuted before it was written. One of the points on which, he says, the constituencies were ‘*fully justified*’ in expecting redress from Sir Robert Peel, was the ‘*new poor-law*.’ Now, we ask, whence could any such expectation have arisen, and how could it be ‘*fully justified*?’ The same charge had been made several years ago; and was thus indignantly refuted by Sir Robert in May, 1840:—

‘I have been distinctly accused of having maintained silence on the subject of the poor-law, for the express purpose of gaining support at the late general election, on account of the unpopularity of the law, and the clamour directed against it. I have disdained to notice these and all similar accusations of the public press, false and malignant as they may be, in any other place than the House of Commons. I supported the poor-law in parliament, when brought forward by a government which I opposed. . . . I shall continue to support the law; and in saying this, am I making a tardy declaration in its favour? Am I justly chargeable with having declined my share of the responsibility attaching to it, or with having sought to profit, for party purposes, by the tacit encouragement of a cry against it? My own election was among the earliest at the general elections of 1837. I had to address my constituents in the open air upon the hustings. Then was the time for reserve about the poor-law, if I had wished to set the example of encouraging agitation for election purposes. Here is the speech which I delivered on that occasion. In the course of it I was interrupted by a cry, “Did you not support the poor-law?” This was my answer. “There is no question of public concern from which I wish to shrink; and I tell you frankly that I did support the poor-law; and further than that, I admit that *my opinion of its leading enactments and provisions is not changed.*”’—*Speech*, pp. 40, 41.

Still more distinct, if that be possible, is Sir Robert Peel’s prophetic vindication of his alteration of the scale of corn-duties. In the same speech of May, 1840, he says—

‘On the great question of the corn-laws my opinions remain unchanged. I adhere to those which I expressed in the discussion of last year.

year. *I did not then profess, nor do I now profess, an unchangeable adherence to the details of the existing law,—a positive refusal, under any circumstance, to alter any figure of the scale which regulates the duty on foreign corn.*—pp. 47, 48.

These opinions he repeated early in the session of 1841, and again more fully in the debate on the Address (28th August, 1841),—a solemn occasion, which decided the fate of the Whig ministry, and the accession of Sir Robert himself to office. He then repeated his opinion on the corn-law question, and stated the grounds on which only he could accept the confidence of parliament, in these words:—

‘ Previous to the late dissolution of parliament I said, and I now repeat it, that I think the sliding scale a preferable method of settling the duty. I then said, I would not pledge myself to the details of the existing law, but that I would reserve to myself the unfettered power of considering and AMENDING those details. I hold that same language now. I still prefer the principle of a graduated duty, but if you ask me whether I bind myself to the maintenance of the existing law in all its details, and whether that is the condition on which the landed interest gives me their support, I say that, ON THAT CONDITION, I CANNOT ACCEPT THEIR SUPPORT.’—Speech, 27th August, 1841.

And this remarkable declaration, strongly enforced by many illustrative details, was followed by that celebrated division in which 362 Conservative representatives—including Sir Richard Vyvyan himself—accepted Sir Robert Peel’s conditions, and called him by the unexpected majority of 91 to execute as minister, *inter alia*, the amendment of the Corn-Laws, to which he had so emphatically alluded.

Need we, or indeed could we, add any argument to give strength to this statement and this fact? Sir Robert Peel declared boldly, almost arrogantly, the conditions on which alone he would accept the support of his party—those conditions were accepted—that support was given with unexpected enthusiasm—and now Sir Richard Vyvyan—himself a party to the vote—turns round upon us and upon himself, and with the most perfect coolness seems to forget that this remarkable scene—the most remarkable of our times—had ever happened! If there has been duplicity and deception, it is Sir Richard himself who must answer for it. Ought he not—with such opinions as he now professes—to have said in his place, ‘ I cannot vote with Sir Robert Peel upon his conditions?’ Was he justified, in common fairness, in allowing Sir Robert Peel to suppose that he had his concurrence in the great task he was about, on the strength of that night’s majority, to undertake? Suppose any considerable number of gentlemen had acted as Sir Richard Vyvyan has done—look
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to the consequences :—Sir Robert Peel would then have been betrayed into accepting office from which he must have been speedily expelled, by his own supporters, and on a point which he had openly and explicitly, and in the presence and amidst the acclamations of all those supporters, made the *sine quâ non* of his acceptance.

These are not merely personal questions—they involve the characters of public men and the strength and stability of the government to a degree that justifies, we think, the notice we have taken of them; but we admit that a more substantial and important question still remains for discussion—not whether Sir Robert Peel's measures have displeased this member or disappointed that constituency (of real displeasure or disappointment we have seen very slight symptoms), but whether, on a large and general consideration of the state of the country, they were wise in their principle, just in their application, and likely to be successful in their result.

We shall begin by the simplest part of the question, the direct taxation. Sir Richard Vyvyan denounces the Income Tax as a 'most obnoxious tax,' 'a war-tax levied during peace,' 'an inquisitorial impost,' 'an intolerable burthen;' but we must here again ask Sir Richard why he did not state these objections *virâ voce* in parliament? His excuse in the case of the *ores* does not apply here—namely, that he wished to avoid the appearance of dissension—for he exhibited his dissent by one or two votes. But even now, why does he not indicate what other line of policy; what other form of taxation, he would have recommended? On ordinary occasions it might be unreasonable to ask an individual member who opposes a ministerial measure to propose a substitute; but when a gentleman thinks himself entitled to advise the Crown and the country on their most vital interests, and to *propose a new administration* on principles entirely different from those which have hitherto directed our public councils, we think that we have some reason to complain that he has not given us even a hint of what those new principles may be; and particularly, that, censuring so harshly what the actual minister has done, the minister *in petto* does not vouchsafe us a glimpse of any other possible extrication from the difficulties which he admits and even exaggerates. The only hint that tends that way is his statement that the *deficit* was '*altogether occasioned by the voluntary reduction of productive taxes*' (p. 16). Does this imply that the best mode of reducing the deficiency would be the re-imposition of the repealed taxes?—a proposition which, extravagant as it appears, Sir Robert Peel had, as we have seen, patiently examined, and proved both by reasoning and experience to be inadequate and impracticable. But

But Sir Richard Vyvyan is here again lamentably misinformed on the fundamental facts of his case—the deficit was *not* ‘altogether occasioned by the *voluntary* reduction of productive taxes.’ It is true that there had been a successive and, as we have always thought, an improvident reduction of taxation, but we can hardly call it ‘*voluntary*’ on the part of the late ministers, for they were, in fact, bullied into it by a coercion which they had not the honest courage to resist. Nor was that reduction, even if it could be called *voluntary*, ‘altogether’ the cause of the deficiency—the reductions would not *of themselves* have had such fatal results, but they were unhappily concomitant with sudden and rapidly increasing expenditure abroad and at home. The neglect of the Whig ministry to equalise the revenue and the expenditure was indefensible; but it does not justify Sir Richard’s mis-statement of the fact, nor his forgetting that Mr. Baring did, in 1840, make an effort to meet the deficiency by the additional per centage on the excise, customs, and assessed taxes, and other sources, to the total amount of 2,200,000*l.*, which, though inadequate to the object, exceeded the *recent* reductions, to which alone Sir Richard is pleased to attribute the deficiency. We the rather insist on this mis-statement because it is connected with that other very important mistake—that the Income Tax is ‘a WAR-TAX, which it is the *determined will* of the nation at large should not be levied during peace.’ We know not where Sir Richard has found the record of this *determination of the nation at large* that the Income Tax should not be levied during peace; not certainly in any expression of popular feeling during the progress of the measure through parliament. We admit, however, that, with Lord Brougham, we strongly incline to that opinion; but Lord Brougham did not forget, as Sir Richard Vyvyan has done all along, that we have been waging four distant and very expensive *wars*. War in Canada and war in Syria we have had—war in India and war in China we still have;—and we think we may venture to say that the sum proposed to be levied by the Income Tax will not much, if at all, exceed the expenses, past, present, and future, of these *wars*, every one of which has been inflicted on us as well as on the objects of our hostility, by the impolicy, the injustice, and the incapacity of the late ministry.

But we do not, as we have already said, rest the defence of the Income Tax on any such narrow and, as it were, technical excuse. The country accepted it as Sir Robert Peel offered it, as a great resource in a great emergency, as effecting, and *as being the only measure capable of effecting*, the combined purpose of liquidating our financial difficulties and contributing to commercial relief. The re-enactment of repealed taxation was out of the question—the

the utter failure of the per centage on the customs and excise proved that those duties on articles of consumption had reached their limit, and that any further pressure could only produce further retrogradation; but, on the other hand, Mr. Baring's per centage on the *assessed taxes* had exhibited the phenomenon not merely of realising the estimated amount, but of a substantial increase of the revenue itself. Now the assessed taxes are very analogous to an income tax—they are in fact the representative—though in some respects an inadequate and partial one—of income. Sir Robert Peel therefore concluded, most judiciously we think, that he had in the advance of the assessed taxes a practical argument in favour of a tax upon income;—and by exempting incomes under 150*l.* per annum from the operation of the tax, he spared the classes which are, at the moment, most in need of relief, and affected the easier and richer orders in the direct proportion of their means.

Even the objectionable character of the tax affords on this occasion some recommendation to its adoption. We are called upon to meet a difficulty which, though sharp, may, we trust, be short. The imposition of taxes on general objects, whether of production or consumption, cannot fail to disturb in some degree commercial interests—and after they have been, as it were, amalgamated with the system, the remission of them has a similar effect; it is, therefore, highly impolitic to lay on permanent taxes for a temporary emergency—but an *Income Tax stands alone*—its influence on trade and the markets is so circuitous and so slight as to be almost imperceptible, particularly at so small a per centage as 7*d.* in the pound. It, therefore, can be imposed in 1842, and may be remitted either at the end of three or five years, when its special purpose shall have been fulfilled, without any derangement of other interests—without affecting stock in hand—orders—bargains—buildings—speculations—or any of the variety of circumstances with which taxes on *commodities* are necessarily blended. The unpopular nature of the tax, also, suits it peculiarly for a temporary purpose, for the country, patient as it has been of its imposition as an urgency, will be very watchful to see that—agreeably to Lord Brougham's *Resolutions* and the Duke of Wellington's declaration—it be not continued one hour longer than shall be absolutely necessary.

We have already ventured to express our humble admiration of the disinterested patriotism of the members of both Houses of Parliament, who have accepted cheerfully and almost unanimously a burden which presses in a peculiar degree on themselves and the classes to which they belong, but from which the lower orders are proportionably relieved. But even upon the wealthier classes

classes the sacrifice will not, we are satisfied, be in fact so great as the nominal amount of the tax they may pay. Sir Robert Peel stated, in the outset, his hope—and he repeated, in his brilliant recapitulation at the close of the session, that his hope was increased to confidence—that to persons of moderate fortunes, who spend a large proportion of their incomes in the necessities of life, the Income Tax, 3*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.* on every 100*l.*, would be fully compensated by the decreased price of commodities influenced by the improvement of the tariff—we say *influenced* rather than *produced*, because we believe that the indirect effect of the tariff will be still more beneficial than any direct lowering of prices. There is another circumstance which deserves a passing word. We stated in our article of October, 1839 (p. 572), on the Penny Post, that the postage duties were substantially an Income Tax—and so in the vast majority of cases they were: 1,600,000*l.* of that revenue has been abandoned; and, much as we disapproved that *excessive* reduction, and fully as all our prophecies and anticipations about it have been realised, we concur with Sir Robert Peel that the system should not be at present altered—but as this was 1,600,000*l.* remitted to the *income* of the country, it may be considered as a set-off *pro tanto* against the new Income Tax. And, finally, the Income Tax has the great and peculiar merit of being collected at a moderate expense, and requiring no permanent creation of machinery for a temporary purpose. On the whole, therefore, we are not surprised at, and do most cordially join in, the general concurrence—we had almost said satisfaction—with which the Income Tax has been received.

With regard to the modifications of the Tariff there is little to be added to Sir Robert Peel's masterly exposition in the House of Commons of both its principles and details, which all who will read anything on the subject must have already read. A short summary, however, of the general object, and a few words on some articles that have been prominently criticised, will not, we trust, be considered superfluous. The first and natural object of a tariff is to raise a custom revenue; but there has been engrafted on it, in England as in most other countries, the different and almost opposite design of encouraging particular articles—either of home manufacture or the produce of some favoured country—by laying—even at *the sacrifice of revenue*—prohibitory rates of duty on similar articles imported from other quarters. The extent to which the English Tariff has been applied to the object of *protection*, independently of *revenue*, is curiously shown in the report of the Import Duties Committee, 1840. It there appears that, of the total Customs revenue of 22,962,610*l.*, seven articles

alone, out of 1150 articles comprised in the Tariff, produce no less a sum than 19,148,629*l.*, viz. :—

Sugar	£4,827,018
Tea	3,658,800
Tobacco	3,495,686
Rum, &c.	2,615,443
Wine	1,849,709
Timber	1,603,194
Corn	1,098,779
	£ 19,148,629

And that *ten* others produce 2,552,301*l.*, viz. :—

Coffee	£779,114
Cotton Wool	416,257
Silk	247,362
Butter	213,077
Currants	189,291
Tallow	182,000
Seeds	145,323
Sheep's Wool	139,770
Raisins	134,589
Cheese	105,518
	£ 2,552,301
	£ 21,700,930

So that *seventeen* articles out of 1150 produced the enormous proportion of 21,700,930*l.* out of a total of 22,962,610*l.*; and of the remaining 1133 articles, we believe we may safely say that above 1000 would not repay the expenses of collection. The adjustment of these duties, and particularly of the large *protective* class of them, has always been a very complicated and difficult affair; every foreign power and every domestic interest availing itself of every natural, accidental, or even occasional influence, to obtain an advantage over their competitors. It is, therefore, not surprising that tariffs so frequently altered and modified, *pro re natâ*, and to satisfy this or that importunity, should be frequently erroneous in policy and principle, and inconsistent and anomalous in their operation.

It is a remarkable coincidence that just 130 years ago, after the treaty of Utrecht, the Tory ministry proposed a tariff for the reduction of duties, which was opposed and ultimately defeated by the Whigs upon exactly the same kind of objections which have been—fortunately so ineffectually—made against the present arrangement. It was on that occasion that Addison wrote—with less, we think, than his usual good sense and pleasantry, but with considerable party success—his '*Trial of Count Tariff*.' It is, also,

also, curious that the main object of that tariff—the balancing our commercial favours between France and Portugal—should be at this hour, as it was then, the subject of separate and conflicting negotiations with those countries.

These negotiations and the prohibitory duties recently imposed by France on a great and growing branch of our manufactures have necessarily prevented any reconstruction of the scale of wine duties; and considerations connected with the slave-trade have had the same effect on the sugar duties;—to both of which important subjects Sir Robert Peel has stated that he directs an anxious attention;—but he did not therefore postpone those measures of relief which were within his power. The first duty of a statesman is, to provide, as far as human means allow, for the cheap and regular subsistence of the people. Providence has indeed reserved to its own mysterious councils the chief share in the solution of this problem. The main elements of the demand and the supply of food man cannot command—nor on any very large scale regulate—the growth of population and the produce of harvests, though the result of human means, are practically beyond human control. Governments can do but little towards increasing the one or checking the other, but Governments may estimate the probable occurrence and extent of local or temporary pressure, and may, by precautionary measures, divert or alleviate its effect; but, above all, they may and are therefore bound to take care that no measures of theirs shall increase the natural difficulties, and add to providential vicissitudes the irregularities and partialities of human legislation.

These are the principles on which we rest our humble support of Sir Robert Peel's measures—his maintenance of such a protection to the cultivation of corn as may ensure, as far as human means can, a certain and regular supply—and the diminishing, as far as circumstances permit, of duties on all articles of food or comfort not requiring so high a degree of protection—and on raw materials, the plenty and cheapness of which may develop additional industry, and thereby enlarge the means of subsistence for the great masses of the people.

The new Tariff, in pursuance of these principles—which were powerfully expressed and elucidated by Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons—attempts for the first time, we believe, a classification of the several articles it includes, and a *systematic* apportionment and application of the various duties which it imposes.

Having stated that the protecting duties in favour of various branches of home-produce were laid on from time to time, and

under temporary and local influences, we need hardly say that the old tariff had little regard to consistency or system, and individual interests had obtained individual protection, often delusive to themselves, and always in some degree injurious to their fellow-subjects: let us take, for instance, the question of the metallic *ores*, of which Sir Richard Vyvyan has made his stalking-horse. Copper-ore is what we may call a *natural monopoly* of the Cornish peninsula—the only other considerable supply being, we believe, from the distant mines of Cuba, or those, still more distant, of Chili. Would not one suppose that the mere *freight* round half the globe of an article of which the available part is not, on an average, one-fifth of its weight or bulk, would be a sufficient protection to the Cornish miner, who has his smelting-house at the pit's mouth? The mining interests of Cornwall, however, did not think so; and in the days in which it—with the private interests of the Crown representing the Duke of Cornwall at its head—was one of the most powerful interests in Parliament—a prohibitory duty was laid on copper-ore. This did not at first sight seem very important as a domestic question, because Cornwall already supplied more than enough for home use, and we did not seem to need importation from Cuba or Chili. But see how it worked. To the natural monopoly, this fiscal monopoly being superadded, the mine proprietors were enabled to put their own prices on the article, and to enter (as it is said to happen sometimes among the *Coal* proprietors) into a combination not to sell for home consumption under a certain price—though obliged of course to send their surplus abroad for what it would fetch, where it had to meet the competition of foreign ores *smelted in England*; for ores were allowed to be imported and *smelted under bond* and then exported. By these means the foreigner obtained the article cheaper than ourselves—for instance, we are informed that a short time ago the *French* Government bought copper-sheathing for its navy at 12*l.* the ton cheaper than the *British* Government was obliged to pay at the same moment for the same article, drawn from our own mines, and smelted in our own furnaces. Could it be a wholesome or rational system which made an article manufactured in Cornwall dearer at Plymouth than at Toulon? But this is not all. The prohibitory duties cut off the shipping interest from an obvious source of profit, while they increased the expenses of naval outfit, and they also deprived *all* the manufactures of the country of the additional outlet which the unrestricted exchange of their copper-ores might have created in Cuba and Chili. England possesses facilities for the smelting of ores beyond any other country in the world—the prohibition of im-
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port deprived *pro tanto* our home consumption of this natural advantage. Consider also how much this prohibition must cramp that great portion of our internal industry that makes any use of copper—how much more, of all that are employed in it as a distinct manufacture; and how it must check the application of copper to new and experimental purposes. Iron has been made, chiefly from its cheapness, to supply the place of *wood* and *stone*—in fences, in houses, in ornamental architecture, in furniture, in roads, in carriages, and in *ships*—nay, we have *iron* substitutes for *wool* and *horse-hair* in cushions and mattresses! We believe copper to be capable of a—less general indeed, but still—very extensive application to purposes for which it is at present rarely or sparingly applied; and we doubt whether the Cornish proprietors themselves will not find, on the long run, their own profits increased by the extended use of the article both at home and abroad which greater cheapness may create. Sure we are that, for one individual whose immediate income it may curtail, it will open or enlarge the sources of profitable industry to a hundred of his neighbours. We therefore should hardly on principle have complained if the protecting duty had been wholly repealed—but, as we have formerly and recently said, a violent recurrence to principles is almost as impolitic, and in general more immediately injurious, than the departure from them. The long and complicated discussions—in which Sir Richard Vyvyan declined to take any part—were employed, as we before stated, in adjusting between four or five important classes some common and equitable measure of protection, the Government being in fact little more than an umpire between them. Sir Robert Peel seems to us, in this case of the *ores*, as throughout the whole tariff, to have taken a most judicious practical course—he has not abrogated existing protection, but moderated it to the degree that promises a considerable alleviation to the consumer, without materially disturbing the condition of the producer.

Much alarm was felt, or at least expressed, on the part of the agricultural interest, on the diminution of the duties on the importation of cattle and other articles of animal food. We have already alluded to that absurd panic—but we wish to say a few words on the subject to show that even in this case the principle of reduction is as just, as the application of it promises to be *universally* beneficial. Our first observation is, that, while the duties on salt meats were protective, those on cattle and fresh meat, which would most affect our own people, were absolutely prohibitory, and they were imposed in former times when our population was, as compared with the present day, scanty and
well

well fed. Surely the mere growth of our population would of itself have justified the repeal of a *prohibitory* duty on meat. And here, in reference to this point, as well as to the Corn Laws, it cannot be unimportant to exhibit the growth of our population in the five decennial periods of which we have any exact enumeration. The population of Great Britain was in

1801,	10,472,048	Decennial increase.
1811,	11,969,864	1,497,316
1821,	14,073,331	2,103,976
1831,	16,260,361	2,187,050
1841,	18,656,414	2,396,033

We are under no apprehension—quite the contrary—that meat will become too cheap; and we are satisfied that meat and many other articles of agricultural origin might become much cheaper than we fear the tariff will render them, without doing any real injury to the agricultural interests. It has been tauntingly asked—how it is possible that the general consumer can be benefited without injuring the individual producer? In the article of meat, as well as of some others of analogous character, there is one preliminary answer—prices had risen, and were *still rising* so high that, if the tariff should only have the effect of keeping them where they are, or even of lowering them in some reasonable degree, the consumer will be benefited without any sensible change in the actual condition of the producer. But there is that still more important reason to which we before alluded, and which is of general application, affecting the income tax, corn duties, and the whole tariff—namely, that the PRODUCERS—of the neglect of whose special interests we hear so much—form also the main body of the CONSUMERS, to whom Sir Robert Peel is reproached with being too partial.

Take, for instance, the case of the landowner—whether he farms himself or by the hands of a farmer, the result will be nearly the same—he is a *seller* of *corn*, of *cattle*, of *wool*, but he is a *buyer* (generally speaking) of *bread*, of *meat*, and of *clothes*. If he loses something by *selling* cheaper, does he not gain *something*, at least, by *buying* cheaper in their manufactured shape these articles of his own growth? To the class of farmers who are wholly agricultural, and deal little in *cattle* or *wool*, the cheapness of meat and clothes will be an unmixed advantage. So he, who does not rear but fattens cattle, will be proportionably benefited the cheaper he can buy the lean beast. All this, however, might, we admit, be an inadequate compensation; but if, in addition, spirits, coffee (by and bye, we hope, wine and sugar), furniture, and

and the whole apparel of himself, his family, and servants, are all reduced in cost, is there not reason to infer that he must receive a very considerable compensation, a compensation which in many, probably in most cases, will exceed the nominal loss of income, while there will be a real increase of comfort and enjoyment? And let us go a step further; a farm cannot be tilled for nothing:—labour, buildings, repairs, implements, seeds, must all be paid for. If the diminished prices of provisions keep labour cheap—if the diminution of duties on timber, iron, copper, leather, seeds, make buildings, repairs, implements, and general culture cheaper—will there not be a further and very considerable benefit?

In short, we are of opinion that the measures have been so cautiously selected, so carefully balanced, so judiciously combined, that no sudden shock or injury will be felt by any one of the various interests concerned. Those who hope as well as those who fear some very immediate and remarkable consequences, will be, we think, equally disappointed. The improvement will be general, but it will be gradual and progressive: the pressure on a few individual interests will be found to be slight in itself, and so distributed and compensated as to be, we trust, hardly perceptible. The most early and probable result that we look to is, that, by the gradual operation of the Tariff and the blessing of God in a promising harvest, the prices of provisions may be reasonably lowered, and a feeling of comfort and a spirit of enterprise and industry revived throughout our manufacturing population, without any sensible injury to the agricultural interests. A bad harvest would, of course, have raised agricultural prices; yet no farmer wishes for a bad harvest; and though plenty may lower his prices, it must increase his profits; and fortunate it is, that, at the moment when some reduction in the value of farming produce may be expected from the *season*, the operation of the Tariff will effect a concomitant diminution in other articles of consumption, by which the farmer in common with every other class must be benefited.

This leads us to offer a few words on the new scale of corn-duties. We beg our readers to recollect that the strongest advocates of the agricultural interests do not dream, at this day, of a *fixed protection*. It is notorious and avowed, that the enemies of all protection propose a fixed duty only because it would be wholly illusory, and would lead directly to the removal of all protection. Hence the opposition of the Anti-Corn-Law League to the sliding-scale—the best, nay, we will add, the only practicable safeguard that agriculture can rely on: hence also the arts by which

which it was endeavoured to raise popular prejudice against the principle of a sliding-scale, by exaggerating some inconveniences and anomalies with which the details of the old scale were chargeable, such as the mode of taking the averages, and some sudden and arbitrary transitions in the rates of duty. These objections, though not of the importance attached to them for party purposes, were not unfounded; and it therefore was not only justice but good policy in the friends of agricultural protection to amend those details, and thus take away from their adversaries one class of their pretences. But the main question was, what should be the amount of the protection; and here the struggle lay between a formidable association, acting on and by the strength of popular prejudices and passions, and clamouring for the abolition of all duty—and that great and respectable body, including most of the property and intelligence of the country, who—adhering to protecting duties as the best, and, indeed, only mode of insuring a constant and regular supply—are well aware that the rates ought to go no higher than will suffice for that object. We therefore believe that there are very few of even the most exclusive agriculturists who would contend that the rate of duties established in 1828 was not now fairly susceptible of some diminution, and that it would have been politic, or even *possible*, to have maintained them at so high a scale.

The following tables, compiled from several parliamentary returns and public documents, will not only elucidate the present discussion, but afford some statistical *data* which are worth preserving, as well for the facts they establish as for the doubts* they here and there excite.

We shall begin by exhibiting at one view the Old and New Scales of duty on *wheat*, to which all other grain is generally proportionate. Our readers will observe that 8*d.* appears in each rate of the old scale; this was not so at first;—but 8*d.* was added to the scale in consequence of the change from the Winchester to the imperial measure, made subsequent to the original act.

* There are many discrepancies as to details, and even as to totals, in the various documents from which we have compiled these tables, arising, no doubt, from the different periods and different objects for which the accounts were made—some from different modes of computation—but none are considerable enough to disturb the general results.

OLD SCALE.					NEW SCALE.				
WHEAT.					WHEAT.				
Average Price per Quarter.		Duty per Quarter.			Average Price per Quarter.		Duty per Quarter.		
s.	s.	£.	s.	d.			£.	s.	d.
At 36	under 37	.	2	10	8				
37	" 38	.	2	9	8				
38	" 39	.	2	8	8				
39	" 40	.	2	7	8				
40	" 41	.	2	6	8				
41	" 42	.	2	5	8				
42	" 43	.	2	4	8				
43	" 44	.	2	3	8				
44	" 45	.	2	2	8				
45	" 46	.	2	1	8				
46	" 47	.	2	0	8				
47	" 48	.	1	19	8				
48	" 49	.	1	18	8				
49	" 50	.	1	17	8				
50	" 51	.	1	16	8				
51	" 52	.	1	15	8				
52	" 53	.	1	14	8				
53	" 54	.	1	13	8				
54	" 55	.	1	12	8				
55	" 56	.	1	11	8				
56	" 57	.	1	10	8				
57	" 58	.	1	9	8				
58	" 59	.	1	8	8				
59	" 60	.	1	7	8				
60	" 61	.	1	6	8				
61	" 62	.	1	5	8				
62	" 63	.	1	4	8				
63	" 64	.	1	3	8				
64	" 65	.	1	2	8				
65	" 66	.	1	1	8				
66	" 67	.	1	0	8				
67	" 68	.	0	18	8				
68	" 69	.	0	16	8				
69	" 70	.	0	13	8				
70	" 71	.	0	10	8				
71	" 72	.	0	6	8				
72	" 73	.	0	2	8				
73	and upwards	0	1	0					

At 50s.,	}			
and at				
all				
prices		1	0	0
under				
50s.				

s.	s.				
At 51	under 52	.	0	19	0
52	" 55	.	0	18	0
..			..		
..			..		
55	" 56	.	0	17	0
56	" 57	.	0	16	0
57	" 58	.	0	15	0
58	" 59	.	0	14	0
59	" 60	.	0	13	0
60	" 61	.	0	12	0
61	" 62	.	0	11	0
62	" 63	.	0	10	0
63	" 64	.	0	9	0
64	" 65	.	0	8	0
65	" 66	.	0	7	0
66	" 69	.	0	6	0
..			..		
..			..		
69	" 70	.	0	5	0
70	" 71	.	0	4	0
71	" 72	.	0	3	0
72	" 73	.	0	2	0
73	and upwards	0	1	0	

We have begun the foregoing view of the old scale at 36s. price and 2*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.* duty, because they were the extreme points *practically* attained during the operation of that scale, but by law there was an increase of 1*s.* duty for every fall of 1*s.* in the price,

so

so that, if we could suppose the price to have fallen to 10s. a quarter, the duty would have risen to 3*l.* 16s. 8*d.*

Sir Robert Peel intended by his new scale to make a considerable diminution of the duty, and has done so; but the difference between the two scales is much greater in appearance than in reality—the *higher protections* of the old scale being in fact nominal, and, we may almost say, delusive. A vast proportion of the duties received under it was at the rates which are not altered—viz. 1*s.*, and 2*s.* duty on 73*s.* price; and the proportion received *beyond* the point where the new scale terminates—viz. 20*s.* duty on 50*s.* price—was, compared with the total amounts, inconsiderable. On the other hand, the protection afforded by the new scale, though lower and more limited, will be found more steady, and, we believe, more effective—as it will greatly diminish, if it does not wholly prevent, those frauds which were equally injurious to the producer and the consumer.

We next give a return of the

Average Prices and Total Quantities of Foreign Wheat and Wheat Flour entered for Home Consumption, with the Average Rate and Total Amount of Duties paid thereon, with the Average Prices of Flour for each year during the operation of the Act 9 Geo. IV. c. 60, from the 15th July, 1828, to the 29th April, 1842.

Years.	Average price per qr.		Quarters entered.	Net amount of duties paid.	Average rate of duty on foreign wheat.		Average price of flour per sack paid by Greenwich Hospital.	
	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>		<i>£.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Half of 1828	60	5	807,031	68,825	1	9	46	6
1829	66	3	1,374,963	624,258	9	3	55	10
1830	64	3	1,672,200	535,077	6	7	54	11
1831	66	4	1,408,999	325,113	4	8	60	1
1832	58	8	184,081	215,040	23	3	54	7
1833	52	11	1,368	963	11	1	43	4
1834	46	2	294	322	19	10	39	5
1835	39	4	141	170	20	10	31	0
1836	48	6	1,054	852	14	6	32	4
1837	55	10	210,859	295,889	28	1	39	10
1838	64	7	1,822,991	141,895	1	7	43	6
1839	70	8	2,702,848	670,054	4	11	52	2
1840	66	4	2,329,991	883,346	7	2	52	8
1841	64	4	2,392,061	399,611	3	5	52	5
1842 to 29th April	60	2	4,616	3,385	14	8	..	
14 years	59	0	14,914,547	4,164,800	5	7		

This

This table shows that averages, spread over wide periods of time, may be very fallacious in several ways. The total import in fourteen years being about 15,000,000, writers have stated that we import *annually* somewhat more than a million of quarters of corn, and as our total annual consumption (for seed and food) is calculated at about 24,000,000, the import has been stated at a *fortnight's consumption*. Now this, if true, would imply both a regular import and a regular supply at home, and in that case something might be said for a fixed duty; but, in fact, we see that, in the first four years, the average importation was about 1,200,000 quarters; the next four, only 700 quarters; and the last four, as much as 2,300,000 quarters. It is quite clear that, for a country that sometimes requires to import a *tenth* part of its annual consumption, and at other times needs little or no importation at all, a fixed duty would be an untenable absurdity, which would alternately ruin the producer and starve the consumer. The reader will also observe that the general average given by the sliding scale is 2s. 5d. less than the 8s. fixed duty proposed by the Whigs; so that this scheme for *cheap bread* would have *raised* the price of the loaf in the proportion of about *one-third* for the last fourteen years. We confess, however, that we do not much rely on these yearly averages of duty; they are liable to individual disturbances, which render them unsafe guides when there have been great fluctuations. Let us take, for example, a case which happened in 1839, and which happens in a greater or less degree every year—14,000 (in round numbers) quarters of wheat were imported early in the year at 1s. duty; 700 quarters were also imported late in the same year at 20s.—the duty on the whole would be 1400l., and the average of the whole would be stated at 1s. 10½d. Yet who can doubt that the 1s. paid on 14,000 quarters would be, for all practical purposes, a fairer measure of the effect of the duty on the general market than 1s. 10½d.? Again; we have now before us an official document which states the average duty for Michaelmas quarter, 1841, at 16s. 8d., to which is appended a note to say that the real average was only at 1s. 6d. This enigma we suppose means that there was during all the earlier part of the quarter a very high duty, at which little was entered, which in the very last days fell to 1s.—when a large importation was effected: and we shall see more fully by and bye that the stated average of 5s. 7d. on the whole period is very much higher than the real and *effective* rates of duty. We must also notice in this table that the price of wheat and flour in the great markets does not influence, as directly as might be expected, the price of flour in detail. In 1828, when wheat and flour were at 60s. 5d., Greenwich Hospital paid

paid for the sack of flour 46s. 6d.; when in 1832 wheat had *fallen* 1s. 9d. the quarter, the sack of flour *rose* 8s. 1d.; and in 1839, when wheat had risen to 70s. 8d.; flour fell to 52s. 2d. In the deluge of papers which have been called for in this corn-controversy, we are surprised not to find any return of the successive prices of *bread*—which, being really what the lawyers call the *gist* of the whole case, we should have expected to find a prominent object of inquiry; but it has not been so, and the imperfect information we have privately gathered, coupled with the strange discrepancy between the prices of wheat in the official averages and of flour in the Greenwich books, induces us to suspect that the actual prices of bread might offer very different results from the official prices of corn.*

The following account, which ranges the whole of the quantities of wheat imported under the respective rates of duty actually paid, is more valuable—it rests neither on averages nor on any

* The price of *bread* has *recently*—while this article was printing—attracted considerable notice, and a kind of controversy has arisen as to the fairness of our bakers' prices. We extract from the *Times* of the 8th of September the following interesting statement of the relative prices in London and Paris:—

'The fairest mode of investigating this matter appears to be, to take a large city, such as Paris, where an *assize* or legal price of bread exists, and which has continued for many years to work well in detail; and to compare the prices now prevailing there and here, both of the manufactured article and the raw material, and then see where the difference arises.

'The highest price of white wheat of the first quality in Paris is 38 francs per 1½ hectolitre, which is equal to a price of 58s. per quarter *English*; and the highest price of white wheat in London being 60s. per quarter, it follows that wheat is 3½ per cent. higher in London than in Paris.

'The highest price of the finest wheaten flour in Paris is 70 francs per 159 kilogrammes, which is equal to a price of 44s. per sack of 280 lbs. *English*; and the highest price of flour in London being 47s. per sack, it follows that flour is nearly 7 per cent. dearer in London than in Paris.

'The price of wheaten bread of the first quality in Paris is 38 cents. per kilogramme, which is equal to a price of 6½d. per 4lb. loaf *English* weight; and the price of bread at most of the full-priced bakers' in London being 8½d. per 4lb. loaf, it follows that the price of bread is 30½ per cent. higher in London than in Paris. If the price here is taken at 8d., as stated by some bakers, the price in London will still be rather more than 23 per cent. higher than in Paris.

'The price of bread of the second quality in Paris is 30 cents. per kilogramme, which is equal to about 5d. per 4lb. *English* weight; and the price at which bread is sold in London by some of the low-priced bakers being 6d. per 4lb., it follows that bread of this description is 20 per cent. higher in London than in Paris.'

These are very remarkable facts—and particularly the statement that in France, a country generally so cheap as compared to England, and where there are no corn-laws, wheat is at a price equivalent to 58s. per quarter *English*. We very much doubt whether the current price here was higher on the same day: we know that in some markets it has been lower.

As to the variations in the price of bread, it is clear that they cannot, fortunately, be so rapid as those in the price of corn, and that, for many reasons, bread must be somewhat dearer than even the average price of wheat might seem strictly to warrant: every step in the process—from the wheat-field to the baker's counter—operates as a *rest* which tends to *level* and to *steady*, though at the same time to *raise*, the retail prices.

other

other conjectural *data*, but is the exact statement of the real operation.

The total quantity of foreign wheat and flour imported between 1828 and 1841 was 15,034,794 qrs.,* of which there came in

At 1s. duty,	.	.	.	.	6,392,258 qrs.
2s. 8d.	.	.	.	.	3,177,016
6s. 8d.	.	.	.	.	2,175,666
10s. 8d.	.	.	.	.	903,915
13s. 8d.	.	.	.	.	710,084
16s. 8d.	.	.	.	.	376,131
18s. 8d.	.	.	.	.	92,542
20s. 8d.	.	.	.	.	412,425
At all rates of duty from 20s. 8d. to 25s. 8d.					572,201
„ „ 25s. 8d. to 30s. 8d.					217,827
„ „ 30s. 8d. to 40s. 8d.					4,688
„ „ 40s. 8d. to 50s. 8d.					221
„ „ above 2l. 10s.					none.

We think this account shows that, for all practical purposes, the *New* scale, varying from 1s. to 1l., has a sufficient range, and there is reason to believe that it will afford a sufficient protection. We see that 9,569,274 qrs., considerably above *three-fifths* of the whole importation, came in at the prices of 72s. and 73s., and at the two lower rates of duty, *which are not altered*; and that considerably above *four-fifths* (12,648,855 qrs.) came in at the four lowest rates of duty, which are the least altered, and which are altered merely by following out the general principle of advancing one shilling each step, and thus removing the chasms and *jumps* which did so much mischief and afforded the most plausible objections to the system. As to the entries at the highest rates, they were obviously accidental and of no importance either as affecting prices or protection. In short, it is clear that the chief business—that which alone can, in ordinary times, operate in a large way—must lie among the lower rates, and *there* was certainly the defect of the former scale, which *jumped* 4s. on each of its second and third steps—from 2s. 8d. to 6s. 8d., and from 6s. 8d. to 10s. 8d., and then at 2s. each step up to 20s., after which it went on at the regular increase of 1s. We need not now examine why Mr. Huskisson permitted these *jumps* in the earlier and more important stages; suffice it to say that experience has shown, and all parties are agreed, that they have had an injurious effect. The possibility of making a profit of 4s. and 8s. in

* The difference between this sum and the total of the foregoing table is one of those discrepancies to which we have alluded: it arises from this account including some amounts damaged or exported which were excluded from the former account of the *net duties* received—but the variance is of no importance.

the duty, on the rise of 1s. and 2s. in the price, was a strong incentive to fraud of various kinds—frauds which we admit appeared to be generally in favour of the consumer by tending to the introduction of corn at a lower duty, but which were in truth injurious to everybody, by artificially deranging the trade, discouraging the fair trader, frequently ruining the speculator himself, and defeating the main object—a *constant* and *steady* supply. It became, therefore, absolutely necessary that these *jumps* should be removed, and that the slight and equable advance of each step of the scale should be introduced to diminish, if not wholly prevent, all fraudulent disturbance of the market; and when *that* was to be done, it would have been, as we have already said, *impolitic*—even if it had been *possible*—to evade a general revision of the scale so as to fit it to the prices at which experience had shown us that it was likely to be called into operation. We believe that considerable improvements—although no great extension of *arability*—have been made and are in progress in practical agriculture; and we venture to anticipate much benefit from the influence of the recently formed Agricultural Association, which, we trust, will direct the application of science to the first and most important of the Arts; but, looking at what has been practically done, we do not think that any one is sanguine enough to suppose that the increased supply from the British soil has as yet been at all proportionable to the increasing demand. Whence are the *four or five millions* of additional mouths that have grown upon us since 1821 to be fed? ‘Art,’ says the sage, ‘is long—life is short!’ Can we wait for the slow experiments of the Davys and Liebig? Here are the people *swarming* upon us! And will any rational man—be he farmer or be he landlord—say that we should not endeavour to create increased facilities for meeting an increasing deficiency? The strongest advocates of the agricultural interest admit, we believe, that in the most favourable season Great Britain can do little more than feed herself; and we most readily admit, nay, insist, that for all that she *can* raise she ought to be secured, as far as human means can do so, a remunerating, and, we will even add, an *encouraging* market; for as the home supply is the only safe and certain supply, it should be, we say—more for the interests even of the consumer than of the producer—not merely remunerated but *encouraged*. The question then is as to the degree of encouragement necessary to maintain—and to *stimulate*—the exertions of the home producer.

The solution of that question must be always in a great degree conjectural and experimental. A Cabinet of able men, long practised in public affairs, some of them parties to the former arrangement, and essentially and almost exclusively *belonging* to

to the landed interest, have recommended a scale which the representatives of the landed and all other interests throughout the country have passed with little objection, and we therefore indulge a very confident hope that it will be found sufficient to fulfil its object.

Our experience is as yet too short to enable us to speak decidedly of its effect, but *as far as it has gone* it has produced some singularly satisfactory results, as the following table of the weekly operation of the new Act will show:—

Account of Wheat and Wheat Flour entered for Home Consumption at *ten of the principal ports* of Great Britain in each week since the passing of the New Corn Law, with the Average Price and Rates of Duty.

Week following	Quarters entered.	Average Price.		Rate of Duty.		Amount of Duty.
		s.	d.	s.	d.	£.
April 28	30,159	59	1	13	0	4,683
May 5	31,072	59	3	13	0	10,131
„ 12	7,033	59	8	13	0	3,952
„ 19	30,600	60	0	12	0	17,064
„ 26	19,591	60	5	12	0	10,178
June 2	7,511	60	9	12	0	3,882
„ 9	19,121	61	3	11	0	10,055
„ 16	8,424	61	9	11	0	4,112
„ 23	32,411	62	3	10	0	13,257
„ 30	53,978	63	0	9	0	21,973
July 7	17,204	63	7	9	0	7,084
„ 14	95,610	64	1	8	0	34,816
„ 21	62,209	64	5	8	0	21,800
„ 28	71,644	64	7	8	0	25,382
Aug. 4	364,073	64	7	8	0	137,914
„ 11	1,354,797	64	2	8	0	535,012
„ 18	155,761	63	0	9	0	66,347
„ 25	96,733	61	10	11	0	45,788
18 weeks	2,457,931	62	1	8	4	£974,024

Thus we see that from the 28th of April to the 3rd of September, the latest possible date, the importation of foreign wheat and flour at ten principal ports has been no less than 2,457,931 qrs., being considerably more than was imported in *all* Great Britain in any *whole* year (except 1839) of the existence of the late law; and be it observed that this importation has been made in face of a most promising harvest, and with less irregularity than in any corresponding period. Well, then, here is at least a very unusual supply of food for the people—but does it ruin the

the farmer? We see by this return that, during the progress of this extraordinary importation, the price has been in the home market comparatively steady—affording, however, a considerable advance from the starting-point—the price for the first week, ending 5th of May, having been 59s. 1d., and the average of the seventeen succeeding weeks has been 62s. 1d.—the average of fourteen preceding years having been only 59s. The farmer, therefore, has, as yet, lost no protection as to *price* from the new scale*—nor, on the other hand, has the Revenue suffered, for the average duty paid during the existence of the late scale was only 5s. 7d. per quarter, while the average of the late importation has been 8s. 4d.; but, without reckoning by the fallacious test of averages, the duties actually received in these *eighteen weeks* is nearly a *fourth* part of the duties received in the whole of the last *fourteen years*. So that we are, for the present at least, enjoying the three greatest advantages that any state of the corn-market can produce,—advantages hitherto supposed to be incompatible, namely,—

1. A great supply of food for the people, without
- 2.—any serious injury to the farmer; and
- 3.—with a vast addition to the revenue.

These results are for so short a period and so unexpectedly favourable to our view, that we do not venture to rely upon their continuance in the same satisfactory *degree*, but they are very encouraging, and they at least negative some of the sinister anticipations which the enemies of the new corn-law foreboded.

We do not pretend to say that times and circumstances may not hereafter affect it, as they have done its predecessors; but we do say that it seems to offer the best combination and adjustment of all interests that our position admits, and the fairest promise of permanent protection to the farmer, and permanent plenty to the people:—we insist on the expression *permanent* in both cases—for we are convinced that exorbitant protection would soon be swept away, leaving the farmer to hopeless ruin, while the abolition of all protection would give the people a temporary glut, to be grievously expiated by early and frequent vicissitudes of scarcity and starvation.

Concurring, as we did from their first announcement, in the general and, we might say, abstract policy of Sir Robert Peel's measures, we confess that recent events have stamped them with

* There can be little doubt that, if the harvest fulfils its promise, prices must fall; and the dealers evidently expect this, as they have made such large entries at 8s. and 9s. duty; but we still hope and believe that the farmers will find a remunerating market, and we are quite sure that their position is, on the whole, *safer* than it would have been under the former scale.

a character of more immediate and practical utility than we had anticipated. The extensive insurrections which have recently taken place in the manufacturing districts, so alarming in their aspect, but hitherto so easily repressed—can any one venture to say to what more lamentable extent and excesses they might have suddenly proceeded if the sympathising and paternal feelings of the Government towards the manufacturing classes had not been expressed so early in the session in those powerful addresses of Sir Robert Peel—not more powerful—not perhaps so powerful—in influencing the legislature, as in conciliating the feelings, encouraging the hopes, and fortifying the patience of a deeply distressed working population? Was there ever before a popular commotion in England, of which the chief violence and virulence was not directed against the *Government*—its neglect of, and even its contempt for, the comforts and happiness of the people? In the recent disturbances we have hardly traced a word or a thought of this tendency. In vain did the real instigators of the mischief endeavour to give it a political and seditious character—in vain did the Chartists brawl for the *rights of man*, and the Anti-Corn-Law League preach a *cheap-bread* crusade against property: the masses, retaining, even in their excitement, a degree of sagacity and good sense that is really very surprising, rejected all such provocations, and confined their irregularities to the single point on which they had originally turned out—the amount of wages. We deeply regret that these poor people should have been driven or deluded into those violent and criminal excesses, of which the most serious portion of the injury must fall upon themselves; but we must repeat our satisfaction at such unexampled forbearance from political offences, which we can attribute to nothing but the force of public opinion created by the previously announced measures of the Government—measures that, by a combination of foresight and good fortune, were—may we venture to say?—*providentially* calculated to meet the emergency. Sir Robert Peel had stated in a few plain but potent words the principle of his policy:—‘I will tax the rich, and spare the poor—I will endeavour to cheapen the price of food to the whole population, and to assist especially the working classes by placing more plentifully within their reach the materials of industry, and, of course, the sources of comfort and content.’ We are as thoroughly convinced as we can be of any moral problem that these disturbances were created by those on whose own heads the explosion will ultimately recoil—the anti-corn-law leaguers; and that the deep-laid schemes of these greedy incendiaries have been hitherto defeated solely by the common sense of the people themselves, awakened by their

knowledge of and their confidence in the wise and benevolent policy of their Government.

We know not how long these salutary impressions may last. We are well aware that such scenes as have afflicted the North must entail on the working classes additional misery and consequent liability to further disturbance. The sacrifices that these misguided people have been compelled to make, the dissipation of their little funds from the Savings Banks, and the permanent ill feeling and struggle now established between them and their employers, will all tend to keep alive social discontent and to create political disaffection; and we confess we look forward with no inconsiderable alarm to the further consequences of these anti-corn intrigues. We have, we fear, only *scotched the snake, not killed it*: we expect that great uneasiness will survive, and cannot but fear the possibility of a long and gloomy crisis of distress and disquiet; but, for the present, we have only to repeat our belief that the measures of the Government have mainly conduced to diminish, though they could not wholly avert, a serious and imminent danger.

We cannot doubt that the great Conservative party will see in this remarkable circumstance additional grounds of confidence in their leaders, and of self-gratulation on the prudence and the patriotism with which they resisted every effort, insidious or avowed, to disunite them. There were many matters on which an honest difference of opinion must have existed, and may even still survive; but we think we may assert that experience, short as it has been, has gone far towards removing the most serious doubts that were originally entertained of the policy of the ministerial measures, and that some gentlemen, who may have given a hesitating assent to this or that individual detail, are now satisfied that their confidence was not misplaced, and that the well-regulated vigour and conciliatory energy of the Government have probably saved us from an awful convulsion. It cannot, at least, be doubted that they have already alleviated the pressure of distress, and have opened a prospect of peace abroad and prosperity at home, in which at the beginning of the late session the most sanguine amongst us hardly ventured to indulge.

We had intended to have added to this review of Sir Robert Peel's *financial* and *economical* policy an exposition of various *administrative* and *legal* improvements introduced by the members or friends of his administration, and which, though some have been postponed, and some rendered less perfect, have exhibited a striking contrast to the *poco curante* and *fur niente* apathy of his predecessors. We should have particularly wished to notice some measures of legal reform—the best and most necessary

sary of all reform—introduced by Lord Lyndhurst, for expediting and cheapening proceedings in Lunacy, in Bankruptcy, and in the general practice of the Court of Chancery. These bills were all passed, not without some, though *noiseless*, difficulty from individual interests ; and we believe they will be found very valuable. The County Courts Bill was reluctantly postponed to another session. We do not greatly regret it. The bill is certainly of great importance, and something of the kind is much needed ; but much difference as to its details existed even amongst the friends of the measure, and we believe that the delay may be turned to good account. But the most important legal measure of the session was undoubtedly the *Cessio Bonorum* bill introduced by Lord Brougham, and passed, with the assistance of the Chancellor and the Duke of Wellington in the Lords, and the support of the Solicitor-General and the Ministry in the House of Commons. This bill abolishes virtually the practice of *imprisonment for debt*,—a serious experiment, we admit, but one which in the present state both of the law and of public opinion we think it is both safe and expedient to try.

We should also have wished to have noticed Lord Palmerston's clever—but rather unlucky—speech at the close of the session, and Sir Robert Peel's still more clever and overwhelming reply ; and we should have been particularly glad to have made some observations on the improved aspect of our foreign relations. But this is beyond our present scope. Upon the whole—whether we look abroad or at home—to diplomatic or financial affairs—to public credit or public opinion—to social ameliorations or legal reforms—it cannot be denied that the present Cabinet has, under all its disadvantages, done more of real and useful business in one session than its bewildered predecessors had even attempted in the six or seven years of their paralysed existence which they drawled and dragged out—

‘ Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*—
Like the poor cat in the adage!—’

The country was wearied and ashamed of such a contemptible phantom of a ministry—and, whatever question there may be as to this or that measure of the present Cabinet, there is a universal satisfaction throughout the country—and we believe throughout the friendly nations of Europe—that England, after a long and disgraceful interregnum, has at last an administration that can do its business, and a Government that ventures to govern.

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